Thomas Dobbin

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEAR:

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

King RICHARD II.
King HENRY IV. *Part* I.
King HENRY IV. *Part* II.
King HENRY V.
King HENRY VI. *Part* I.

DUBLIN:

Printed for R. OWEN, J. LEATHLEY, G. and A. EWING, W. and J. SMITH, G. FAULKNER, P. CRAMPTON, A. BRADLEY, T. MOORE, E. and J. EXSHAW. MDCCXLVII.

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THE LIFE and DEATH OF *RICHARD* THE SECOND.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Richard *the Second.*
Duke of York,
John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter, } *Uncles to the King.*
Bolingbroke, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt, *afterwards King* Henry *the Fourth.*
Aumerle, *Son to the Duke of* York.
Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Earl of Salisbury.
Lord Berkley.
Buſhy,
Bagot, } *Servants to King* Richard.
Green,
Earl of Northumberland,
Percy, *Son to* Northumberland, } *Friends to* Boling-
Roſs, broke.
Willoughby,
Biſhop of Carliſle,
Sir Stephen Scroop, } *Friends to King* Richard.
Fitzwater,
Surry,
Abbot of Weſtminſter, } *Lords in the Parliament.*
Sir Pierce *of* Exton,

Queen to King Richard.
Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.
Dutcheſs of York.
Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardiners, Keeper, Meſſenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *diſperſedly, in ſeveral Parts of* England.

THE

The LIFE and DEATH of KING *RICHARD* II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter King Richard, John *of* Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

King RICHARD.

OLD *John* of *Gaunt*, time-honour'd *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſt'rous late Appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray* ?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
[1] If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good Subject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him ?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent Danger ſeen in him
Aim'd at your Highneſs ; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our preſence ; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, Our ſelves will hear
Th' accuſer, and th' accuſed freely ſpeak :

[1] *If he* appeal *the Duke.*] *Appeal, i. e.* call, demand, challenge, from *appello*. Mr. *Pope*,

High-ſtomach'd are they Both, and full of ire ;
In rage, deaf as the ſea ; haſty as fire.

SCENE II.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befal
My gracious Sovereign, my moſt loving Liege !

Mowb. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs ;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your Crown !

K. Rich. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come ;
Namely, t'appeal each other of high Treaſon.
Couſin of *Hereford*, what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?*

Boling. Firſt (Heaven be the record to my ſpeech !)
In the devotion of a Subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I Appellant to this princely preſence.
Now, *Thomas Mowbray*, do I turn to thee,
And mark my Greeting well ; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heav'n.
Thou art a traitor and a miſcreant ;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live ;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the Sky,
The uglier ſeem the Clouds, that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the Note,
With a foul Traytor's Name ſtuff I thy throat ;
And wiſh, ſo pleaſe my Sov'reign, ere I move,
What my Tongue ſpeaks, my Right-drawn Sword may prove.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal ;
'Tis not the tryal of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain ;
The blood is hot, that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt, the fair Rev'rence of your Highneſs curbs me,

From

From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of Treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's Royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him a ſland'rous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where never *Engliſhman* durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my Loyalty;
By all my hopes, moſt falſly doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high blood's Royalty:
(Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except:)
If guilty Dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine Honour's pawn, then ſtoop.
By that, and all the rights of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that Sword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly tryal;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our Couſin lay to *Mowbray*'s charge?
It muſt be great, [2] that can inhabit us
So much as of a thought of Ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true;
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highneſs' ſoldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments;
Like a falſe traitor and injurious villain.

2 *that can* INHERIT *us.*] We ſhould read, INHABIT.

Beſides,

Beſides, I ſay, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge,
That ever was ſurvey'd by *Engliſh* eye;
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetch from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further, I ſay, and further will maintain
Upon his bad Life to make all This good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glouceſter*'s death;
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;
And conſequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluic'd out his inn'cent ſoul through ſtreams of blood;
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abel*'s, cries
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me, for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement.
And by the glorious worth of my Deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!
Thomas of *Norfolk*, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my Sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this Slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate ſo foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he our brother, nay, our Kingdom's heir,
As he is but our father's brother's ſon:
Now by my Scepter's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
Th' unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul.
He is our Subject, *Mowbray*, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech, and fearleſs, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!
Three parts of that Receipt I had for *Calais*,
Disburſt I to his Highneſs' ſoldiers;
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent,
For that my ſovereign Liege was in my debt;
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queen.
Now, ſwallow down that Lie.—For *Glouceſter*'s death,

I ſlew

I ſlew him not; but, to mine own diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe.
For you, my noble lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul;
But ere I laſt receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſs it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon; and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degen'rate traitor:
Which in myſelf I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot;
To prove myſelf a loyal gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom.
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſs to aſſign our tryal day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this Choler without letting blood:
[3] This we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed;
Our Doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your Son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age;
Throw down, my Son, the Duke of *Norfolk*'s gage.

K. Rich. And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, *Harry*, when?
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mowb. My ſelf I throw, dread Sovereign, at thy foot.

[3] *This we preſcribe, though no phyſician,* &c.] I muſt make one remark, in general, on the *Rhymes* throughout this whole play; they are ſo much inferior to the reſt of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is, that the context does every where exactly (and frequently much better) connect without the inſerted rhymes, except in a very few places; and juſt there too, the rhyming verſes are of a much better taſte than all the others, which rather ſtrengthens my conjecture. *Mr. Pope.*

My

My life thou ſhalt command, but not my Shame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair Name,
(Deſpight of death, That lives upon my Grave,)
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon.

K. Rich. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage: Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs Reputation; That away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try;
In That I live, and for That will I die.

K. Rich. Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heav'n defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſt-fall'n in my father's ſight,
4 Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,
Before this out-dar'd Daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
5 The ſlaviſh motive of recanting fear,
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, ev'n in *Mowbray*'s face.

[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,

4 *Or with pale* beggar face---] *i. e.* with a face of ſupplication. But this will not ſatisfy the *Oxford Editor*, he turns it to *haggard fear*.

5 *The ſlaviſh* motive---] *Motive*, for inſtrument.

At

At *Coventry* upon Saint *Lambert*'s day.
There ſhall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling diff'rence of your ſettled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice decide the Victor's Chivalry.
Lord Marſhal, bid our officers at Arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Duke of Lancaſter's *Palace.*

Enter Gaunt *and Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

Gaunt. ALas! the part I had in *Glo'ſter*'s blood
Doth more ſollicit me, than your Exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our Quarrel to the will of heav'n;
Who when it ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſev'n ſons, whereof thy ſelf art one,
Were as ſev'n vials of his ſacred blood;
Or ſev'n fair branches, ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſev'n are dry'd by Nature's Courſe;
Some of thoſe branches by the Deſt'nies cut:
But *Thomas*, my dear lord, my life, my *Glo'ſter*,
(One vial, full of *Edward*'s ſacred blood;
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root;)
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By Envy's hand and Murder's bloody axe!
Ah, *Gaunt!* his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee;
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death;
In that thou ſee'ſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life;

Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is deſpair.
In ſuff'ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murther how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardiſe in noble breaſts:
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,
The beſt way is to 'venge my *Glo'ſter*'s death.

Gaunt. God's is the Quarrel; for God's Subſtitute,
His Deputy anointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let God revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his Miniſter.

Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain my ſelf?

Gaunt. To heav'n, the widow's Champion and Defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will: farewel, old *Gaunt*, farewel.
Thou go'ſt to *Coventry*, there to behold
Our Couſin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
O, ſit my huſband's wrongs on *Hereford*'s ſpear,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbray*'s breaſt!
Or, if misfortune miſs the firſt career,
Be *Mowbray*'s ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming Courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caitiff recreant to my couſin *Hereford!*
Farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy ſometime brother's wife
With her companion Grief muſt end her life.

Gaunt. Siſter, farewel; I muſt to *Coventry*.
As much Good ſtay with thee, as go with me!

Dutch. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun;
For Sorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, *Edmund York:*
Lo, this is all——nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go:
I ſhall remember more. Bid him——oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at *Plaſhie* viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old *York* ſee there

But

But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls,
Un-peopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me,—let him not come there
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where;
All deſolate, will I from hence, and die;
The laſt Leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Liſts, at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marſhal, and the Duke of Aumerle.

Mar. MY lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, ſprightfully and bold,
Stays but the Summons of th' Appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why, then the Champions are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Majeſty's approach. [*Flouriſh.*
The trumpets ſound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are ſet, Enter the Duke of Norfolk *in arms, Defendant.*
K. Rich. Marſhal, demand of yonder Champion
The cauſe of his arrival here in arms;
Aſk him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the juſtice of his Cauſe.
Mar. In God's name and the King's, ſay who thou art? [*To* Mowb.
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in arms?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy Knighthood, and thine Oath,
And ſo defend thee heaven, and thy valour! [*ſolk,*
Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Nor-*
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heav'n defend, a Knight ſhould violate!)
Both to defend my Loyalty and Truth,
To God, my King, and my ſucceeding Iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myſelf,

A traitor to my God, my King, and me ;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heav'n !

The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, *Appellant, in armour.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, aſk yonder Knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war :
And formally, according to our Law,
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his Cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'ſt thou
Before King *Richard*, in his royal Liſts? [*To* Boling.
Againſt whom comeſt thou ? and what's thy Quarrel ?
Speak like a true Knight, ſo defend thee heav'n !

Boling. Harry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*
Am I, who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by heav'n's grace and my body's valour,
In Liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me ;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heav'n !

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the Liſts,
Except the Marſhal, and ſuch Officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns.

Boling. Lord Marſhal, let me kiſs my Sovereign's
And bow my knee before his Majeſty :
For *Mowbray* and my ſelf are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious Leave,
And loving Farewel, of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. Th' Appellant in all duty greets your Highneſs,
[*To* K. Rich.
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will deſcend and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of *Hereford*, as thy Cauſe is right,
So be thy Fortune in this royal fight !
Farewel, my Blood ; which if to day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray*'s ſpear :

As

As confident, as is the Faulcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you, my noble Couſin, lord *Aumerle*;
Not ſick, although I have to do with Death;
But luſty, young, and chearly drawing Breath. ——
Lo, as at *Engliſh* Feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood, [*To* Gaunt.
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at Victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy Bleſſings ſteel my Lance's point,
That it may enter *Mowbray*'s waxen Coat,
And furbiſh new the Name of *John* o' *Gaunt*
Ev'n in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon. [rous!

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good Cauſe make thee proſpe-
Be ſwift like Lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caſque
Of thy adverſe pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be brave and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, God and St. *George* to thrive!

Mowb. However heav'n or fortune caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard*'s Throne,
A loyal, juſt and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoul doth celebrate
This Feaſt of battle, with mine adverſary.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happy years;
[6] As gentle and as jocund, as to juſt,
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet breaſt.

6 *As gentle and as jocund, as to* JEST.] Not ſo neither. We ſhould read, to JUST, *i. e.* to tilt or tourny, which was a kind of ſport too.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord; ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the tryal, Marſhal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
Receive thy Lance; and heav'n defend thy Right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen.*
Mar. Go bear this Lance to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk.*
1 *Her. Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
Stands here for God, his Sovereign and Himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.
2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
To God, his Sovereign, and to him, diſloyal:
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the Signal to begin.
Mar. Sound, Trumpets; and ſet forward, Combatants. [*A Charge ſounded.*
——But ſtay, the King hath thrown his warder down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their ſpears,
And Both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe Dukes what we decree.
A long Flouriſh; after which, the King ſpeaks to the Combatants.
Draw near;——
And liſt, what with our Council we have done.
For that our Kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood, which it hath foſtered;
And, for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour ſwords;
[7 And for we think, the eagle-winged pride

7 *And for we think, the eagle-winged pride*, &c.] Theſe five verſes are omitted in the other editions, and reſtored from the firſt of 1598. Mr. *Pope.*

Of

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
With rival-hating Envy set you on,
[8] To wake our Peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]
Which thus rouz'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,
And harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful Bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet Confines fright fair Peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You cousin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair Dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of Banishment.

[8] *To wake our Peace.——which thus rouz'd up——*
Might fright fair Peace.] Thus the sentence stands in the common reading, absurdly enough: which made the *Oxford Editor*, instead of, *fright fair Peace*, read, *be affrighted*; as if these latter words could ever, possibly, have been blundered into the former by transcribers. But his business is to alter as his fancy leads him, not to reform errors, as the text and rules of criticism direct. In a word, then, the true original of the blunder was this: The Editors, before Mr. *Pope*, had taken their Editions from the Folios, in which the text stood thus,

——— the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour swords;
Which thus rouz'd up, ———
——————— fright fair Peace.

This is sense. But Mr. *Pope*, who carefully examined the first printed plays in Quarto, (very much to the advantage of his Edition) coming to this place, found five lines, in the first Edition of this play printed in 1598, omitted in the first general collection of the poet's works; and not enough attending to their agreement with the common text, put them into their place. Whereas, in truth, the five lines were omitted by *Shakespear* himself, as not agreeing to the rest of the context; which, on revise, he thought fit to alter. On this account I have put them into hooks, not as spurious, but as rejected on the author's revise; and, indeed, with great judgment; for,

To wake our Peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep.

as pretty as it is in the image, is absurd in the sense: For Peace awake is still Peace, as well as when asleep. The difference is, that Peace asleep gives one the notion of a happy people sunk in sloth and luxury, which is not the idea the speaker would raise, nd from which state, the sooner it was awaked the better.

Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
That Sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me:
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my Banishment.

K Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier Doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeless word, of *never to return*,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy Sentence, my most sovereign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim,
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native *English*, now I must forego;
" And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
" Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
" Or, like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,
" Or being open, put into his hands
" That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly port-cullis'd with my Teeth and Lips:
And dull, unfeeling, barren Ignorance
Is made my Goaler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a Pupil now:
What is thy Sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. 9 It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our Sentence, Plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my Country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on our royal Sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heav'n,

9 *It boots thee not to be* compassionate;] *compassionate*, for plaintive.

(Our

[1] (Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves,)
To keep the oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall, (ſo help you truth, and heav'n!)
Embrace each other's love in Baniſhment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face,
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This low'ring tempeſt of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any Ill,
'Gainſt us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.

Boling. I ſwear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, ſo far, as to mine enemy:——
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our ſouls had wandred in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly this Realm;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoul.

Mowb. No, *Bolingbroke*; if ever I were traitor,
My Name be blotted from the Book of life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd as from hence!
But what thou art, heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoon, I fear, the King ſhall rue.
Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I ſtray,
Save back to *England*; all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart, thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away; ſix frozen winters ſpent,
Return with Welcome home from Baniſhment.

[1] *(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves.)*] It is a queſtion much debated amongſt the writers of the Law of Nations, whether a baniſh'd man be ſtill tied in allegiance to the ſtate which ſent him into exile. *Tully* and Lord Chancellor *Clarendon* declare for the affirmative: *Hobbs* and *Puffendorf* hold the negative. Our author, by this line, ſeems to be of the ſame opinion.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging Winters, and four wanton Springs,
End in a word; such is the Breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oyl-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done:
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle? thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canst give;
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is currant with him, for my death;
But dead, thy Kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to low'r?

Gaunt. Things, sweet to taste, prove in digestion sow'r:
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his Fault, I would have been more mild:
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my self this wrong.
[2] A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the Sentence my own life destroy'd.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewel; and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [*Flourish.*
[*Exit.*

2 *A partial slander*, &c.] These two lines added from the first Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Aum. Couſin, farewel; what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no Greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.
Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a Travel, that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious ſtride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of World
I wander from the Jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long Apprentice-hood,
To foreign paſſages, and in the End
Having my Freedom, boaſt of Nothing elſe
But that I was a Journeyman to Grief?
Gaunt. [3] All Places that the Eye of Heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not, the King did baniſh Thee;
But Thou the King. Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives It is but faintly borne.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not, the King exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe,

3 *All Places that the Eye of Heaven viſits, &c.*] The fourteen verſes that follow, are found in the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Devouring

Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lye that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence-floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance.
For gnarling Sorrow hath leſs Pow'r to bite
The Man, that mocks at it, and ſets it light.

Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus?*
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick Summer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way;
Had I thy Youth, and Cauſe, I would not ſtay.

Boling. Then, *England*'s Ground, farewel; ſweet ſoil, adieu.
My mother and my nurſe, which bears me yet.
Where e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd; yet a true-born *Engliſhman.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Court.

Enter King Richard, *and* Bagot, *&c. at one door; and the Lord* Aumerle, *at the other.*

K. Rich. WE did, indeed, obſerve —— Couſin *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?

Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him ſo,
But to the next High-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?

Aum.

Aum. 'Faith, none by me; except the north-eaſt wind,
(Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces)
Awak'd the ſleepy rheume; and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow Parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What ſaid your couſin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewel.——

And, for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo profane the word, That taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem'd buried in my ſorrow's Grave.
Marry, would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort Baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewels;
But, ſince it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our kinſman, Couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from Baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Our ſelf, and *Buſhy*, *Bagot* here, and *Green*,
Obſerv'd his Courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſie,
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;
Wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune:
As 'twere to baniſh their Affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid, God ſpeed him well!
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee;
With,—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our *England* in reverſion his,
And he our Subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.——

Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient Manage muſt be made, my Liege;
Ere further leiſure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highneſs' loſs.

K. Rich. We will our ſelf in perſon to this war;
And, for our coffers with too great a Court,

And liberal largeſs, are grown ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal Realm,
The Revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand; if they come ſhort,
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

K. Rich. Buſhy, what news?

Buſhy. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is ſick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath ſent poſt-haſte
T'intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.

K. Rich. Where lyes he?

Buſhy. At *Ely-houſe*.

K. Rich. Now put it, heav'n, in his phyſician's mind,
To help him to his Grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe *Iriſh* wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heav'n, we may make haſte, and come too late!

[*Exeunt*.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ELY-HOUSE.

Gaunt *brought in, ſick; with the Duke of* York.

Gaunt. WILL the King come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtay'd youth?

York. Vex not your ſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but, they ſay, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they're ſeldom ſpent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

He,

He, that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Than they, whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The ſetting Sun, ——and muſick in the cloſe.——
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad Tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. His ear is ſtopt with other flatt'ring charms,
As praiſes of his State; there are, beſide,
Laſcivious meeters, to whoſe venom'd ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:
Report of Faſhions in proud *Italy*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy, apiſh, Nation
Limps after, in baſe aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where Will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chuſe;
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inſpir'd,
And, thus expiring, do foretel of him,
His raſh, fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves.
Small ſhow'rs laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder;
Light vanity, inſatiate Cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon it ſelf.
The royal Throne of Kings, this ſcepter'd Iſle,
This Earth of Majeſty, this Seat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy *Paradiſe*,
This fortreſs, built by Nature for her ſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;
This happy Breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier Lands;
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal Kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home
For chriſtian ſervice and true chivalry,
As is the Sepulchre in ſtubborn *Jury*
Of the world's Ranſom, bleſſed *Mary*'s Son;
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear dear Land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I dye, pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.
That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful Conqueſt of it ſelf.
Ah! would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

SCENE II.

Enter King Richard, *Queen*, Aumerle, Buſhy, Green, Bagot, Roſs, *and* Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, *Lancaſter?*

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged *Gaunt?*

Gaunt. Oh, how that Name befits my compoſition!
Old *Gaunt*, indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt;
And who abſtains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping *England* long time have I watch'd,
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt:
The pleaſure, that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt; I mean, my children's looks;
And, therein faſting, thou haſt made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the Grave, gaunt as a Grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Can ſick-men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock it ſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter thoſe that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter thoſe that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, ſay'ſt, thou flatter'ſt me.

Gaunt. Oh! no, thou dyeſt, though I ſicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he, that made me, knows, I ſee thee ill;
Ill in my ſelf, but ſeeing thee too, ill.
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than the Land,
Wherein thou lieſt in Reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs Patient as thou art,
Giv'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians, that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatt'rers ſit within thy Crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head,
[1] And yet incaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
Thy waſte is no whit leſſer than thy Land.
Oh, had thy Grandſire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons;
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt;
Who art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelf.
Why, Couſin, wert thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this Land by leaſe:
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of *England* art thou now, not King:
[2] Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlave to the law;
And Thou ———

K. Rich.

1 *And yet* INGAGED *in ſo ſmall a verge.*] The Folio of 1623 reads INCAGED, which is right.

2 *Thy* ſtate of law *is* bondſlave to the law;] *State of law*, i. e. *legal ſov'rainty*. But the *Oxford Editor* alters it to *ſtate o'er*

K. Rich. And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaſing the royal blood
With fury from his native reſidence.
Now by my Seat's right-royal Majeſty,
Wert thou not Brother to Great *Edward*'s ſon,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, ſpare me not, my brother *Edward*'s ſon,
For that I was his father *Edward*'s ſon.
That blood already, like the Pelican,
Haſt thou tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Glo'ſter*, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heav'n 'mongſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edward*'s blood.
Join with the preſent Sickneſs that I have,
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my Bed, then to my Grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that Age and Sullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the Grave.

York. I do beſeech your Majeſty, impute
His words to wayward ſicklineſs, and age:
He loves you, on my life; and holds you dear
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you ſay true; as *Hereford*'s love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be, as it is.

o'er law, i. e. *abſolute ſov'rainty*. A doctrine, which, if our poet ever learnt at all, he learnt not in the reign when this play was written, Queen *Elizabeth*'s, but in the reign after it, King *James*'s. By *bondſlave to the law*, the poet means his being inſlaved to his *favourite* ſubjects.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majesty.

K. Rich. What says old *Gaunt?*

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

York. Be *York* the next, that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit falls first, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that.——Now for our *Irish* wars;
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, have privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us.
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did stand possest.

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender Duty make me suffer wrong?
Not *Glo'ster*'s death, not *Hereford*'s Banishment,
Not *Gaunt*'s rebukes, nor *England*'s private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sow'r my patient cheek;
Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble *Edward*'s sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of *Wales*, was first:
In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce;
In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely Gentleman;
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours.
But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,
And not against his friends: His noble hand
Did win what he did spend; and spent not That,
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.

His

His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, *Richard! York* is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O my Liege,
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd *Hereford?*
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* juſt, and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take *Hereford*'s Right away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtomary Rights.
Let not to-morrow then enſue to day;
Be not thy ſelf.—For how art thou a King,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
If you do wrongfully ſeize *Hereford*'s Right,
Call in his letters patents that he hath,
By his attorneys-general to ſue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage;
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head;
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts;
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: my Liege, farewel:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, *Buſhy*, to the Earl of *Wiltſhire* ſtraight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-houſe*,
To ſee this buſineſs done: To morrow next
We will for *Ireland*; and 'tis time, I trow.
And we create, in abſence of our ſelf,
Our uncle *York* Lord governor of *England:*
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.

Come

Come on, our Queen; to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of Stay is short. [*Flourish.*
[*Exeunt, King, Queen,* &c.

SCENE IV.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, *and* Ross.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.
Ross. And living too, for now his son is Duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburthen'd with a lib'ral tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.
Willo. Tends, what you'd speak, to the Duke of *Hereford?*
If it be so, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore heav'n, it's shame, such wrongs are borne
In him a royal Prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous Taxes,
And lost their hearts; the Nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As Blanks, Benevolences, I wot not what;
But what o'God's name doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not, But

But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That, which his Anceſtors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.
Roſs. The Earl of *Wiltſhire* hath the Realm in farm.
Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach, and diſſolution, hangeth over him.
Roſs. He hath not money for theſe *Iriſh* wars,
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
North. His noble Kinſman—moſt degenerate King!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſs. We ſee the very wreck, that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For ſuff'ring ſo the cauſes of our wreck. [Death
North. Not ſo: ev'n through the hollow eyes of
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay,
How near the tidings of our comfort is. [ours.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt
Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, *Northumberland*;
We three are but thy ſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, my friends. I have from *Port le Blanc*,
A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald* lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother, Archbiſhop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainſton*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Coines*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore;
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoak,

Imp

Imp out our drooping Country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking Pawn the blemish'd Crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepter's gilt,
And make high Majesty look like itself:
Away with me in post to *Ravenspurg*.
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my self will go. [fear.

Ross. To horse, to horse; urge Doubts to them that
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.
[*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.

The COURT.

Enter Queen, Bushy, *and* Bagot.

Bushy. MAdam, your Majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside self-harming heavineſs.
And entertain a chearful disposition.

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please my self,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause,
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief;
Save bidding farewel to so sweet a Guest
As my sweet *Richard*: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward soul
3 With something trembles, yet at nothing grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief it self, but are not so:
For sorrows eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
4 Like Perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew

3 *With* nothing *trembles, yet at* something *grieves.*] The following line requires that this should be read just the contrary way,

With something *trembles yet at* nothing *grieves.*

4 *Like* Perspectives, *which* rightly *gaz'd upon,*
Shew nothing but confusion: ey'd awry,
Distinguish form.] This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant

Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form.——So your ſweet Majeſty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which look'd on, as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not; gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your lord's departure; more's not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me otherwiſe: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy-ſad,
As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but Conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs: Conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething hath, the nothing that I grieve;
'Tis in reverſion That I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.

SCENE VI.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope, the King is not yet ſhipt for *Ireland.*

Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope, he is:
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope, he is not ſhipt?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his Power;
And driv'n into deſpair an enemy's Hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.

meant is this. Amongſt *mathematical* recreations, there is one in *Optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *Perſpective* are *inverted*: ſo that, if held in the ſame poſition with thoſe pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *Perſpective*, it can preſent nothing but confuſion: and to be ſeen in form, and under a regular Appearance, it muſt be look'd upon from a contrary ſtation; or, as *Shakeſpear* ſays, *ey'd awry.*

The

The baniſh'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himſelf;
And with uplifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At *Ravenſpurg*.

Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid!

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worſe,
The lord *Northumberland*, his young ſon *Percy*,
The lords of *Roſs*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.

Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the Earl of *Worceſter*
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his Stewardſhip;
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him
To *Bolingbroke*.

Queen. So, *Green*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bolingbroke* my ſorrow's diſmal heir:
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gaſping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow, join'd.

Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.

Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death;
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger, in extremity.

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of *York*.

Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!
Uncle, for heav'n's ſake, comfortable words.

York. [5] Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but Croſſes, Care, and Grief.
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home.

5 *Should I do ſo*, &c.] This line added from the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope*.

Here am I left to underprop this Land ;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport myſelf.
Now comes the ſick hour, that his ſurfeit made ;
Now ſhall he try his friends, that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your ſon was gone before I came.

York. He was ; why, ſo, go all, which way it will :
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford*'s ſide.
Get thee to *Plaſhie*, to my ſiſter *Glo'ſter* ;
Bid her ſend preſently a thouſand pound :
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot
To tell, to day I came by, and call'd there ;
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.

York. What is't?

Serv. An hour before I came, the Dutcheſs dy'd.

York. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this woful land at once !
I know not what to do : I would to heav'n,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there poſts diſpatch'd for *Ireland?*
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars ?
Come, ſiſter ; (couſin, I would ſay ;) pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide ſome carts,
[*To the Servant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go and muſter men ?
If I know how to order theſe affairs,
Diſorderly thus thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. They are both my kinſmen ;
The one my Sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend ; th' other again
My kinſman is, One whom the King hath wrong'd ;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do : come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you. Go muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at *Berkley* caſtle :
I ſhould to *Plaſhie* too ; ——

But

But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.

SCENE VIII.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
But none returns; for us to levy Power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our Nearness to the King in Love
Is near the Hate of those, love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wav'ring Commons, for their love
Lies in their purses; and who empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lye in them, then so do we;
Because we have been ever near the King.

Green. Well; I'll for Refuge straight to *Bristol* Castle;
The Earl of *Wiltshire* is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful Commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces:
Will you go with us?

Bagot. No: I'll to *Ireland* to his Majesty.
Farewel: If heart's Presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as *York* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke.*

Green. Alas, poor Duke! the task he undertakes
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewel at once, for once, for all and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to a wild Proſpect in Gloceſterſhire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland.

Boling. HOW far is it, my lord, to *Berkley* now?
North. I am a ſtranger here in *Glo'ſterſhire:*
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearifome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe has been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From *Ravenſpurg* to *Cotſhold*, will be found
In *Roſs* and *Willoughby*, wanting your Company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tediouſneſs and proceſs of my travel:
But theirs is ſweeten'd with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. By this, the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much leſs value is my company,
Than your good words: but who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my ſon, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Worceſter:* whenceſoever,
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I thought, my lord, t'have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the Queen?
Percy. No, my good lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The Houſhold of the King.
North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when laſt we ſpake together.
Percy. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to *Ravenſpurg*,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of *Hereford*;
And ſent me o'er by *Berkley*, to diſcover

What

What Pow'r the Duke of *York* had levy'd there;
Then with directions to repair to *Ravenſpurg*.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days ſhall ripen and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*; and be ſure,
I count my ſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul remembring my good friends;
And as my Fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.

North. How far is it to *Berkley?* and what ſtir
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?

Percy. There ſtands the Caſtle by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords, *York*, *Berkley*, *Seymour*;
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſs *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of *Roſs* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery-red with haſte.

Boling. Welcome, my lords; I wot, your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my Treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble lord.

Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore, thanks;—— (th' exchequer of the poor)
Which, 'till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of *Berkley*, as I gueſs.

Berk. My lord of *Hereford*, my meſſage is to you.

Boling. My lord, my anſwer is to *Lancaſter*;

And I am come to ſeek that Name in *England*,
And I muſt find that Title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.

Berk. Miſtake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *York*, to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of [6] the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

SCENE X.

Enter York.

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in perſon. Noble Uncle!
[*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Boling. My gracious Uncle!

York. Tut, tut! Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me no Uncle:——
I am no traitor's uncle: and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have thoſe baniſh'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a duſt of *England*'s ground?
But more than,— why, why, have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom,
Frighting her palefac'd villages with war,
[7] And oſtentation of diſpoſed arms?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th'anointed King is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the King is left behind;
And in my loyal boſom lies his Power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy father, and my ſelf
Reſcu'd the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,

6 —— *the* abſent *time*,] For *unprepared*. Not an inelegant ſynecdoche.

7 *And oſtentation of* DESPISED *arms?*] But ſure the oſtentation of deſpiſed arms would not *fright* any one. We ſhould read
—— —— DISPOSED *arms*,
i. e. forces in battle array.

From

From forth the ranks of many thousand *French*;
Oh! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsie, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Ev'n in condition of the worst degree;
In gross Rebellion, and detested Treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy Sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father; for, methinks, in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. O then, my father!
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin King be King of *England*,
It must be granted, I am Duke of *Lancaster*.
You have a son, *Aumerle*, my noble Kinsman:
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am deny'd to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's Goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these, and all, are all amiss imploy'd.
What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my Claim
To mine Inheritance of free Descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon, to do him Right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him Right:

But, in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn, his Coming is
But for his own; and, for the Right of That,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my Pow'r is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, farewel.
Unless you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, Uncle, that we will accept;
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To *Bristol-Castle*, which, they say, is held
By *Bushy*, *Bagot*, and their complices;
The caterpillars of the Common-wealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go: but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our Country's Laws:
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past Redress are now with me past Care.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

In WALES.

Enter Salisbury, *and a Captain.*

Cap. MY lord of *Salisbury*, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will disperse our selves: farewel.

Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty *Welshman*:
The King reposeth all his trust in thee.

Cap.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the King is dead: we will not ſtay.
" The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
" And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heav'n;
" The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
" And lean-look'd Prophets whiſper fearful Change.
" Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap;"
The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy;
Th' other, in hope t'enjoy by rage and war.
Theſe ſigns forerun the death of Kings——
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [*Exit.*

Saliſ. Ah, *Richard*, ah! with eyes of heavy mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Star,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament:
Thy Sun ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt,
Witneſſing Storms to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes;
And croſsly to thy Good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Briſtol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy, Willoughby, *with* Buſhy *and* Green *Priſoners.*

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth theſe men.——
Buſhy and *Green*, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You have miſ-led a Prince, a royal King,
A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and diſfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the Poſſeſſion of a royal Bed,

And ſtain'd the Beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foul wrongs.
My ſelf, a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,)
Have ſtoopt my neck under your injuries;
And ſigh'd my *Engliſh* breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter Bread of Baniſhment:
While you have fed upon my Signiories;
Diſ-park'd my Parks, and fell'd my foreſt-woods;
From mine own windows torn my houſhold Coat;
Raz'd out my Impreſs; leaving me no ſign,
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
To execution, and the hand of death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the ſtroak of death to me,
Than *Bolingbroke* to *England.*——Lords, farewel.

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our ſouls,
And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd.
Uncle, you ſay the Queen is at your houſe;
For heav'n's ſake, fairly let her be intreated;
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind Commends;
Take ſpecial care, my Greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large. [away.

Boling. Thanks, gentle Uncle: come, my lords,
To fight with *Glendower* and his Complices;
A while to Work; and, after, Holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Coaſt of Wales.

Flouriſh: Drums and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. BArkloughly-caſtle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my good lord; how brooks your Grace the air,
After your toſſing on the breaking Seas? *K. Rich.*

K. Rich. Needs muſt I like it well: I weep for joy
To ſtand upon my Kingdom once again.
Dear Earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their horſes' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy Sovereign's foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lye in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinking nettles to mine enemies;
And, when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pr'ythee, with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy Sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, lords:
This Earth ſhall have a Feeling: and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native King
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms. [you King,

Biſhop. Fear not, my lord; that Pow'r, that made
Hath pow'r to keep you King, in ſpight of all.
[8] The means, that heaven yields, muſt be embrac'd,
And not neglected: elſe if heaven would,
And we would not heav'n's offer, we refuſe
The profer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiſs;
Whilſt *Bolingbroke*, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in power.

K. Rich. Diſcomfortable Couſin, know'ſt thou not,
" That when the ſearching eye of heav'n is hid
" Behind the globe, *(a)* and lights the lower world;
" Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
" In murders, and in outrage bloody here.

[8] *The means, that heaven, &c.*] The four lines that follow from the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

[*(a) and* Oxford Editor, —— Vulg. *that*].

" But

" But when from under this terreſtrial ball
" He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
" And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole;
" Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
" The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
" Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves."
So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
[2] Whilſt we were wand'ring with th' Antipodes,
Shall ſee us riſing in our throne, the eaſt;
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The Deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that *Bolingbroke* hath preſt,
To lift ſharp ſteel againſt our golden Crown,
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly Pay
A glorious Angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall, for heav'n ſtill guards the Right.

SCENE III.

Enter Saliſbury.

Welcome, my lord, how far off lies your Power?

Saliſ. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but Deſpair:
One day (too late, I fear, my noble lord)
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
Oh, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men.
To day, to day,——unhappy day too late
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate.
For all the *Welſhmen*, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, diſperſt and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why looks your Grace [ſo pale?

2 *Whilſt we were wand'ring*, &c.] This line added from the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope*.

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
All souls, that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; remember, who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not King?
Awake, thou coward Majesty, thou sleepest:
Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my Name; a puny Subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle *York*
Hath pow'r to serve our turn. But who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my Kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care:
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our Subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry, Woe, Destruction, Ruin, Loss, Decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, cov'ring your fearful Land
With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy Majesty; boys with women's voices

Strive

Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unweildy arms againſt thy Crown:
Thy very Beadſmen learn to bend their bows
[3] Of double-fatal Ewe, againſt thy State:
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have pow'r to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a Tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of *Wiltſhire?* where is he got?
What is become of *Buſhy?* where is *Green?*
That they have let the dang'rous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?
If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant, they've made peace with *Bolingbroke.*

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart!
Three *Judaſſes*, each one thrice worſe than *Judas!*
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſow'reſt and moſt-deadly hate:
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: thoſe, whom you curſe,
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying hand,
And lie full low, [4] grav'd in the hallow'd ground.

Aum. Is *Buſhy*, *Green*, and th' Earl of *Wiltſhire* dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Briſtol* loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father, with his Power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;

[3] *Of double-fatal Ewe,*—] called ſo, becauſe the leaves of the Ewe are poiſon, and the wood is employed for inſtruments of death; therefore *double-fatal* ſhould be with an hyphen.

[4] ——— *grav'd in the* HOLLOW *ground*] We ſhould read *hallow'd*, i. e. conſecrated.

And

' And yet not ſo —— for what can we bequeath,
' Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
' Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke*'s,
' And nothing can we call our own, but death;
' 5 And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
' Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
' For heav'n's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
' And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings:
' How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war:
' Some haunted by the Ghoſts they diſpoſſeſs'd:
' Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd:
' All murther'd.——For within the hollow Crown,
' That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
' Keeps Death his Court; and there the Antick ſits,
' Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp;
' Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
' To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
' Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
' As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
' Were braſs impregnable: and, humour'd thus,
' Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
' Bores through his caſtle-walls, and farewel King!
' Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
' With ſolemn Rev'rence: throw away reſpect,
' Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
' For you have but miſtook me all this while:
' I live on bread like you, feel want like you;
' Taſte grief, need friends, like you: ſubjected thus,
' How can you ſay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe;
6 And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come from fight;
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death:
Where fearing dying, pays death ſervile breath.

5 *And that ſmall* model *of the barren earth.*] He uſes *model* here, as he frequently does elſewhere, for *part, portion.*

6 *And ſo your follies,* &c.] This line is added from the firſt Edition, Mr. *Pope.*

Aum.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb. [I come
K. Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bolingbroke*,
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom;
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An eaſy taſk it is to win our own.
Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his Power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſower.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.
Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*,
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.
K. Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, Couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To* Aumerle.
Of that ſweet way I was in to Deſpair.
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heav'n, I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-caſtle*, there I'll pine away:
A King, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That Pow'r I have, diſcharge; and let 'em go
7 To ear the land, that hath ſome hope to grow:
For I have none. Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.
Aum. My Liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my Foll'wers: let them hence, away,
From *Richard*'s night to *Bolingbroke*'s fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

7 *To* ear *the land,*——] *ear* or *are*, from *aro*, to plow. Mr. *Pope.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Bolingbroke's *Camp near* Flint.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, *and Attendants.*

Boling. SO that by this intelligence we learn,
The *Welſhmen* are diſpers'd; and *Saliſbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends upon this Coaſt.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord,
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beſeem the lord *Northumberland,*
To ſay, King *Richard.* Ah, the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head!
North. Your Grace miſtakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his Title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with You, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the Head, the whole Head's Length.
Boling. Miſtake not, uncle, farther than you ſhould.
York. Take not, good couſin, farther than you ſhould,
Left you miſtake; the heav'ns are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppoſe my ſelf
Againſt their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, *Harry*; what, will not this caſtle yield?
Percy. The caſtle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Againſt your entrance.
Boling. Royally? why, it contains no King?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: King *Richard* lies
Within the limits of yond lime and ſtone;
And with him lord *Aumerle,* lord *Saliſbury,*
Sir *Stephen Scroop,* beſides a clergy-man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike, it is the biſhop of *Carliſle.*
Boling. Noble lord, [*To* North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of Parle

Into

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :
Henry of *Bolingbroke* upon his knees
Doth kiſs King *Richard*'s hand, and ſends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal perſon :
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided, that my baniſhment repeal'd,
And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted :
If not, I'll uſe th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhow'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd *Engliſhmen*.
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair King *Richard*'s Land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Upon the graſſie carpet of this plain ;
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from this Caſtle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, King *Richard* and my ſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring Shock,
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n :
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water ;
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

SCENE VI.

Parle without, and anſwer within ; then a flouriſh. Enter, on the walls, King Richard, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop *and* Saliſbury.

York. [8] See ! ſee ! King *Richard* doth himſelf appear,
" As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sun,
" From out the fiery portal of the Eaſt,

[8] *See ! ſee ! King* Richard *doth himſelf appear*,] The following ſix lines are abſurdly given to *Bolingbroke*, who is made to condemn his own conduct and diſculp the King's. It is plain theſe ſix and the four following all belong to *York*.

" When

" When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
" To dim his Glory; and to ſtain the tract
" Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yet looks he like a King: behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty! alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow! [ſtood
K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To* North.
Becauſe we thought ourſelf thy lawful King;
And, if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our Stewardſhip.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our Scepter,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know,—— My Maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of Peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond, methinks, he is)
That every ſtride he makes upon my Land
Is dangerous treaſon. He is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding War;
But ere the Crown, he looks for, 9 light in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
1 Shall ill become the flow'r of *England*'s face;
Change

9 —— LIVE *in peace,*] We ſhould read
LIGHT *in peace,*
i. e. deſcend and ſettle upon *Bolingbroke*'s head in peace.

1 *Shall ill become the* flow'r of *England*'s face;] By *the flow'r of* England's *face*, is meant the choiceſt youths of *England*, who ſhall be ſlaughter'd in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns*. *The flower of* England's *face*, to deſign her choiceſt Youth, is a fine and

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation ; and bedew
Her Paſture's graſs with faithful *Engliſh* blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our lord the King
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon ! no, thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry of *Bolingbroke*, doth kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon your royal grandſire's bones,
And by the Royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents, that ſpring from one moſt gracious head)
And by the warlike hand of bury'd *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid,
His Coming hither hath no farther ſcope,
Than for his lineal Royalties, and to beg
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees :
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to ruſt ;
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables ; and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your Majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a Prince, is juſt ;
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, ſay, thus the King returns :
His noble Couſin is right-welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind Commends.
We do debaſe our ſelf, Couſin, do we not, [*To* Aum.
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair ?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die ?

and noble expreſſion. *Pericles*, by a ſimilar thought, ſaid that the deſtruction of the *Athenian* youth was a fatality like cutting off the Spring from the Year. Yet the *Oxford Editor*, who did not apprehend the figure, alters the line thus,

" *Shall* misbecome *the* flow'ry *England*'s face.

Which means ——— I know not what.

2 *And by the* bury'd *hand of* warlike *Gaunt*,] It ſhould be read juſt the other way,

And by the warlike *hand of* bury'd *Gaunt*.

Aum. No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.
K. Rich. Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of Sooth; oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from *Bolingbroke.*
K. Rich. What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: muſt he loſe
The name of King? o' God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a diſh of wood;
My ſcepter, for a palmer's walking ſtaff;
My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints;
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grave;
A little, little Grave; —— an obſcure Grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's high way:
[3] Some way of common Tread, where Subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilſt I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head? ——
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt; (my tender-hearted couſin!)
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears;
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting Land.
Or ſhall we play the Wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match, with ſhedding tears?
As thus, to drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of Graves

3 *Some way of common* Trade,—] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be, *Tread*

Within

Within the earth; and therein laid, there lies
Two kinſmen, digg'd their Graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well? well, well, I ſee
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
Moſt mighty Prince, my lord *Northumberland*,
What ſays King *Bolingbroke?* will his Majeſty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* ſays, *ay.*

North. My lord, in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you, may't pleaſe you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glift'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the baſe court? baſe court, where Kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court come down? down, court; down, King;
For Night-owls ſhriek, where mounting Larks ſhould ſing.

Boling. What ſays his Majeſty?

North. Sorrow, and Grief of Heart,
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantick Man;
Yet is he come.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhew fair duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious lord ——— [*Kneel.*

K. Rich. Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye ſee your courteſie.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deſerve: they well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears ſhew their love, but want their remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;

For

For do we muſt, what force will have us do.
Set on towards *London*. Couſin, is it ſo?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, *no*. [*Flouriſh*. *Exeunt*.

SCENE VII.

A Garden in the Queen's Court.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. WHAT ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls. [rubs,
Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?
Lady. Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy.
For what I have, I need not to repeat:
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll ſing.
Queen. 'Tis well, that thou haſt cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But ſtay, here come the Gardiners.
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees;——
My Wretchedneſs unto a row of pins,

Enter

Enter a Gardiner and two Servants.

They'll talk of State; for every one doth so,
4 Against a Change; woe is fore-run with mocks.
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their Sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All must be even in our Government.
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noisom weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, 5 a firm state?
When our Sea-walled garden, (the whole Land,)
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with Caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He, that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himself met with the Fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
(That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up;)

4 *Against a Change; woe is fore-run with* WOE.] But what was there, in the Gardiners' talking of State, for matter of so much *woe?* Besides, this is intended for a *Sentence*, but proves a very simple one. I suppose *Shakespear* wrote,

——— *woe is fore-run with* MOCKS,

which has some meaning in it; and signifies, that, when great Men are on the decline, their inferiors take advantage of their condition, and treat them without ceremony. And this we find to be the case in the following scene. But the Editors were seeking for a rhime. Tho' had they not been so impatient they would have found it gingled to what followed, tho' it did not to what went before.

5 —OUR *firm state?*] How could he say *our* when he immediately subjoins, that it was infirm? We should read

——A *firm state.*

Are

Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
I mean, the Earl of *Wiltſhire*, *Buſhy*, *Green*.
Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bolingbroke* hath ſeiz'd the waſteful King.
What pity is't, that he had not ſo trimm'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden dreſs,
And wound the bark, the skin, of our fruit-trees;
Leſt, being over proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelf;
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had born the Crown,
Which waſte and idle hours have quite thrown down.
Serv. What, think you then, the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd,
'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters laſt night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings. [ſpeaking:
Queen. Oh, I am preſt to death, through want of
Thou *Adam*'s likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this garden,
How dares thy tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What *Eve*, what Serpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond Fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, (thou little better Thing than earth,)
Divine his downfal? ſay, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news; yet, what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lord's Scale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few Vanities that make him light:
But in the Balance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Beſides himſelf, are all the *Engliſh* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Poſt you to *London*, and you'll find it ſo;

I ſpeak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt, that know it? oh, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come, ladies, go;
To meet, at *London*, *London*'s King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my ſad Look
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke!*
Gard'ner, for telling me theſe news of woe,
I would, the plants, thou graft'ſt, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor Queen, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my skill were ſubject to thy Curſe.
Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of Rue, ſow'r *herb of grace*;
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.

[*Ex. Gard. and Serv.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

In LONDON.

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *Herald, Officers, and* Bagot.

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL *Bagot* forth: now freely ſpeak thy mind,
What thou doſt know of noble *Glo'ſter*'s death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of [1] his timeleſs end.

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord *Aumerle.*

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue

1 ——*his* timeleſs *end.*] *timeleſs* for *untimely.*

Scorns

Scorns to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ſter*'s death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the reſtful *Engliſh* Court
As far as *Calais* to my uncle's head?
Amongſt much other talk that very time,
I heard you ſay, You rather had refuſe,
The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding,
How bleſt this Land would be in this your Couſin's death.
Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour [2] my fair ſtars,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my Gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt,
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath mov'd me ſo.
Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine:
By that fair Sun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble *Glo'ſter*'s death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.
Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt;
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage

2 —— *my fair* STARS,] I rather think it ſhould be STEM, he being of the royal blood.

To prove it on thee, to th' extreameſt point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
3 Who ſets me elſe? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thouſand ſpirits in my breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.
Surrey. My lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.
Fitzw. My lord, 'tis true: you were in preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.
Surrey. As falſe, by heav'n, as heav'n it ſelf is true.
Fitzw. *Surrey*, thou lieſt.
Surrey. Diſhonourable boy,
That Lie ſhall lye ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that Lie; reſt
In earth as quiet, as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar'ſt.
Fitzw. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet *Surrey* in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Beſides I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolk* ſay,
That thou, *Aumerle*, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.
Aum. Some honeſt chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolk* lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.
Boling. Theſe Diff'rences ſhall all reſt under Gage,
Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
And, though mine enemy, reſtor'd again

3 *Who ſets me elſe?*——] Theſe three verſes are taken from the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

To

To all his Signiories; when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his tryal.
Carl. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolk* fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorious chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſign of the chriſtian Croſs,
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleaſant Country's earth,
And his pure ſoul unto his captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
Boling. Why, Biſhop, is *Norfolk* dead?
Carl. Sure as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſoul
To th' boſom of good *Abraham!* — Lords appealants,
Your diff'rences ſhall all reſt under Gage,
'Till we aſſign you to your days of tryal.

SCENE II.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaſter*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoul
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Scepter yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy royal hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth!
Boling. In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne.
Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Worſt in this royal preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
'Would God, that any in this noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true Nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richard*'s Subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them.
And ſhall the figure of God's Majeſty,

His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? oh, forbid it!
That, in a christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
I speak to Subjects, and a Subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford*'s King.
And if you crown him, let me prophesie,
The blood of *English* shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound.
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's sculls.
Oh, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefulleſt division prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth.
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt children's children cry againſt you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here.
My lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your charge,
To keep him ſafely till his day of tryal.
4 May't pleaſe you, lords, to grant the Commons' ſuit?

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender; ſo we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our Arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

4 *May't pleaſe you, lords,* &c.] This Scene, where *Richard* is introduced, from theſe words, *may't pleaſe you,* &c. to the fourth Scene of this Act, is entirely added ſince the firſt Edition.
Mr. *Pope.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter King Richard, *and* York.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give ſorrow leave a-while, to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The favours of theſe men : were they not mine ?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail ! to me ?
So *Judas* did to *Chriſt* : but he, in twelve, [none.
Found truth in all, but one ; I, in twelve thouſand,
God ſave the King !—— will no man ſay, *Amen ?*
Am I both prieſt and clark ? well then, *Amen.*
God ſave the King, although I be not he :
And yet, *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
To do what ſervice, am I ſent for hither ?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majeſty did make thee offer :
The Reſignation of thy State and Crown.

K. Rich. Give me the Crown.—— Here, couſin, ſeize the Crown,
Here, on this ſide, my hand ; on that ſide, thine.
Now is this golden Crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another ;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen and full of water ;
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I ;
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.

K. Rich. My Crown, I am ; but ſtill my griefs are mine :
You may my Glories, and my State depoſe,
But not my griefs ; ſtill am I King of thoſe. [Crown.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your

K. Rich. Your cares ſet up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care, is loſs of care, by old care done ;
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.

The cares I give, I have, though given away ;
They tend the Crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
Boling. Are you contented to reſign the Crown ?
K. Rich. Ay, no ;—no, ay ;—for I muſt Nothing be :
Therefore no No : for I reſign to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo my ſelf ;
I give this heavy weight from off my head ;
And this unweildy Scepter from my hand ;
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I waſh away my Balm ;
With mine own hands I give away my Crown ;
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred State ;
With mine own breath releaſe all dutious oaths.
All pomp and Majeſty I do forſwear :
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes I deny :
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee !
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd !
Long may'ſt thou live in *Richard*'s Seat to ſit,
And ſoon lye *Richard* in an earthy pit !
God ſave King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſun-ſhine days !
What more remains ?
North. No more ; but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the State and Profit of this Land :
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.
K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo ? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them ? if thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,
Containing the depoſing of a King ;
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,

Whilſt

Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait my ſelf,
Though ſome of you with *Pilate* waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my ſow'r Croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a Sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon my ſelf,
I find my ſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
T' undeck the pompous body of a King;
Made Glory baſe; a Sovereign a ſlave;
Proud Majeſty, a ſubject: State, a peaſant.

North. My lord——— [man;

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting
Nor no man's lord: I have no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giv'n me at the Font,
But 'tis uſurp'd. Alack, the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my ſelf!
Oh, that I were a mockery-King of ſnow,
Standing before the Sun of *Bolingbroke*,
To melt my ſelf away in water-drops!
Good King,—great King,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be ſterling yet in *England*, [*To* Boling.
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his Majeſty.

Boling. Go ſome of you, and fetch a looking-glaſs.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come. [hell.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'ſt me, ere I come to

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

K. Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very Book, indeed,
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's my ſelf.

5 *But they can ſee a* Sort.———] *i. e.* a pack, a company.

Enter One, with a Glaſs.

Give me that Glaſs, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath Sorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? oh, flatt'ring Glaſs!
Like to my Followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me. Was this face, the face
That every day under his houſhold roof
Did keep ten thouſand men? was this the face,
That, like the Sun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face, which fac'd ſo many follies,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke?*
A brittle Glory ſhineth in this face;

[*Daſhes the Glaſs againſt the Ground.*

As brittle, as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhivers.
Mark, ſilent King, the Moral of this ſport;
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say That again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow! ha, let's ſee;
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And theſe external manners of laments
Are meerly ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul.
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon;
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair Couſin.

K. Rich. Fair Couſin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but Subjects; being now a Subject,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet aſk.

K. Rich. And ſhall I have?

Boling. You ſhall.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.
Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the *Tower*.
K. Rich. Oh, good! convey:——— Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true King's Fall.
Boling. On *Wednesday* next we solemnly set down
Our Coronation: lords, prepare your selves.
[*Ex. all but Abbot, Bishop of* Carlisle *and* Aumerle.

SCENE IV.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy Clergy-men, is there no Plot,
To rid the Realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see, your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A Plot, shall shew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street in LONDON.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Cæsar*'s ill erected Tow'r;
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud *Bolingbroke*.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any Resting for her true King's Queen.

Enter

Enter King Richard, *and Guards.*

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.
O thou, the model where old *Troy* did ſtand,
[*To K.* Rich.
Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard*'s tomb,
And not King *Richard*; thou moſt beauteous Inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an ale-houſe Gueſt?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair Woman, do not ſo,
To make my End too ſudden: learn, good ſoul,
To think our former ſtate a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am ſworn brother, Sweet,
To grim Neceſſity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hye thee to *France*,
And cloiſter thee in ſome Religious Houſe;
Our holy lives muſt win a new world's Crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.

Queen. What, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and mind
Transform'd and weak? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpower'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiſs the rod,
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of beaſts? [beaſts.

K. Rich. A King of beaſts, indeed; if aught but
I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good ſometime Queen, prepare thee hence for *France*:
Think, I am dead; and that ev'n here thou tak'ſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living Leave.
" In winter's tedious nights ſit by the fire
" With good old folks, and let them tell thee Tales
" Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
" And ere thou bid good Night, to quit their grief,
" Tell thou the lamentable Fall of me,
" And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds."

For

For why? the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful King.

SCENE II.

Enter Northumberland *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang'd:
You must to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to *France*.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bolingbroke* ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gath'ring head,
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
Though he divide the Realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' usurped Throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end!
Take leave and part, for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me:
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me:
[*To the Queen.*
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland:* I, towards the North,
Where shiv'ring cold and sickness pines the clime:
My Queen to *France*; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet *May*;
Sent back like *Hollowmas*, or shortest day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my Love, and heart from heart.

Queen.

Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.
North. That were ſome Love, but little Policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:
Better far off; than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with ſighs, I mine with groans:
Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief;
Since, wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief:
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiſs.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Duke of YORK's *Palace.*

Enter York, *and his Dutcheſs.*

Dutch. MY lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When Weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two Couſins coming into *London.*
York. Where did I leave?
Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richard*'s head.
York. 'Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bolingbroke*,
'Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
'Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
'With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
'While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, *Bolingbroke!*
'You

' You wou'd have thought, the very windows ſpake,
' So many greedy looks of young and old
' Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
' Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
' With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
' *Jeſu*, preſerve thee! welcome, *Bolingbroke!*
' Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
' Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
' Beſpoke them thus; I thank you, Country-men;
' And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.'

Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard*, where rides he the while?

York. ' As in a Theatre, the eyes of men,
' After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
' Are idly bent on him that enters next,
' Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
' Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
' Did ſcowl on *Richard*; no man cry'd, God ſave him!
' No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
' But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
' Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
' His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
' The badges of his grief and patience;
' That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
' The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
' And barbariſm it ſelf have pitied him.'

But heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To *Bolingbroke* we are ſworn Subjects now,
Whoſe State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

SCENE IV.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my ſon *Aumerle.*

York. Aumerle that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richard*'s Friend.
And, Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made King.

Dutch. Welcome, my ſon; who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring!

Aum.

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new Spring of time,
Leſt you be cropt before you come to Prime.
What news from *Oxford?* hold thoſe Juſts and Triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, they do.
York. You will be there?
Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpoſe ſo.
York. What Seal is that, which hangs without thy bo-
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the Writing. [ſom?
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who ſees it.
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.
York. Which, for ſome reaſons, Sir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear———
Dutch. What ſhould you fear, my lord?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel, againſt the triumph.
York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond,
That he is bound to? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me ſee the Writing. [ſhew it.
Aum. I do beſeech you, pardon me; I may not
York. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon! villain, traitor, ſlave!
Dutch. What's the matter, my lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there; ſaddle my horſe.
Heav'n, for his mercy! what treachery is here?
Dutch. Why, what is't, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I ſay: ſaddle my horſe.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Dutch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh woman.
Dutch. I will not Peace: what is the matter, ſon?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.
Dutch. Thy life anſwer! SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Servant with boots.

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.
Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle.* (Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.)
Hence, villain, never more come in my ſight.
[*Speaking to the Servant.*
York. Give me my boots.
Dutch. Why, *York,* what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad-woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark Conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the Sacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their hands,
To kill the King at *Oxford.*
Dutch. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.
Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful:
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon:
Sweet *York,* ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*
Dutch. After, *Aumerle;* mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *York:*

And

And never will I rise up from the ground,
'Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Court at Windsor-*Castle.*

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, *and other Lords.*

Boling. CAN no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he: [last.
I would to heav'n, my lords, he might be found.
Enquire at *London*, 'mong the taverns there:
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose Companions:
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers:
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew. [Prince,

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the
And told him of these Triumphs held at *Oxford.*

Boling. And what said the Gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the Stews;
And from the common'st Creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest Challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desp'rate; yet through both
I see some sparks of hope; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our Cousin, that he stares,
And looks so wildly? [jesty,

Aum. God save your Grace. I do beseech your Ma-
To have some conf'rence with your Grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.
What is the matter with our Cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*
My

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleſs a pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeak!
Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the Tale be done.
Boling. Have thy deſire. [York *within.*
York. My Liege, beware, look to thy ſelf,
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe. [to fear.
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou haſt no cauſe
York. Open the door, ſecure, fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak, take breath:
Tell us how near is danger,
That we my arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The Treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.
York Villain, it was, ere thy hand ſet it down.
I tore it from the traytor's boſom, King;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent that will ſting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous ſon!
Thou clear, immaculate, and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream, through muddy paſſages,
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelf,
Thy overflow of good converts (*a*) the bad;

[(*a*) *the.* Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *to.*]

And

And thine abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot, in thy digreſſing ſon.
York. So ſhall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame;
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives, when his diſhonour dies:
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life; giving him breath,
The traytor lives, the true man's put to death.
[*Dutcheſs within.*
Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for heav'n's ſake, let me in.
Boling. What ſhrill-voic'd ſuppliant makes this eager cry?
Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our Scene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the king:
My dang'rous Couſin, let your mother in;
I know, ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.
York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins for his forgiveneſs proſper may;
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt is ſound;
This, let alone, will all the reſt confound.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.
York. Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor rear?
Dutch. Sweet *York*, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege. [*Kneels.*
Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.
Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
'Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing boy.

Aum.

Aum. Unto my mother's pray'rs I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*
York. Againſt them Both, my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*
[1] Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his pray'r's in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel, 'till to the ground they grow.
His pray'rs are full of falſe hypocriſie,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Dutch. Nay, do not ſay, ſtand up.
But pardon firſt; ſay afterwards, ſtand up.
An if I were thy Nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word 'till now:
Say, Pardon, King; let pity teach thee how.
Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n ſhall pardon me.
Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear; ſpeak it again:
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like pardon, for Kings mouths ſo meet.
York. Speak it in *French*, King; ſay, *Pardonnez moy*!
Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon, pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſow'r huſband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word it ſelf, againſt the word.
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land;

[1] *Ill may'ſt thou thrive,*] This line from the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope*,

The

The chopping *French* we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Dutch. A God on earth thou art. [Abbot,—

Boling. But for our truſty brother-in-law, —— the
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.
Good Uncle, help to order ſeveral Powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e'er theſe traytors are.
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewel; and couſin too, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old ſon; I pray heav'n make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Exton *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the King, what words he ſpake?
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not ſo?

Serv. Thoſe were his very words.

Exton. "Have I no friend? —— quoth he; he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay, —— I would, thou wert the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

Change to the Priſon at Pomfret-*Caſtle.*

Enter King Richard.

I Have been ſtudying, how to compare
This priſon, where I live, unto the world;
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my ſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'il prove the female to my ſoul,
My ſoul, the father; and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
In humour, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
(As thoughts, of things divine,) are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word itſelf
Againſt the word; as thus; *Come, little ones*; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts, tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon-walls:
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
And ſhall not be the laſt: (Like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the Stocks, refuge their ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;)
And, in this thought, they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by,

Think,

' Think, that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
' And ſtraight am nothing —— but what-e'er I am,
' Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
' With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
' With being nothing — Muſick do I hear? [*Muſick.*
Ha, ha; keep time: how ſow'r ſweet muſick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the muſick of men's lives.
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numbring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar,
Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch;
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds, that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, hours, and times —— O, but my time
Runs poſting on, in *Bolingbroke*'s proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o'th' clock.
This muſick mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
In me, it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his heart, that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to *Richard*
Is a ſtrange brooch, [2] in this all-hating world.

SCENE XI.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art? how com'ſt thou hither?

2 —— *in this* ALL-HATING *world.*] We ſhould read FALL-HATING, *i. e.* Love to *Richard* is a very rare jewel, in a world that ſhuns and avoids thoſe who are fallen, or in misfortunes.

Where

Where no man ever comes, [3] but that ſad Drudge,
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling tow'rds *York*,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my [4] ſometime Maſter's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In *London* ſtreets, that Coronation day;
When *Bolingbroke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as he had diſdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
That jade had eat bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe;
And yet I bear a burthen like an aſs;
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jaunting *Bolingbroke*.

SCENE XII.

Enter Keeper, with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; for Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*, Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

3 —— *but that ſad* Dog.] Read *Drudge*. Mr. *Pope*.

4 —— *ſometime Maſter's face.*] *ſometime* for *formerly*. *K. Rich.*

K. Rich. The Dev'l take *Henry* of *Lancaſter*, and thee!
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help! ———

Enter Exton, *and Servants.*

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude aſſault?
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's inſtrument;
[*Snatching a Sword.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*
[Exton *ſtrikes him down.*
That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon: thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood ſtain'd the King's own Land.
Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high;
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood;
Both have I ſpilt: Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me, I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the Court at Windſor.

Flouriſh: Enter Bolingbroke, York, *with other Lords and attendants.*

Boling. KInd Uncle *York*, the lateſt news we hear,
Is, that the Rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town of *Ciceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*;
But whether they be ta'en or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred State wiſh I all happineſs;
The next news is, I have to *London* ſent
The heads of *Sal'ſbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:
The manner of their Taking may appear

At

At large discourſed in this paper here.

[*Preſenting a Paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right-worthy gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitz-w. My lord, I have from *Oxford* ſent to *London*
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traytors,
That fought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, *Fitz-water*, ſhall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, *and the Biſhop of* Carliſle.

Percy. The grand Conſpirator, *Abbot* of *Weſtminſter*,
With clog of conſcience, and ſour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the Grave:
But here is *Carliſle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.

Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:
Chuſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife.
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee I have ſeen.

Enter Exton, *with a coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy bury'd fear. Herein all breathleſs lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of *Bourdeaux*, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt wrought
A deed of ſlander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous Land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poiſon, that do poiſon need;
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murth'rer, love him murthered.
The Guilt of Conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day, or light.

Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen Black, incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my Mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely Bier. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The

The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

HENRY, *Sirnam'd* HOT-SPUR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*

Henry, *Prince of* Wales, } *Sons to the King.*
John, *Duke of* Lancaſter, }

Worceſter,
Northumberland,
Hot-ſpur,
Mortimer,
Archbiſhop of York, } *Enemies to the King.*
Dowglas,
Owen Glendower,
Sir Richard Vernon,
Sir Michell,

Weſtmorland,
Sir Walter Blunt, } *of the King's Party.*
Sir John Falſtaff.

Poins,
Gads-hill,
Peto, } *Companions of* Falſtaff.
Bardolph,

Lady Percy, *Wife to* Hot-ſpur.
Lady Mortimer, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife to* Mortimer.
Hoſteſs Quickly.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers and Attendants.

SCENE, *ENGLAND.*

The First Part of

HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court *in* London.

Enter King Henry, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *and others.*

King Henry.

" SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with Care,
" Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
" And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new
" Broils
" To be commenc'd in ſtronds a-far remote.
" No more the thirſty entrance of this Soil
" [1] Shall trempe her lips with her own children's blood:
" No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
" Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
" Of hoſtile paces. [2] Thoſe oppoſed files,

1 *Shall damp her lips*—] This nonſenſe ſhould be read, *Shall* TREMPE, *i. e.* moiſten, and refers to thirſty, in the preceding line: *Trempe*, from the *French*, *tremper*, properly ſignifies the moiſtneſs made by rain.

2— *Thoſe oppoſed eyes*,] The ſimilitude is beautiful: But, what are *eyes meeting in inteſtine ſhocks, and marching all one way?* The true reading is, FILES; which appears not only from the integrity of the metaphor, *well-beſeeming ranks march all one way*; but from the nature of thoſe *meteors* to which they are compared; namely long ſtreaks of red, which repreſent the lines of armies; the appearance of which, and their likeneſs to ſuch lines, gave occaſion to all the ſuperſtition of the common people concerning armies in the air, *&c.* Out of mere contradiction, the *Oxford Editor* would improve my alteration of *files* to *arms*, and ſo loſe both the integrity of the metaphor and the likeneſs of the compariſon.

" Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
" All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
" Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
" And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
" Shall now, in mutual, well-beſeeming, ranks
" March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
" Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
" The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
" No more ſhall cut his maſter." Therefore, friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
(Whoſe ſoldier now, under whoſe bleſſed Croſs
We are impreſſed, and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a Power of *Engliſh* ſhall we levy;
Whoſe arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chaſe theſe Pagans, in thoſe holy fields
Over whoſe acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore, we meet not now: Then let me hear,
Of you my gentle Couſin *Weſtmorland*,
What yeſternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding [3] this dear expedience.

Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
[4] And many limits of the Charge ſet down
But yeſternight: when, all athwart, there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordſhire* to fight
Againſt th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welſhman* taken;
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe *Welſhwomen* done, as may not be,
Without much ſhame, re-told or ſpoken of.

3 —— *this dear expedience.*] For *expedition*.
4 *And many* limits——] *Limits* for *eſtimates*.

K. Hen.

K. Henry. It ſeems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our buſineſs for the holy Land. [lord;

Weſt. [5] This, matcht with other, did my gracious
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did import.
On holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot ſpur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* ſpent a ſad and bloody hour:
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he, that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true-induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this ſeat of ours:
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited;
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, three and twenty Knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon*'s plains. Of priſoners, *Hot-ſpur* took
Mordake the earl of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the earls of *Athol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable ſpoil?
A gallant prize? ha, couſin, is it not?

Weſt. In faith, a conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In Envy, that my lord *Northumberland*

5 *This, matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,*
Far more *uneven and unwelcome news*] *Far more*, the *Oxford Editor* alters to *Farther*; becauſe this other news is *matcht* with the former, and yet ſaid to be *Far more uneven*: As if two uneven things could not be *matcht* together! But, to diſpatch this emendation from whence it came, we muſt obſerve the old books (which our Editor appears never once to have look'd into, as truſting all to his own ſagacity) read the firſt line thus,

This, matcht with other, did, *my gracious lord*;] i. e. *did break off the buſineſs of the holy land.* And this is right.

Should be the father of so blest a son :
A son, who is the theam of Honour's tongue :
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;
Who is sweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride :
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd,
That some night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-cloaths, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet* ;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine. [Cousin.
But let him from my thoughts. —— What think you,
Of this young *Percy*'s pride ? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all aspects ;
6 Which makes him plume himself, and bristle up
The Crest of youth against your Dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this ;
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.
Cousin, on *Wednesday* next our Council we
Will hold at *Windsor*, so inform the lords :
But come your self with speed to us again ;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

An Apartment of the Prince's.

Enter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* John Falstaff.

Fal. NOW, *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad ?

P. *Henry*. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper,

6 *Which makes him* PRUNE *himself*,—] Doubtless *Shakespear* wrote PLUME. And to this the *Oxford Editor* gives his *fiat*.

and

and ſleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou haſt forgotten to demand That truly, which thou would'ſt truly know. What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? unleſs hours were cups of ſack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the ſigns of leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed Sun himſelf a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, *Hal.* For we, that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars, and not by *Phœbus*, [7] he, that wandring knight ſo fair. And I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art King —— as God ſave thy Grace, (Majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for grace thou wilt have none.) ——

P. *Henry*. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. *Henry*. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly--

Fal. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are ſquires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's booty. Let us be *Diana*'s foreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moon; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt miſtreſs the Moon, under whoſe countenance we ——— ſteal.

P. *Henry*. Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea; being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on *Monday* night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on *Tueſday* morning; [8] got with ſwearing, *lay by*; and ſpent with crying, *bring in*: now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder;

7 *he, that wandring*] Line of an old ballad.

8 *got with ſwearing*, lay by;] *i. e.* ſwearing at the paſſengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phraſe that then ſignified *ſtand ſtill*, addreſſed to thoſe who were preparing to ruſh forward. But the *Oxford Editor* kindly accommodates theſe old thieves with a new cant phraſe, taken from *Bagſhot-Heath* or *Finchly-Common*, of LUG OUT.

and

and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'ſt true, lad: and is not mine Hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?

P. *Henry.* As the honey of *Hybla*, 9 my old lad of the caſtle; and is not a buff jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. *Henry.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my Hoſteſs of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. *Henry.* Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. *Henry.* Yea and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent——But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be Gallows ſtanding in

9 *my old lad of the caſtle*;] This alludes to the name *Shakeſpear* firſt gave to this buffoon character, which was Sir *John Oldcaſtle*: And when he changed the name, he forgot to ſtrike out this expreſſion that alluded to it. The reaſon of the change was this, one Sir *John Oldcaſtle* having ſuffered in the time of *Henry* V. for the opinions of *Wickliffe*, it gave offence; and therefore the Poet altered it to *Falſtaff*, and endeavours to remove the ſcandal, in the *Epilogue* to the ſecond part of *Henry* IV. *Fuller* takes notice of this matter in his *Church-Hiſtory*. —— *Stage-Poets have themſelves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir* John Oldcaſtle, *whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royſter, and a coward to boot. The beſt is, Sir* John Falſtaff *hath relieved the memory of Sir* John Old-caſtle, *and of late is ſubſtituted buffoon in his place.* Book 4. p. 168. But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter. *Shakeſpear* wanted a droll name to his character, and never conſidered whom it belonged to. We have a like inſtance in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, where he calls his *French* Quack, *Caius*, a name, at that time, very reſpectable, as belonging to an eminent and learned phyſician, one of the founders of *Caius* College in *Cambridge*.

England,

England, when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. *Henry*. No: thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. *Henry*. Thou judgeſt falſe already: I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. *Henry*. For obtaining of ſuits?—

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. *Henry*. Or an old Lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnſhire* bagpipe.

P. *Henry*. What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimilies; and art, indeed, the moſt *(a)* incomparative, raſcallieſt, ſweet young Prince—But, *Hal*, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. *Henry*. Thou didſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable *(b)* attraction, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and

[*(a) incomparative.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *comparative.*]
[*(b) attraction.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *iteration.*]

I will.

I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's son in christendom.

P. *Henry*. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Jack?*

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. *Henry*. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my vocation, *Hal*. 'Tis no sin for a Man to labour in his vocation. *Poins!*—— Now shall we know, if *Gads-hill* have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him!

SCENE III.

Enter Poins.

This is the most omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, *Stand*, to a true Man.——

P. *Henry*. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet *Hal*. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir *John* Sack and Sugar? *Jack!* how agree the devil and thou about thy soul, that thou soldest him on *Good-Friday* last, for a cup of *Madera*, and a cold capon's leg?

P. *Henry*. Sir *John* stands to his word; the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due*.

Poins. Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. *Henry*. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at *Gads-hill*; there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purses. I have vizors for you all; you have horses for your selves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rochester*, I have bespoke supper to morrow night in *East cheap*; we may do it, as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal.

Fal. Hear ye, *Yedward*; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. *Henry.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There is neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not cry, *stand*, for ten shillings.

P. *Henry.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. *Henry.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. *Henry.* I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may (for recreation-sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in *East-cheap*.

P. *Henry.* Farewel, thou latter spring! Farewel, all-hallown summer! [*Exit* Fal.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, and *Gadshill*, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; your self and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from off my shoulders.

P. *Henry.* But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them; and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry.

P. *Henry.* Ay; but, 'tis like, they will know us by our horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be our ſelves.

Poins. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, I'll tye them in the wood; our vizors we will change after we leave them; and, ſirrah, I have caſes of buckram for the nonce, to immaſk our noted outward garments.

P. *Henry.* But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd Back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he ſees reaſon, I'll forſwear arms. The virtue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this ſame fat rogue will tell us when we meet at ſupper; how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jeſt.

P. *Henry.* Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to morrow night in *Eaſt-cheap*, there I'll ſup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord. [*Exit* Poins.

P. *Henry.* I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world;
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holydays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare Accidents.
So, when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much [1] ſhall I falſifie men's fears;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My Reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

1 ——*ſhall I falſifie men's* HOPES;] Juſt the contrary. We ſhould read FEARS.

Shall

Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than That which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. Henry. MY blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities;
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure,
[2] I will from henceforth rather be my ſelf,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my Condition;
Which hath been ſmooth as oyl, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of Reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our Houſe, my ſovereign Liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of Greatneſs to be uſed on it:
And that ſame Greatneſs too, which our own hands
Have help'd to make ſo portly.

North. My good lord,——

K. Henry. Worceſter, get thee gone; for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O Sir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory;

2. *I will from henceforth rather be my ſelf,*
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my Condition;] *i. e.* I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the reſentment of an injured King, than ſtill continue in the inactivity and mildneſs of my natural diſpoſition. And this ſentiment he has well expreſſed, ſave that by his uſual licence, he puts the word *condition* for *diſpoſition*: which uſe of terms *depaiſing* our *Oxford Editor*, as it frequently does, he, in a loſs for the meaning, ſubſtitutes *in* for *than*,
Mighty and to be fear'd in *my condition.*
So that by *condition*, in this reading, muſt be meant ſtation, office. But it cannot be predicated of ſtation and office, *that it is ſmooth as oyl, ſoft as young down*: which ſhews that *condition* muſt needs be licentiouſly uſed for *diſpoſition*, as we ſaid before.

And

And Majesty might never yet endure
[3] The moody frontlet of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.
[*Exit* Worcester.
You were about to speak. [*To* Northumberland.
North. Yes, my good lord.
Those prisoners, in your Highness' name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty.
Or Envy therefore, or Misprision,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners;
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my sword;
' Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd;
' Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
' Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home.
' He was perfumed like a milliner;
' And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
' [4] A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
' He gave his nose:' [5] and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff]—' And still he smil'd, and talk'd;
' And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
' He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
' To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarse
' Betwixt the wind, and his Nobility.
' With many holyday and lady terms
' He question'd me: amongst the rest, demanded
' My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.

3. *The moody* FRONTIER——] This is nonsense. We should read FRONTLET, *i. e.* forehead.

4 *A pouncet-box,* ——] A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion: The lid of which being cut with open work gave it its name; from *percinsoner,* to prick, pierce, or engrave.

5 ——*and took't away again,* &c.] This stupidity between the hooks is the Players'.

' I, then

' [6] I, then all ſmarting with my wounds ; being gal'd
' To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
' Out of my Grief, and my impatience,
' Anſwer'd, neglectingly, I know not what ;
' He ſhould, or ſhould not ; for he made me mad,
' To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
' And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman, [mark !)
' Of guns, and drums, and wounds ; (God ſave the
' And telling me, the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
' Was Parmacity, for an inward bruiſe ;
' And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
' This villainous ſalt petre ſhould be digg'd
' Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
' Which many a good, tall fellow had deſtroy'd
' So cowardly : And but for theſe vile guns,
' He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.—
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
[7] I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid ;
And I beſeech you, [8] let not his report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my lord,
Whatever *Harry Percy* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and, in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die ; and never riſe
[9] To do him wrong, or any way impeach.
What then he ſaid, ſee, he unſays it now.

K. Henry.

6 *I, then all ſmarting with my wounds being* COLD,
(*To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay*)] But in the beginning of the Speech he repreſents himſelf at this time not as *cold* but hot, and inflamed with rage and labour,

" *When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,* &c.

I am perſuaded therefore that *Shakeſpear* wrote and pointed it thus,

" *I, then all ſmarting with my wounds ; being* GAL'D
" *To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,* &c.

7 *I anſwer'd* indirectly,—] *indirectly* for *negligently*.

8 —*let not* THIS *report*] We ſhould read HIS.

9 *To do him wrong, or any way impeach*
What then he ſaid, ſo *he* unſay *it now.*] Let us conſider the whole paſſage, which, according to the preſent reading, bears this literal ſenſe. " Whatever *Percy then ſaid* may reaſonably

" die

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish *Mortimer*;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? [1] and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No; on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?
He never did fall off, my sovereign Liege,
[2] But by the chance of war; to prove That true,
Needs

" die and never rise to impeach *what he then said*, so he unsay " it now." This is the exact sense, or rather nonsense, which the passage makes in the present reading. It should therefore, without question, be thus pointed and emended,

To do him wrong, or any way impeach.
What then he said, SEE, *he* UNSAYS *it now.*

i. e. " Whatever *Percy* then said may reasonably die, and never " rise to do him wrong or any ways impeach him. For see, my " Liege, what he then said, he now unsays." And the King's answer is pertinent to the words, as so emended. — *why, yet he doth deny his prisoners, but with proviso*, &c. implying, " you " are mistaken in saying, *see he now unsays it.*" But the answer is utterly impertinent to what precedes in the common reading.

1 ——*and indent with* fears.] The reason why he says, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with *Mortimer*, is, because he supposed *Mortimer* had wilfully betrayed his own forces to *Glendower* out of fear, as appears from his next Speech. No need therefore to change *fears* to *foes*, as the *Oxford Editor* has done.

2 *But* BY *the chance of war*;—] A poor apology for a soldier, and a man of honour, that he fell off, and revolted by the chance of war. The Poet certainly wrote,

But 'BIDES *the chance of war.*

i. e. he never did revolt, but *abides* the chance of war, as a prisoner. And if he still endured the rigours of imprisonment, that

Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn*'s sedgie bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift *Severn*'s flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp'd head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant Combatants.
Never did base and rotten Policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be slander'd with Revolt. [him;
K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou belie'st
He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
He durst as well have met the Devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art not asham'd? [3] but, sirrah, from this hour
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you——My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.
[*Exit K.* Henry.

that was a plain proof he was not revolted to the Enemy. *Hot-spur* says the same thing afterwards,

——*suffer'd his kinsman* March
——*to be* encag'd *in* Wales.

Here again the *Oxford Editor* makes this correction his own, at the small expence of changing '*bides* to *bore*.

3 —*but*, sirrah, *from this hour*] The *Oxford Editor* is a deal more courtly than his old plain *Elizabeth* author. He changes *sirrah* therefore to *sir*: And punctilios of this kind he very carefully discharges throughout his edition: which it may be enough once for all just to have taken notice of.

Hot.

Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after strait,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head. [a while;

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer?*
Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in dust,
4 But I will lift the down-trod *Mortimer*
As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bolingbroke.*

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad. [*To* Worcester.

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer.*

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the Proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us, God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his *Irish* expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murthered. [mouth

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you;—did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown?

North. He did; my self did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King,

4 *But I will lift the* downfall'n Mortimer] The Quarto of 1599 reads *down-trod Mortimer:* which is better.

That

That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you, that ſet the Crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous Subornation? ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
(O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle King)
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power
Ingag'd them Both in an unjuſt behalf;
(As Both of you, God pardon it! have done:)
To put down *Richard*, that ſweet lovely Roſe,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bolingbroke*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein ye may redeem
Your baniſh'd Honours, and reſtore your ſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the debt he owes unto you,
Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore, I ſay ———

Wor. Peace, Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
[5] On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night. Or ſink or ſwim,
Send Danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So Honour croſs it from the north to ſouth;

[5] *On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.*] i. e. of a ſpear laid acroſs.

And

And let them grapple.—— O! the blood more stirs
To rouze a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heav'n, methinks, it were an easie leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the Deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks:
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Corrival all her Dignities.

6 *By heav'n, methinks,* &c.] *Gildon*, a critic of the size of *Dennis*, &c. calls this speech, without any ceremony, *a ridiculous rant and absolute madness*. Mr. *Theobald* talks in the same strain. The *French* critics had taught these people just enough to understand where *Shakespear* had transgressed the rules of the *Greek* tragic writers; and, on those occasions, they are full of the poor frigid cant, of *fable*, *sentiment*, *diction*, *unities*, &c. But it is another thing to get to *Shakespear*'s sense: to do this required a little of their own. For want of which, they could not see that the poet here uses an allegorical covering to express a noble and very natural thought. — *Hot-spur*, all on fire, exclaims against *huckstering* and *bartering* for honour, and dividing it into shares. O! says he, could I be sure that when I had purchased honour I should wear her dignities without a Rival — what then? why then,

By heav'n, methinks, it were an easie leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon:

i. e. tho' some great and shining character, in the most elevated orb, was already in possession of her, yet it would, methinks, be easy by greater acts, to eclipse his glory, and pluck all his honours from him;

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:

i. e. or what is still more difficult, tho' there were in the world no great examples to incite and fire my emulation, but that honour was quite sunk and buried in oblivion, yet would I bring it back into vogue, and render it more illustrious than ever. So that we see, tho' the expression be sublime and daring, yet the thought is the natural movement of an heroic mind. *Euripides* at least thought so, when he put the very same sentiment, in the same words, into the mouth of *Eteocles*— *I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts; I could scale heaven, I could descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom.*

But

7 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!
Wor. 8 He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.
Good Couſin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots*,
That are your priſoners ———
Hot. I'll keep them all.
By heav'n, he ſhall not have a *Scot* of them:
No, if a *Scot* would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not;
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes;
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.
Hot. I will; that's flat:
He ſaid, he would not ranſom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of *Mortimer*:
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer!*
Nay, I will have a Starling taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Hear you, couſin, a word.
Hot. All Studies here I ſolemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke*:
And that ſame ſword-and-buckler Prince of *Wales*,
(But that, I think, his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,)
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewel, my kinſman; I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend. [fool
North. Why, what a waſp-tongu'd and impatient
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own? [rods,
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with

7 *But out upon this* half-fac'd *fellowſhip!*] I think this finely expreſſed. The image is taken from one who turns from another, ſo as to ſtand before him with a ſide-face; which implies neither a full conforting, nor a ſeparation.

8 *He apprehends a world of figures here.*] This, I ſuppoſe, alludes to what he had ſaid before of *unclaſping a ſecret book*.

Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician *Bolingbroke:*
In *Richard*'s time—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon't!— it is in *Glo'ſterſhire*—
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept—
His uncle *York*— where I firſt bow'd my knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bolingbroke:*
When you and he came back from *Ravenſpurg.*
North. At *Berkley* caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:
Why, what a deal of candied Courteſie
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, when his *infant fortune came to age,*—
And *gentle Harry Percy*—and *kind couſin*—
The Devil take ſuch cozeners—God forgive me—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again.
We'll ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I have done, i'faith.
Wor. Then once more to your *Scottiſh* priſoners.
[*To* Hotſpur.
Deliver them without their ranſom ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas*' Son your only mean
For Pow'rs in *Scotland*; which, for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted.— [9] You, my lord, [*To* North.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall ſecretly into the boſom creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well belov'd,
Th' Arch-biſhop.
Hot. York, is't not?
Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at *Briſtol*, the lord *Scroop.*
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation, [1]

As

9 —— *You, my lord,*] Here Dr. *Thirlby* rightly reformed the pointing.

1 *I ſpeak not this in* eſtimation,] *Eſtimation* for *conjecture.* But between this and the foregoing verſe it appears there were ſome lines which are now loſt. For, conſider the ſenſe. What was it that was *ruminated, plotted, and ſet down?* Why, as the text ſtands at preſent, that the Archbiſhop *bore his brother's death hardly.*

As what, I think, might be; but what, I know,
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet down;
And only ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion, that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: on my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's afoot, thou ſtill lett'ſt ſlip.
Hot. It cannot chuſe but be a noble Plot;
And then the Power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha!
Wor. So they ſhall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, bear our ſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt;
And think, we deem our ſelves unſatisfy'd,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does; he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewel. No further go in this,
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe;
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly,
I'll ſteal to *Glendower*, and lord *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our Pow'rs at once,
(As I will faſhion it) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty. [truſt.
North. Farewel, good brother; we ſhall thrive, I
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the hours be ſhort,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport!
[*Exeunt.*

hardly. It is plain then that they were ſome *conſequences* of that reſentment which the ſpeaker informed *Hot-ſpur* of, and to which his concluſion of, *I ſpeak not this by conjecture but on good proof*, muſt be referred. But ſome player, I ſuppoſe, thinking the ſpeech too long, ſtruck them out.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Inn at Rochester.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 CARRIER.

HEIGH ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd. *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What, ostler?

Ost. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, *Tom*, beat *Cut*'s saddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers, [1] out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are [2] as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since *Robin* Ostler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all *London* road for fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by th' Mass, [3] there's ne'er a King in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney: and your chamberlie breeds fleas [4] like a Loach.

1 *out of all* cess.] The *Oxford Editor* not understanding this phrase, has alter'd it to— *out of all* case. As if it were likely that a blundering transcriber should change so common a word as *case* for *cess?* which, it is probable, he understood no more than this critic; but it means *out of all measure:* the phrase being taken from a *cess*, tax or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be, *out of all cess.*

2 *as* dank] *i. e.* wet, rotten. Mr. *Pope.*

3 *there's ne'er a King in Christendom could be better* bit] Time, here, has added a pleasantry to the expression. For I think, the word to *bite* was not then used in the cant sense *to deceive* or *impose upon.*

4 *like a* Loach.] *Scotch,* a lake.

1 *Car.*

1 *Car.* What, oſtler, come away, and be hang'd, come away. ——

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two (*a*) razes of ginger to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-croſs*.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my panniers are quite ſtarv'd. What, oſtler? a plague on thee! haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? an 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think, it be two o' clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay, ſoft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canſt tell? lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a! marry, I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London?*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with Company, for they have great Charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

SCENE II.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho, chamberlain! ——

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gads. That's ev'n as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot how.

Cham. Good-morrow, maſter *Gads-hill*; it holds currant, that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin, in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper: a kind of auditor, one

[(*a*) *Razes*] *Bales.* Mr. *Theobald.*]

that hath abundance of Charge too, God knows what: they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with [5] St. *Nicholas'* clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipp'st St. *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit-sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff-six-penny-strikers, none of those mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great *(a)* Moneyers; such as can hold in, [6] such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than think; and think sooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

5 *St.* Nicholas, *clarks.*] St. *Nicholas* was the Patron Saint of scholars: And *Nicholas*, or *Old Nick*, is a cant name for the Devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, St. *Nicholas's clarks.*

6 *Such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than* DRINK; *and* DRINK *sooner than pray;*] According to the specimen, given us in this play, of this dissolute gang, we have no reason to think they *were less ready to drink than speak.* Besides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *speaking, drinking* and *praying* to do with one another? We should certainly read THINK in both places instead of *drink*; and then we have a very regular and humourous climax. *They will strike sooner than speak: and speak sooner than* THINK; *and* THINK *sooner than pray.* By which last words is meant, that *Tho' perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them.* The *Oxford Editor* has dignified this correction by his adoption of it.

[*(a) Moneyers.* *N. Hardinge*, Esq;—Vulg. *One-eyers.*]

Cham.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. 7 She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal as in a caſtle, cock-ſure; we have the receipt of Fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the Fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gads. Go to,—*Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the oſtler bring my Gelding out of the ſtable. Farewel, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Highway.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, *and* Peto.

Poins. COME, ſhelter, ſhelter; I have removed *Falſtaff*'s horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. *Henry.* Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hanged, *Poins!*

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat-kidney'd raſcal, what a bawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins! Hal!*———

P. *Henry.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that thief's company: the raſcal hath remov'd my horſe, and ty'd him, I know not where. If I travel but 8 four foot by the

7 *She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her.*] A Satire on chicane, in courts of juſtice: which ſupports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it.

8 *four foot by the ſquare*] The thought is humourous, and alludes to his bulk: Inſinuating, that his legs being four foot aſunder, when he advanced four foot, this put together made *four foot ſquare.*

ſquare farther afoot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be elſe; I have drunk medicines. *Poins! Hal!* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll ſtarve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whiſtle.*] Whew! —— a plague upon you all. Give me my horſe; you rogues, give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat guts, lye down, lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou canſt hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. *Henry.* Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince *Hal,* help me to my horſe, good King's ſon.

P. *Henry.* Out, you rogue! ſhall I be your oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thy ſelf in thy own heir-apparent garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; an I have not ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon; when a jeſt is ſo forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill *and* Bardolph.

Gads. Stand, ——

Fal. So I do againſt my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our Setter, I know his voice: *Bardolph,* what news?

Bard. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your vizors; there's money

money of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer,

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. *Henry.* What, a coward, Sir *John Paunch.*

Fal. Indeed, I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal.*

P. *Henry.* Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him: farewel, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. *Henry. Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

SCENE IV.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk a foot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand,——

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains' throats; ah! whoreson caterpillars; bacon-fed knaves; they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here. On,

bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men must live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* The thieves have bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day; an the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. *Henry.* Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and* Poins *set upon them. They all run away, and* Falstaff *after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. *Henry.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possest with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good *Ned.* Now *Falstaff* sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

SCENE V.

Lord Percy's *House.*

Enter Hot-spur *solus, reading a letter.*

BUT for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House. He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? *in respect to the love he bears our House!* he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more. *The purpose*

you

you undertake is dangerous. Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the lord, our plot is a good plot, as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of *York* commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could 9 brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and my self, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower?* Is there not besides, the *Dowglas*? have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this? an infidel. Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will set forward to night.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate!* I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my *Harry*'s bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

9 *brain him with his lady's fan.*] The fans, then in fashion, had very long handles.

Thy

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?
And start so often, when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?
And given my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
" In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht,
" And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
" Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
" Cry, courage! to the field! and thou hast talk'd
" Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
" Of palisadoes, (*a*) fortins, parapets;
" Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
" Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
" And all the current of a heady fight."
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it; else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour agone. [Sheriff?

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the

Serv. One horse, my Lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my Throne.
Well, I will back him strait. O *Esperance!*
Bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my Lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

[(*a*) *fortins*, *Oxford* Editor.—Vulg. *frontiers.*]

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! a weazel hath not
Such a deal of ſpleen as you are toſt with.—
In faith, I'll know your buſineſs, that I will.
I fear, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir
About his Title, and hath ſent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go ——
Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion, I ſhall aſk.
I'll break thy little Finger, *Harry*,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true. [not,
Hot. Away, away, you trifler: — love! I love thee
I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world
To play with [1] mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crack'd crowns,
And paſs them currant too—gods me! my horſe, [me?
What ſay'ſt thou, *Kate?* what wouldſt thou have with
Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then. For ſince you love me not,
I will not love my ſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeak in jeſt, or no?
Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am o'horſe-back, I will ſwear,
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me,
Whither I go; nor reaſon, where about.
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and, to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe; but yet no further wiſe
Than *Harry Percy*'s wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman; and for ſecreſie,
No lady cloſer. For I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.
Lady. How! ſo far?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too;
To day will I ſet forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate?*
Lady. It muſt of force. [*Exeunt.*

1 —*mammets*,—] *i. e.* girls, Mr. *Pope.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Boar's-*Head Tavern in* East-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry*. NED, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, *Hal*?

P. *Henry*. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their conscience, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of courtesie; telling me flatly, I am no proud *Jack*, like *Falstaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettle, a good boy: (by the Lord, so they call me;) and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, hem! and bid you play it off. — To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but, sweet *Ned*, — (to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penny-worth of sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other *English* in his life, than *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome*, *Sir*: with this shrill addition, *Anon*, *anon*, *Sir*; *Score a pint of bastard in the half moon*, or so.) But, *Ned*, to drive away the time till *Falstaff* come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some bye-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent. [Poins *retires*.

Poins. *Francis*, ———

P. *Henry*. Thou art perfect.

Poins. *Francis*. ———

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Francis *the drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir; look down into the pomgranet, *Ralph.*

P. *Henry.* Come hither, *Francis.*

Fran. My lord.

P. *Henry.* How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis?*

Fran. Forſooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis,—

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* Five years; by'rlady, a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter. But, *Francis,* dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, Sir, I'll be ſworn upon all the books in *England,* I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* How old art thou, *Francis,*——

Fran. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be——

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, Sir; pray you ſtay a little, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Nay, but hark you, *Francis,* for the ſugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, I would it had been two.

P. *Henry.* I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: aſk me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. *Henry.* Anon, *Francis?* no *Francis,* but to morrow, *Francis,* or *Francis,* on *Thurſday*; or, indeed, *Francis,* when thou wilt. But, *Francis,*—

Fran. My lord?

P. *Henry.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, cryſtal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, caddice-garter, ſmooth-tongue, *Spaniſh*-pouch.

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. *Henry,*

P. *Henry*. Why then your brown baſtard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doublet will ſully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. *Francis*, —

P. *Henry*. Away, you rogue, doſt thou not hear them call?

Here they both call; the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a Calling? Look to the gueſts within. My lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; ſhall I let them in?

P. *Henry*. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. *Poins*, ——— [*Exit Vintner.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir;

P. *Henry*. Sirrah, *Falſtaff* and the reſt of the thieves are at the door; ſhall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

P. *Henry*. I am now of all humours, that have ſhew'd themſelves humours, ſince the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this preſent twelve o' clock at midnight. What's o'clock, *Francis?*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry*. That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words than a Parrot, and yet the ſon of a Woman! — His induſtry is up ſtairs and down ſtairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy*'s mind, the hot-ſpur of the north; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands and ſays to his wife, "fie upon this quiet life! I want work. "O my ſweet *Harry*, ſays ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to day? "Give my roan horſe a drench, ſays he, and anſwers, ſome fourteen, an hour after! a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in *Falſtaff*; I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn ſhall play

play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *(a) Ribi*, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

SCENE IX.

Enter Falstaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, *and* Peto.

Poins. Welcome, *Jack*; where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and *Amen!* Give me a cup of sack, boy — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether socks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. *Henry.* [2] Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a dish of butter? (pitiful-hearted *Titan!*) that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, [3] here's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet

2 *Didst thou never see* Titan *kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted* Titan! *that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun?*] This perplexes Mr. *Theobald*; he calls it nonsense, and indeed, having made nonsense of it, changes it to *pitiful-hearted Butter*. But the common reading is right: And all that wants *restoring* is a parenthesis into which (*pitiful-hearted* Titan!) should be put. *Pitiful-hearted* means only *amorous*, which was *Titan*'s character: the pronoun *that* refers to *butter*. But the *Oxford Editor* goes still further, and not only takes, without ceremony, Mr. *Theobald*'s bread and *butter*, but turns *tale* into *face*; not perceiving that the heat of the Sun is figuratively represented as a *love-tale*, the poet having before called him *pitiful-hearted*, or amorous.

3 *here's* lime *in this sack too*; *there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man*;] Sir *Richard Hawkins*, one of Queen *Elizabeth*'s sea-captains, in his voyages, p. 379. says, *Since the* Spanish *sacks have been common in our taverns, which for conservation are mingled with lime in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers not heard of before this wine came into frequent use. Besides, there is no year that it wasteth not two millions of crowns of our substance by conveyance into foreign countries.* This latter, indeed, was a substantial evil. But as to *lime*'s giving the *stone*, this sure must be only the good old man's prejudice; since, in a wiser age by far, an old woman made her fortune, by shewing us that *lime* was a *cure* for the *stone*. Sir *John Falstaff*, were he alive again, would say

[*(a) Ribi.* Oxford Editor. — Vulg. *Rivo.*]

yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward —— Go thy ways, old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there live not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help, the while! a bad world; I say. [4] I would, I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, and all manner of songs. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. *Henry*. How now, *Woolsack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's son? if I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales?*

P. *Henry*. Why, you whorson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. *Henry*. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me —— Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to day.

say she deserved it, for satisfying us that we might drink sack in safety: but that liquor has been long since out of date. I think Lord *Clarendon*, in his Apology, tells us, *That sweet wines, before the Restoration, were so much to the* English *taste, that we engrossed the whole product of the* Canaries; *and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country in* Europe. But the banished Cavaliers brought home with them the gout for *French* wines, which has continued ever since; and from whence, perhaps, we may more truly date the greater frequency of the *stone*.

4 *I would, I were a weaver; I could sing psalms*, &c.] In the persecutions of the protestants in *Flanders* under *Philip* II. those who came over into *England* on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody.

P. Henry.

P. *Henry*. O villain, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*
A plague of all cowards, ſtill, ſay I!

P. *Henry*. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. *Henry*. Where is it, *Jack?* where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. *Henry*. What a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcap'd by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I never dealt better ſince I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! —— let them ſpeak; if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains and the ſons of darkneſs.

P. *Henry*. Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four ſet upon ſome dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Jew* elſe, an *Ebrew Jew*.

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us.

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then came in the other.

P. *Henry*. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not, what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n, you have not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am ſure, I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, If I tell

tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse; thou know'st my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. *Henry.* What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. *Henry.* Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, *Hal?*

P. *Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack.*

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in buckram, that I told thee of ——

P. *Henry.* So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken ——

Poins. Down fell his hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. *Henry.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three mis-begotten knaves in *Kendal* green came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. *Henry.* These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whorson obscene greasie tallow-catch ——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. *Henry.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in *Kendal* green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not

see

see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, *Jack*, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? no; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion. I?

P. *Henry.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you *(a)* eel-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzel, you stock-fish: O for breath to utter! What is like thee? You taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,——

P. *Henry.* Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thy self in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, *Jack.*

P. *Henry.* We two saw you four set on four, you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And, *Falstaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight—What trick? what device? what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack:* what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as *Her-*

[*(a) Eel-skin*, Oxford Editor.——Vulg. *Elf-skin.*]

cules;

cules; but beware inſtinct; the Lion will not touch the true Prince: inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct: I ſhall think the better of my ſelf, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you! What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a play *extempore?*

P. *Henry*. Content: ——and the argument ſhall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, *Hal*, if thou loveſt me.

SCENE X.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! my lord the Prince!

P. *Henry*. How now, my lady the hoſteſs, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at door would ſpeak with you; he ſays, he comes from your father.

P. *Henry*. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. *Henry*. Pr'ythee, do, *Jack*.

Fal. Faith, and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. *Henry*. Now, Sirs, by'r lady, you fought fair; ſo did you, *Peto*; ſo did you, *Bardolph*: you are Lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct; you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. *Henry*. Tell me now in earneſt; how came *Falſtaff*'s ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs, to make them bleed; and then beſlubber our garments with it, and ſwear it was the blood of true men. I did That I did not theſe ſeven years before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. *Henry.* O villain, thou ſtolleſt a cup of ſack eighteen years ago, and wert 5 taken with the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſh'd *extempore*; thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranneſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations?

P. *Henry.* I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. *Henry.* Hot livers, and cold purſes.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. *Henry.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

SCENE XI.

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now, my ſweet creature of bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Jack*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's talon in the waſte; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of ſighing and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you muſt go to the Court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the north, *Percy*,—— and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the devil his true Liegeman upon the croſs of a *Welſh*-hook: what a plague call you him.——

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

(5) *taken* in *the manner*.] The Quarto and Folio read *with the manner*, which is right. *Taken with the manner* is a law phraſe, and then in common uſe, to ſignify *taken in the fact*. But the *Oxford Editor* alters it, for better ſecurity of the ſenſe, to *taken in the* MANOUR, *i. e.* I ſuppoſe, by the lord of it, as a ſtrey.

Fal.

Fal. Owen, Owen ; the same ; and his son-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and that sprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendicular———

P. *Henry*. He that rides at high speed, and with a pistol kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. *Henry*. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well; that rascal hath good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. *Henry*. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A horseback, ye cuckow,—but afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. *Henry*. Yes, *Jack*, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blue-caps more. *Worcester* is stoln away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. *Henry*. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot *June*, and this civil buffetting hold, we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend *Dowglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower?* art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. *Henry* Not a whit, i'faith: I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to morrow, when thou com'st to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. *Henry*. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal Shall I? content: this Chair shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crown.

P. *Henry*. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden

golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved —— Give me a cup of Sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in [6] King *Cambyſes'* vein.

P. *Henry.* Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech —— Stand aſide, Nobility ——

Hoſt. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal. *Weep not, ſweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.*

Hoſt. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal. *For God's ſake, lords, convey my triſtful Queen, For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.*

Hoſt. O rare, he doth it as like one of thoſe harlotry Players, as I ever ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain-- ' [7] *Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou ſpendeſt ' thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompany'd: for ' though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the ' faſter it grows: yet youth, the more it is waſted, ' the ſooner it wears. Thou art my ſon; I have partly ' thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but ' chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh ' hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If ' then thou be ſon to me, here lyeth the point; why, ' being ſon to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the ' bleſſed Sun of heav'n prove [8] a micher, and eat black-' berries? a queſtion not to be aſk'd. Shall the ſon of ' *England* prove a thief and take purſes? a queſtion ' to be aſk'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou ' haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our ' Land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient

6 *King* Cambyſes' *vein.*] A bombaſt play of that time.

7 Harry, *I do not only marvel,* &c.] A ridicule on the public oratory of that time.

8 *a* micher,] *i. e.* Truant; to *mich,* is to lurk out of ſight, a hedge-creeper.

' writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company ' thou keep'st; for, *Harry*, now do I not speak to ' thee in drink, but in tears: not in pleasure, but in ' passion; not in words only, but in woes also; and ' yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often ' noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. *Henry*. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. ' A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpu- ' lent; of a chearful look, a pleasant eye, and a most ' noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, ' or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now, I ' remember me, his name is *Falstaff:* if that man ' should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, *Harry*, ' I see virtue in his looks. *(a)* If then the fruit may ' be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then ' peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that *Fal-* ' *staff*; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me ' now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou ' been this month?

P. *Henry*. Dost thou speak like a King? do thou stand for Me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me?—If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-sucker, 9 or a poulterer's hare.

P. *Henry*. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my masters.

P. *Henry*. Now, *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from *East-cheap*.

P. *Henry*. The Complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood my lord, they are false.——Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. *Henry*. 'Swearest thou, ungracious boy? hence- ' forth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carried

9 *or a poulterer's hare.*] Meaning a painted hare, shaped on a board used by poulterers for a sign.

(a) If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit. Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree.*

' away

'away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the 'likeneſs of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy com-'panion. Why doſt thou converſe with that trunk of 'humours, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſs, that 'ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſack, 'that ſtufft cloak-bag of guts, that roaſted *Manning-'tree* Ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend 'vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that 'vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taſte 'ſack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to 'carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in 'craft? wherein crafty but in villany? wherein vil-'lainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in 'nothing?

Fal. I would, your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

P. *Henry.* That villainous abominable miſ-leader of youth, *Falſtaff*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. *Henry.* I know, thou doſt.

Fal. 'But to ſay, I know more harm in him than 'in my ſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That 'he is old, the more is the pity, his white hairs do 'witneſs it: but that he is, (ſaving your reverence,) a 'whoremaſter, that I utterly deny. If ſack and ſugar 'be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and 'merry, be a ſin, then many an old Hoſt, that I 'know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then '*Pharaoh*'s lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good 'lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardolph*, baniſh *Poins*; 'but for ſweet *Jack Falſtaff*, kind *Jack Falſtaff*, true '*Jack Falſtaff*, valiant *Jack Falſtaff*, and therefore 'more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falſtaff*; 'baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s company: baniſh plump '*Jack*, and baniſh all the world.

P. *Henry.* I do, I will.

[*Knocking; and* Hoſteſs *goes out.*

Enter Bardolph *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord, the Sheriff, with a moſt monſtrous Watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the Play: I have much to say in behalf of that *Falstaff.*

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal?* never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. *Henry.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. *Henry.* Go, hide thee behind the arras, the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt* Falstaff, Bardolph, *&c.*

P. *Henry.* Call in the Sheriff.——

SCENE XII.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. *Henry.* What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. *Henry.* The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I my self at this time have imploy'd him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: there are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. *Henry.* It may be so; if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewel.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. *Henry.* I think, it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o' clock.
[*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* This oily rascal is known as well as *Paul*'s: go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff ——— fast asleep, behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. *Henry.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockets.

[*He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*

P. *Henry.* What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2 *s.* 2 *d.*
Item, Sawce, 4 *d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 *s.* 8 *d.*
Item, Anchoves and sack after supper, 2 *s.* 6 *d.*
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. *Henry.* O monstrous! but one half-penny worth of bread, to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep 'till day. I'll to the Court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and, [1] I know, his death will be a march of twelvescore. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

1 *I know, his death will be a march of twelvescore.*] i. e. It will kill him to march so far as twelvescore foot.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Archdeacon of Bangor's *House in* Wales.

Enter Hot spur, Worcester, *Lord* Mortimer, *and* Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.

THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosp'rous hope.
Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit down?
And, uncle *Worcester* —— a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is;
Sit, cousin *Percy*; sit, good cousin *Hot-spur*:
For, by that name, as oft as *Lancaster*
Doth speak of you, [1] his cheek looks pale; and with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heav'n.
Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.
Glend. "I blame him not: at my Nativity,
"The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
"Of burning Cressets; know, that, at my birth,
"The frame and the foundation of the earth
"Shook like a coward.
Hot. "So it wou'd have done
"At the same season, if your mother's cat
"Had kitten'd, though your self had ne'er been born.
Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.
Hot. I say, the earth then was not of my mind;
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.
Glend. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heav'ns on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
"Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth

1 —— *his checks look pale*;—] Quarto, better. *His cheek looks.*

"In

" In ſtrange eruptions ; and the teeming earth
" Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vext,
" By the impriſoning of unruly wind
" Within her womb ; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
" Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
" High tow'rs and moſs-grown ſteeples. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, with this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.

Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings : give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
" The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes ;
" The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
" Were ſtrangely clam'rous in the frighted fields :
Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the ſea
That chides the banks of *England, Wales,* or *Scotland,*
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man ſpeaks better *Welſh.*
I'll to dinner———

Mort. Peace, couſin *Percy* ; you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vaſty deep.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man :
But, will they come when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to ſhame the devil,
By telling truth ; *Tell truth and ſhame the devil.*—
If thou haſt pow'r to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I've pow'r to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.

Mort. Come, come !
No more of this unprofitable chat. [head

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made
Againſt my pow'r ; thrice from the banks of *Wye,*
And ſandy-bottom'd *Severn,* have I ſent
Him bootleſs home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the Map: Shall we divide our Right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. Th' Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*; and, dear Coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our Indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business, that this night may execute)
To morrow, cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the *Scottish* Power,
As is appointed us, at *Shrewsbury*.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:
Within that space, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you. [here,
Hot. [2] Methinks, my portion, north from *Burton*
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the Current in this place damm'd up:
And here the smug and silver *Trent* shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:

2 *Methinks, my moiety,—*] *Hot-spur* is here just such a divider as the *Irishman* who made *three halves*: Therefore, for the honour of *Shakespear*, I will suppose, with the *Oxford Editor*, that he wrote *portion*.

It

It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt; you ſee, it doth.
Mort. But mark, he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide,
Gelding th' oppoſed continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.
Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north-ſide win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtraight and even.
Hot I'll have it ſo, a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me *nay?*
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not underſtand you then,
Speak it in *Welſh*.
Glend. I can ſpeak *Engliſh*, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *Engliſh* Court:
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an *Engliſh* Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue, that was never ſeen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart,
" I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew! ——
" Than one of theſe ſame meeter-ballad-mongers;
" I'd rather hear a brazen candleſtick turn'd,
" Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
" And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
" Nothing ſo much as mincing Poetry;
" 'Tis like the forc'd gate of a ſhuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you ſhall have *Trent* turn'd.
Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?
Glend. The moon ſhines fair, you may away by night:

(3 I'll haſte the writer) and withal,
Break with your Wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad;
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer*. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Mort. Fie, couſin *Percy*, how you croſs my father?
Hot. I cannot chuſe; ſometime he angers me,
" With telling 4 of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
" Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;
" And of a dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
" A clipt-wing Griffin, and a moulting Raven;
" A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat;
" And ſuch a deal of ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff,
" As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
" He held me the laſt night at leaſt nine hours,
" In reck'ning up the ſeveral devils names,
" That were his lackeys: I cry'd hum,— and well,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horſe, or as a railing wife:
Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I'd rather live
With cheeſe and garlick, in a windmil, far;
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in chriſtendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In ſtrange concealments; valiant as a Lion;
And wond'rous affable; as bountiful
As Mines of *India:* ſhall I tell you, couſin?
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf, even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour; 'faith, he does
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might ſo have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproof.
But do not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.

3 *(I'll haſte the writer)* He means the writer of the articles. Mr. *Pope.*

4 —— *of the Moldwarp and the Ant.*] This alludes to an old prophecy which is' ſaid to have induced *Owen Glendower* to take arms againſt King *Henry*. See *Hall*'s Chronicle, folio 20. Mr. *Pope.*

Wor.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,
And, since your coming here, have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;
Though sometimes it shews greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you;)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation. [speed!

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

SCENE III.

Enter Glendower, *with the ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My wife can speak no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glen. My daughter weeps, she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, she and my aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[Glendower *speaks to her in* Welsh, *and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desp'rate here: a peevish self-will'd harlotry,
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady speaks in* Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks; that pretty *Welsh*,
Which thou pour'st down from those two swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in: and, but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in* Welsh.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine;
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,

'Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.
[*The Lady speaks again in* Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you,

" All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
" And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
" And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
" 5 And on your eye-lids crown the God of Sleep,
" Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;
" Making such diff'rence betwixt wake and sleep,
" As is the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
" The hour before the heav'nly-harness'd team
" Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing : By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so ;

6 And tho' th' musicians, that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence ;
Yet strait they shall be here ; sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down : come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The musick plays.*

Hot Now I perceive the devil understands *Welsh* : and 'tis no marvel, he is so humourous, by'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether govern'd by humours : lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in *Welsh*.

5 *And on your eye-lids crown the God of Sleep,*] The expression is fine ; intimating, that the God of Sleep should not only *sit* on his eye-lids, but that he should *sit crown'd*, that is, pleased and delighted.

6 *And* THOSE *musicians, that shall play to you*
Hang in the air ——— Yet] The particle *yet* being used here adversatively, must have a particle of concession preceding it. I read therefore

And THO' TH' *musicians* ———

Hot.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in *Iriſh*.
Lady. Would'ſt have thy head broken?
Hot. No.
Lady. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.
Lady. Now God help thee!
Hot. To the *Welſh* lady's bed.
Lady. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.

[*Here the Lady ſings a* Welſh *ſong.*

Come, I'll have your ſong too.
Lady. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth! you ſwear like a comfit-maker's wife; not you, *in good ſooth*; and, *as true as I live*; and, *as God ſhall mend me*; and, *as ſure as day*: and giveſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dſt further than *Finſbury*.
Swear me, *Kate*, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *inſooth*,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet-guards, and *Sunday*-citizens.
Come, ſing.
Lady. I will not ſing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be *Robin-Red-breaſt* teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll away within theſe two hours: and ſo come in, when ye will. [*Exit.*
Glend. Come, come, lord *Mortimer*, you are as ſlow,
As hot lord *Percy* is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn: we will but ſeal,
And then to horſe immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Preſence-chamber in Windſor.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lords and others.*

K. *Henry.* LORDS, give us leave; the Prince of *Wales* and I
Muſt have ſome private conference: but be near,

For

For we shall presently have need of you. ——
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not, whether God will have it so,
7 For some displeasing service I have done;
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He breeds revengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe, that thou art only 8 mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, 9 such lewd, such mean attaints,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. *Henry.* So please your Majesty, I wish, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well, as, I am doubtless, I can purge
My self of many I am charg'd withal,
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of Greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers;
I may for some things true (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find pardon on my true submission. [*Harry.*

K. *Henry.* Heav'n pardon thee: yet let me wonder,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy Ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time

7 *For some displeasing* service ——] *service* for *action*, simply.
8 ——————— *mark'd*
For the hot vengeance ——] *i. e.* appointed for the instrument of vengeance.
9 —*such lewd, such* mean ATTEMPTS,] *Shakespear* certainly wrote ATTAINTS, *i. e.* unlawful actions.

Is

Is ruin'd, and the ſoul of every man
Prophetically does fore think thy Fall.
' Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
' So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
' So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
' Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
' Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion;
' And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
' A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
' But being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
' But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at!
' That men would tell their children, this is he.
' Others would ſay, where? which is *Bolingbroke?*
' [1] And then I ſtole all courteſie from heav'n,
' And dreſt my ſelf in ſuch humility,
' That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
' Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
' Even in the preſence of the crowned King.
' Thus I did keep my perſon freſh and new,
' My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
' Ne'er ſeen, but wonder'd at; and ſo my State,
' Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
' And won, by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
' The ſkipping King, he ambled up and down
' With ſhallow jeſters, and [2] raſh bavin wits,
' Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt; [3] 'ſcarded his State;
' Mingled his royalty with carping fools;

1 *And then I ſtole all* courteſie *from heav'n.*] This is an alluſion to the ſtory of *Prometheus*'s theft, who ſtole *fire* from thence; and as with *this* he made a man, ſo with *that*, *Bolingbroke* made a King. As the Gods were ſuppoſed jealous in appropriating *reaſon* to themſelves, the getting *fire* from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft; and as *power* is their prerogative, the getting *courteſie* from thence, by which power is beſt procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquiſitely great and beautiful.

2— *raſh bavin* —] *i. e.* dry bruſhwood.

3 ——— CARDED *his State*;] *Richard* is here repreſented as laying aſide his royalty, and mixing himſelf with common jeſters. This will lead us to the true reading, which I ſuppoſe is,

'SCARDED *his State*;

i. e. diſcarded, threw off.

' Had

' Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;
' And gave his countenance, againſt his name,
' To laugh *(a)* with gybing boys, and ſtand the puſh
' Of every beardleſs, vain comparative:
' Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
' Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity:
' That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,
' They ſurfeited with honey, and began
' To loath the taſte of ſweetneſs; whereof a little
' More than a little is by much too much.
' So when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
' He was but, as the Cuckow is in *June*,
' Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
' As, ſick and blunted with community,
' Afford no extraordinary gaze;
' Such as is bent on ſun-like Majeſty,
' When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes:
' But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
' Slept in his face, and render'd ſuch aſpect
' As cloudy men uſe to their adverſaries,
' Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd and full.
And in that very line, *Harry*, ſtand'ſt thou;
For thou haſt loſt thy princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye,
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more;
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
Make blind it ſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.

P. *Henry*. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more my ſelf.

K. *Henry*. For all the world,
As thou art at this hour was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet foot at *Ravenſpurg*;
And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.
Now by my ſcepter, and my ſoul to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the State,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion!
For, of no Right, nor colour like to Right,

[*(a) with.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *at.*]

He

He doth fill fields with harneſs ; in the Realm
Turns head againſt the Lion's armed jaws ;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and rev'rend biſhops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruiſing arms.
What never dying honour hath he got
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*, whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military Title capital,
Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt.
Thrice hath this *Hot ſpur*, *Mars* in ſwathing-cloaths,
This infant warrior, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our Throne.
And what ſay you to this ? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
Th' Archbiſhop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, and *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee ?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt enemy ?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,
To fight againſt me under *Percy*'s pay ;
To dog his heels, and curtſie at his frowns,
To ſhow how much thou art degenerate.

P. *Henry*. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo :
And heav'n forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſty's good thoughts away from me !
I will redeem all this on *Percy*'s head,
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your ſon :
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favour in a bloody maſk,
Which, waſh'd away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e'er it lights,

4 *And ſtain my* favours *in a bloody maſk*,] We ſhould read *favour*, i. e. countenance.

That

That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern Youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This in the name of heav'n I promise here:
The which, if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperature.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. *Henry*. A hundred thousand Rebels die in this!
Thou shalt have Charge, and sovereign Trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt?* thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
That *Douglas* and the *English* rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury*:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a State.

K. *Henry*. The Earl of *Westmorland* set forth to day,
With him my son, lord *John* of *Lancaster*;
For this advertisement is five days old.
On *Wednesday* next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward:
On *Thursday*, we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is at *Bridgnorth*; and, *Harry*, you shall march
Through *Glo'stershire*: by which some twelve days hence
Our general forces at *Bridgnorth* shall meet.

Our

Our hands are full of buſineſs: let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Boar's head Tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. BArdolph, am not I fall'n away vilely, ſince this laſt action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why, my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown: I am wither'd, like an old apple *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking: I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horſe; the inſide of a church! company, villainous company hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy ſong, to make me merry: I was as virtuouſly given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; ſwore little; diced not above ſeven times a week; went to a bawdy-houſe not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid money, that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compaſs; and now I live out of all order, out of all compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *John*, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſs, out of all reaſonable compaſs, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our Admiral, thou beareſt the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the noſe of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never ſee thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes,

robes, burning, burning. —— If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *by this fire*; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think, thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light; thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack, that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, heav'n reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would, my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John?* do you think, I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess; *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir *John:* you do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*; you owe me money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulters of them.

Host. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of eight shil-

ſhillings an ell: you owe money here beſides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſt. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? let him coin his noſe, let him coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a yonker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd? I have loſt a ſeal-ring of my grand-father's, worth forty mark.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-up; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

SCENE VI.

Enter Prince Henry *marching, and* Peto *playing on his Truncheon like a Fife:* Falſtaff *meets them.*

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door? muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate*-faſhion.

Hoſt. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſs *Quickly?* how does thy huſband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, *Jack?*

Fal. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt: this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

P. *Henry.* What didſt thou loſe, *Jack?*

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal?* three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. *Henry.* A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my lord; and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo; and, my lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely

of

of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said, he would cudgel you.

P. *Henry*. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; no more truth in thee than in [5] a drawn Fox; and for woman-hood, Maid *Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it: I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an Otter.

P. *Henry*. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou, or any man knows where to have me; thou knave, thou!

P. *Henry*. Thou say'st true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day, you ow'd him a thousand pound.

P. *Henry*. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, *Hal?* a million; thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said, my ring was copper.

P. *Henry*. I say, 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

[5] *a drawn Fox*;] a Fox that hath been often hunted.

Fal.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's whelp.

P. *Henry.* And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himſelf is to be fear'd as the Lion; doſt thou think, I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my Girdle break!

P. *Henry.* O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whorſon, impudent, imboſs'd raſcal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, *Memorandums* of bawdy-houſes, and one poor penny-worth of ſugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but theſe, I am a villain; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal?* thou know'ſt in the ſtate of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poor *Jack Falſtaff* do, in the days of villany? thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confeſs then, you pickt my pocket?

P. *Henry.* It appears ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſs, I forgive thee: go make ready Breakfaſt; love thy huſband, look to thy ſervants, and cheriſh thy gueſts: thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt, I am pacify'd ſtill. Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hoſteſs.* Now, *Hal*, to the news at Court: for the robbery, lad, ——— how is That anſwer'd?

P. *Henry.* O my ſweet beef, I muſt ſtill be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. *Henry.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with unwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry*. I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a Charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one, that can ſteal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinouſly unprovided. Well, God be thank'd for theſe rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. *Henry*. *Bardolph*, ——

Bard. My lord?

P. *Henry*. Go bear this letter to lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, to my brother *John*. This to my lord of *Weſtmorland*; go, *Peto*, to horſe; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. *Jack*, meet me tomorrow in the *Temple-Hall* at two o'clock in the afternoon, there ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high;
And either they, or we, muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! hoſteſs, my breakfaſt, come:

Oh, I could wiſh, this tavern were my drum! [*Exeunt*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *and* Dowglas.

Hot-ſpur. WELL ſaid, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp
Should go ſo gen'ral currant thro' the World.
By heav'n, I cannot flatter: I defie
The tongues of ſoothers. But a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than your ſelf.
Nay, taſk me to my word; approve me, lord.

Dowg. Thou art the King of honour:
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well ——What letters haſt thou there? ——————
I can but thank you.

Meſſ. Theſe come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelf?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my lord, he's grievous ſick.

Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leiſure to be ſick
In ſuch a juſtling time? who leads his Power;
Under whoſe government come they along?

1 *Meſſ.* His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Meſſ. He did, my lord, four days ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his phyſicians.

Wor. I would, the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? droop now? this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſs ——————
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn: nor thought he meet
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a Truſt
On any ſoul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?

Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limb lopt off:

1 Meſſ. *His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.*] The line ſhould be read and divided thus,

Meſſ. *His letters bear his mind, not I.* Hot. *His mind!*

Hot-ſpur had aſked *who leads his power?* The *Meſſenger* anſwers, *His letters bear his mind.* The other replies, *His mind!* As much as to ſay, I inquire not about his mind, I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character.

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one Cast; to set so rich a Main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom, and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost Bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dowg. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion.
We now may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Devil and Mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meer dislike
Of our proceedings kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For well you know, we of th' offending side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger Dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the Earl were here: for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To push against the Kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dowg.

Dowg. As heart can think; there is not such a word Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this term of Fear.

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin *Vernon*, welcome, by my soul!

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord. The Earl of *Westmorland*, sev'n thousand strong, Is marching hither, with Prince *John* of *Lancaster*.

Hot. No harm; what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd, The King himself in person hath set forth, Or hitherwards intended speedily, With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too: where is his son? The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*, And his comrades, that daft the world aside And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnisht, all in arms, All plum'd like Estridges, that with the wind [2] Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd: Glittering in golden coats like images, As full of spirit as the month of *May*, And gorgeous as the Sun at *Midsummer*; Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls. [3] I saw young *Harry*, with his beaver on, [4] His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd, Rise from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*; And vaulted with such ease into his seat, As if an Angel dropt down from the clouds, To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,

2 Baited *like Eagles.*] *Baited*, i. e. flutter'd the wings. Mr. *Pope.*

3 *I saw young* Harry, *with his beaver* ON,] We should read, *beaver* UP. It is an impropriety to say *on*: For the beaver is only the visiere of the Helmet, which, let down, covers the face. When the soldier was not upon action he wore it *up*, so that his face might be seen, (hence *Vernon* says he *saw* young *Harry*) but when upon action, it was let down to cover and secure the face. Hence in the second part of *Henry* IV. it is said,

Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down.

4 *His* cuisses *on his thighs,*——] *Cuisses, French*, armour for the thighs. Mr. *Pope.*

5 And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.
Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the Sun in *March*,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues; let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoaky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* ſhall on his altar ſit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich repriſal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſom of the Prince of *Wales*,
Harry to *Harry* ſhall (not horſe to horſe)
Meet, and ne'er part, 'till One drop down a coarſe.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come!
Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Pow'r this fourteen days.
Dowg. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of, yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a froſty ſound.
Hot. What may the King's whole Battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and *Glendower* being both away,
The Pow'r of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.
Dowg. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a publick Road, near Coventry.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. *Bardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a bottle of ſack: our ſoldiers ſhall march through: we'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.
Bard. Will you give me money, captain?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.

5 *And* witch *the world*—] For bewitch, charm. Mr. *Pope.*

Bard.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coynage. Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewel. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a sowc'd gurnet: I have mis us'd the King's Press damnably. 'I have got, in exchange of an hundred and 'fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press 'me none but good housholders, yeomen's sons; en-'quire me out contracted batchelors, such as had been 'ask'd twice on the banes: such a commodity of warm 'slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum; 'such as fear the report of a culverin, worse than a 'struck *(a)* deer, or a hurt wild duck. I press me 'none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their 'bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have 'bought out their services: and now my whole Charge 'consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentle-'men of companies, slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in 'the painted cloth, where the Glutton's dogs licked 'his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, 'but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to 'younger brothers; revolted tapsters, and ostlers 'trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world and a long 'peace; [6] ten times more dishonourably ragged, than 'an old feast ancient; and such have I to fill up the 'rooms of them that have bought out their services;

6 *ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old* FAC'D *ancient*;] But how is an old fac'd ancient, or enfign, dishonourably ragged? On the contrary, nothing is esteem'd more honourable than a ragged pair of colours. A very little alteration will give us the author's reading, which conveys a stroke of very just and fine-turn'd satire in the comparison.

Ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old FEAST *ancient*. i. e. the colours used by the city-companies in their feasts and processions. For each company had one with its peculiar device, which was usually display'd and borne about on such occasions. Now as *Falstaff*'s raggamuffins were reduc'd to their tatter'd condition thro' their riotous excesses; so this old *feast ancient* became torn and shatter'd, not in any manly exercise of arms, but amidst the revels of drunken bacchanals.

[*(a) deer.* Oxford Editor. —Vulg. *fowl.*]

'that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty 'tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, 'from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me 'on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the 'gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath 'seen such skare-crows: I'll not march through '*Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the vil-'lains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had '7 gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them 'out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all 'my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd 'together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's 'coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, 'stol'n from my Host of St. *Alban's*; or the red-'nos'd Inn-keeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, 'they'll find linnen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* Westmorland.

P. *Henry*. How now, blown *Jack?* how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal?* How now, mad wag, what a devil dost thou in *Warwickshire?* My good lord of *Westmorland*, I cry you mercy; I thought, your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant, as a Cat to steal cream.

P. *Henry* I think, to steal cream, indeed: for thy theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. *Henry*. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toss: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir *John*, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where

7 gyves *on*;] *i. e.* shackles. Mr. *Pope*.

they

they had that; and for their bareneſs, I am ſure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. *Henry*. No, I'll be ſworn, unleſs you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haſte. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, Sir *John*: I fear, we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well,
The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feaſt,
Fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Gueſt. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.

Changes to SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, Dowglaſs, *and* Vernon.

Hot. WE'll fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dowg. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. He is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good couſin, be advis'd; ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Dowg. You do not counſel well;
You ſpeak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, *Dowglas:* by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-reſpected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any *Scot* that lives.
Let it be ſeen to morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Dowg. Yea, or to night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of ſuch great Leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horſe
Of my couſin *Vernon*'s are not yet come up;
Your uncle *Worceſter*'s horſe came but to day,

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of Rest.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay 'till all come in.

[*The Trumpets sound a parley.*

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:* and would to God,
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well; and ev'n those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality;
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heav'n defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed Majesty!
But, to my Charge.—The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs: and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest:
And pardon absolute for your self, and these,
Herein mis led by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle, and my self,
Did give him that same Royalty he wears:
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore: And

And when we heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal;
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd, *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They, more and leſs, came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages following him
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as Greatneſs knows it ſelf,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked ſhore at *Ravenſpurg:*
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and ſome ſtrait Decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Common-wealth;
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his Country's wrongs; and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the Fav'rites that the abſent King
In Deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the *Iriſh* war.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point———
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after That depriv'd him of his life:
And, in the neck of That, task'd the whole State.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his kinſman *March*,
(Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
Indeed, his King) to be encag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſom to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the Council-board,
In rage diſmiſs'd my father from the Court,

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his Title too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw awhile:
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again;
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewel.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love!

Hot. It may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heav'n, you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Archbishop of York's *Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, *and Sir* Michell.

York. HIE, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the Lord Mareshal;
This to my cousin *Scroop*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you wou'd make haste.

Sir *Mich.* My lord, I guess their tenour.

York. Like enough.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly giv'n to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord *Harry*; and, I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the sickness of *Northumberland*,
Whose pow'r was in the first proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendower*'s absence thence,
Who with them was [8] a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies;
I fear the pow'r of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an instant tryal with the King.

8 —— *a rated sinew too,*] So the first edition, *i. e.* accounted a strong aid. Mr. *Pope.*

Sir

Sir *Mich.* Why, my good lord, there's *Dowglas*, and lord *Mortimer.*

York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir *Mich.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,
And there's my lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And ſo there is: but yet the King hath drawn
The ſpecial head of all the Land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of eſtimation and command in arms. [oppos'd.

Sir *Mich.* Doubt not, my lord, they ſhall be well

York. I hope no leſs: yet, needful 'tis to fear.
And to prevent the worſt, Sir *Michell*, ſpeed;
For if lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Diſmiſs his Power, he means to viſit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
And 'tis but wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write again
To other friends; and ſo farewel, Sir *Michell.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The camp at SHREWSBURY.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falſtaff.

K. HENRY.

HOW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.

P. *Henry.* The ſouthern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempeſt, and a bluſt'ring day.

K. *Henry.* Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.

[*The Trumpet ſounds.*

Enter Worceſter, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

K. *Henry.* How now, my lord of *Wor'ſter?* 'tis not well, That

That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Trust,
And made us doff our easie robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient Orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief, to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours: for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. *Henry.* You have not sought it, Sir? how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. *Henry.* Peace, Chewet, peace

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour from my self, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends:
For you, my staff of office I did break
In *Richard*'s time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand;
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I:
It was my self, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
(And you did swear that Oath at *Doncaster*,)
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n Right;
The Seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
To this, we sware our aid: but in short space
It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time, The

The ſeeming ſuff'rances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Iriſh* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarm of fair advantages
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the gen'ral Sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaſter*;
And being fed by us, you us'd us ſo,
As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's bird,
Uſeth the Sparrow; did oppreſs our neſt,
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,
That ev'n our love durſt not come near your ſight
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for ſafety's ſake to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head:
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
As you your ſelf have forg'd againſt your ſelf,
By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. *Henry*. Theſe things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market croſſes, read in churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion
With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle Changelings and poor Diſcontents;
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.——
And never yet did Inſurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cauſe:
Nor moody beggars, ſtarving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confuſion.

P. *Henry*. In both our armies there is many a ſoul
Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
If once they join in tryal. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
In praiſe of *Henry Percy*: By my hopes,
(This preſent enterprize ſet off his head)
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more *(a)* valued young,

[*(a) valued*, Oxford Editor,— Vulg. *valiant*.]

More

More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to Chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great Name and Estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a single fight.

K. *Henry*. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, Considerations infinite
Do make against it: No, good *Worster*, no,
We love our People well; even those we love,
That are mis-led upon your Cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Cousin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with Reply;
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exit* Worcester, *with* Vernon.

P. *Henry*. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The *Douglas* and the *Hotspur* both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. *Henry*. Hence, therefore, every Leader to his Charge.
For on their answer we will set on them.
And God befriend us, as our cause is just! [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

Manent Prince Henry *and* Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. *Henry*. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship: Say thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. *Henry*.

P. *Henry*. Why thou oweſt heav'n a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off, when I come on? ‘ how then? can honour ſet to a leg? no: ‘ or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? ‘ no: honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? no. What ‘ is honour? a word. What is that word honour? Air; ‘ a trim Reckoning.—Who hath it? he that dy'd a ‘ *Wedneſday*. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. ‘ Is it inſenſible then? yea, to the dead: but will it ‘ not live with the living? no: why? Detraction will ‘ not ſuffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it; [1] honour ‘ is a meer ſcutcheon, and ſo ends my catechiſm. [*Exit*.

SCENE III.

Changes to Percy's *Camp*.

Enter Worceſter, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

Wor. O, No, my nephew muſt not know, Sir *Richard*;
The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt, he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King ſhou'd keep his word in loving us;
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults:
Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes;
For treaſon is but truſted like a Fox,
Who ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors.
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.

1 *honour is a* meer ſcutcheon.] This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only ſome honourable bearing in the ſhields of arms beſtow'd upon deſervers. But *Falſtaff* having ſaid that honour often came not till after death, he calls it very wittily a *ſcutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral proceſſions. And by *meer ſcutcheon* is inſinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name.

My

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hair-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a Spleen:
All his Offences live upon my head,
And on his father's. We did train him on;
[2] And his corruption, being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not *Harry* know,
In any case the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

SCENE IV.

Enter Hot-spur *and* Dowglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my lord of *Westmorland*.
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Dowg. Defie him by the lord of *Westmorland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him so.

Dowg. Marry, I shall; and very willingly.

[*Exit* Dowglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dowg. Arm, gentlemen, to arms; for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henry*'s teeth:
And *Westmorland*, that was ingag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* stept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth!* Tell me, tell me,

2 *And his corruption being* ta'en *from us.*] Perhaps *Shakespear* wrote, —— *being* a taint, *i. e.* infection.

How

How shew'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his Praise:
[3 By still dispraising Praise, valued with You.]
And, which became him like a Prince indeed,
4 He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause; But let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his Follies; never did I hear
Of any Prince, so wild, at liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesie.
Arm, arm with speed. And fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

SCENE V.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,

3 *By still dispraising Praise, valued with You.*] This foolish line is indeed in the Folio of 1623, but it is evidently the players' nonsense.

4 *He made a blushing* cital *of himself.*] *Cital* for taxation. Mr. *Pope.*

Still

Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die; brave death, when Princes die with us!
Now, for our conſciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profeſs not talking: only this,
Let each man do his beſt. And here draw I
A ſword, whoſe temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
[5] Now, *Eſperanza! Percy!* and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of war;
And by that muſick let us all embrace:
[6] For (heav'n to earth) ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſie.

[*They embrace, then exeunt. The Trumpets ſound.*

SCENE VI.

The King entreth with his Power; Alarm to the battle. Then enter Dowglas, *and Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that thus in battle croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeek upon my head?

Dowg. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dowg. The lord of *Stafford* dear to day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for inſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This ſword hath ended him; ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford*'s death.

Fight, Blunt *is ſlain: then enter* Hot-ſpur.

5 *Now,* Eſperanza! ——] This was the word of battle on *Percy*'s ſide. See *Hall*'s Chronicle, folio 22. Mr. *Pope.*

6 *For (heav'n to earth)* ——] i. e. one might wager heaven to earth.

Hot.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus, I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dowg. All's done, all's won, here breathleſs lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dowg. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglas?* no: I know his face full well: A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*, Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelf.

Dowg. Ah! fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes! A borrow'd title haſt thou bought too dear Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats;

Dowg. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coats; I'll murther all his wardrobe piece by piece, Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away, Our ſoldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarm, Enter Falſtaff *ſolus.*

Fal. Though I could 'ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I fear the ſhot here: here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt?* There's honour for you; 7 here's no vanity! I am as hot as moulten lead, and as heavy too: heav'n keep lead out of me, I need no more weight than mine own bowels! "I have "led my rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd: "there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; "and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. "But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword;
Many a noble man lies ſtark and ſtiff

7 *here's no vanity!*] In our author's time the *negative*, in common ſpeech, was uſed to deſign, ironically, the exceſs of a thing. Thus *Ben Johnſon* in *Every Man in his Humour*, ſays, *O*, HERE'S NO FOPPERY! *'Death, I can endure the ſtocks better.* Meaning, as the paſſage ſhews, that the *foppery* was exceſſive. And ſo in many other places. But the *Oxford Editor*, not apprehending this, has alter'd it to, *there's vanity!*

Under

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies;
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. [8] Turk *Gregory* never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

P. *Henry*. He is indeed, and living to kill thee: I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my sword: but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. *Henry*. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. *Henry*. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and Exit.*

Fal. [9] If *Percy* be alive, he'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Alarum, Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John *of* Lancaster, *and the Earl of* Westmorland.

K. *Henry*. I pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thy self, thou bleedest too much: Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. *Henry*. I do beseech your Majesty make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

8 Turk Gregory *never did such deeds in arms,*] Meaning *Gregory* the seventh, called *Hildebrand*. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. *Fox*, in his history, had made this *Gregory* so odious, that I don't doubt but the good protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterised, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the *Turk* and *Pope* in one.

9 *If* Percy *be alive*, I'LL *pierce him*;] Certainly, HE'LL *pierce him*, i. e. Prince *Henry* will, who is just gone out to seek him. Besides, *I'll pierce him*, contradicts the whole turn and humour of the speech.

K. *Henry*.

K. *Henry*. I will do ſo :
My lord of *Weſtmorland*, lead him to his Tent.
Weſt. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.
P. *Henry*. Lead me, my lord! I do not need your help;
And heav'n forbid, a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lies trodden on,
And Rebels arms triumph in maſſacres! [*land*,
Lan. We breathe too long ; come, couſin *Weſtmor*-
Our duty this way lies ; for heav'n's ſake, come.
P. *Henry*. By heav'n, thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not think thee lord of ſuch a ſpirit :
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John* ;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.
K. *Henry*. I ſaw him hold lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.
P. *Henry*. Oh, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exeunt*.

Manet King Henry. *Enter* Dowglas.

Dowg. Another King? they grow, like *Hydra*'s heads:
I am the *Dowglas*, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them. What art thou,
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?
K. *Henry*. The King himſelf, who, *Dowglas*, grieves at heart,
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek *Percy* and thy ſelf about the field ;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee : ſo defend thy ſelf.
Dowg. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'ſt thee like a King :
But mine, I'm ſure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight: the King being in danger,*
Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry*. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again : the Spirits
Of *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my arms ;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,

Who

Who never promiseth, but means to pay.

[*They fight,* Dowglas *flyeth.*

Chearly, my lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawsey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton:* I'll to *Clifton* strait.

K. *Henry.* Stay, and breathe a while;
Thou hast redeem'd my lost opinion,
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. *Henry.* O heav'n! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
Th' insulting hand of *Dowglas* over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treach'rous labour of your son.

K. *Henry.* Make up to *Clifton,* I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawsey.* [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Hot-spur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*

P. *Henry.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*

P. *Henry.* Then I see
A very valiant Rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of *Wales:* and think not, *Percy,*
To share with me in Glory any more:
Two Stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales.*

Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry,* for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to heav'n,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. *Henry.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, *Hal;* to it, *Hal.* Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter

Enter Dowglas, *he fights with* Falſtaff, *who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills* Percy.

Hot. [1] O, *Harry*, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my flesh:
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death,
Lies on my tongue: no, *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for——— [*Dies.*

P. *Henry*. Worms, brave *Percy*. Fare thee well!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A Kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough! this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of zeal.
[2] But let my favour hide thy mangled face,
And, ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank my ſelf
For doing theſe fair Rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heav'n;
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the Grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph. [*He ſees* Falſtaff.
——What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? poor *Jack*, farewel!
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
Oh, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a Deer to day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:

1 *O*, Harry, *thou haſt robb'd me of my* youth:] I fancy *Shakeſpear* wrote *growth*, i. e. honours in the bud. The two following lines ſeem to point to this reading, and not to agree to the common one.

2 *But let my* favours *hide thy mangled face.*] We ſhould read *favour*, face or countenance. He ſtooping down here to kiſs *Hot-ſpur.*

Imbowell'd

Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
'Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Falstaff *rises.*

Fal. Imbowell'd!—if thou imbowel me to day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to morrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life, indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear, I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*Takes* Hot-spur *on his back.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* John *of* Lancaster.

P. *Henry.* Come, brother *John*, full bravely hast thou flesht
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. *Henry.* I did, I saw him dead,
And breathless on the ground: art thou alive,
Or is it fancy plays upon our eye-sight?
I pr'ythee, speak, we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I am not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a *Jack:* there is *Percy*, if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himself. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can assure you.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry*. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my ſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? lord, lord, how the world is giv'n to lying! I grant you, I was down and out of breath, and ſo was he; but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewſbury* clock: if I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them, that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads, I'll take't on my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt Tale that e'er I heard.

P. *Henry*. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *John*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a Lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.

[*A retreat is ſounded.*

The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to th' higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, heav'n reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave off ſack, and live cleanly, as a noble man ſhould do. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *Priſoners.*

K. *Henry*. Thus ever did Rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited *Wor'ſter*, did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three Knights upon our party ſlain to day,
A noble Earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If like a chriſtian thou had'ſt truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. *Henry.* Bear *Worcester* to death, and *Vernon* too.
Other Offenders we will pause upon.
[*Exeunt* Worcester *and* Vernon, *guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. *Henry.* The gallant *Scot*, lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble *Percy* slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and, I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. *Henry.* With all my heart.

P. *Henry.* Then, brother *John* of *Lancaster*, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour, shewn upon our crests to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Ev'n in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. [3] I thank your Grace for this high courtesie,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. *Henry.* Then this remains; that we divide our Power.
You son *John*, and my cousin *Westmorland*,
Tow'rds *York* shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet *Northumberland* and Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
My self and You, son *Harry*, will tow'rds *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *Marche*.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave, 'till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *I thank your Grace*, &c.] These two lines added out of the first Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

King *HENRY* V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter RUMOUR, [1] *painted full of Tongues.*

OPEN your ears: for which of you will ſtop
The Vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumour* ſpeaks?
I from the Orient to the drooping Weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
" I ſpeak of Peace, while covert enmity,
" Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
" And who but *Rumour*, who but only I,
" Make fearful muſters and prepar'd defence,
" Whilſt the big year, ſwoll'n with ſome other griefs,
" Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant War,
" And no ſuch matter? *Rumour* is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And, of ſo eaſie and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* here?
I run before King *Harry*'s victory;
Who in a bloody field by *Shrewſbury*
Hath beaten down young *Hot-ſpur* and his troops;
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion
Ev'n with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is

[1] *painted full of Tongues.*] This direction, which is only to be found in the firſt Edition in Quarto of 1600, explains a paſſage in what follows, otherwiſe obſcure. Mr. *Pope.*

To

To noiſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the wrath of noble *Hot-ſpur*'s ſword;
And that the King before the *Douglas*' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant towns,
Between that royal field of *Shrewſbury*,
And this worm-eaten *(a)* Hold of ragged ſtone;
Where *Hot ſpur*'s Father, old *Northumberland*,
Lies crafty ſick. The Poſts come tiring on;
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumour*'s tongues,
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

[*(a) Hold.* Mr. *Theobald.*—Vulg. *Hole.*]

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*
Prince Henry, *afterwards crowned King* Henry *the Fifth.*
Prince John *of* Lancaſter, } *Sons to* Henry *the Fourth,*
Humphrey *of* Glouceſter, } *and Brethren to* Henry *the*
Thomas *of* Clarence, } *Fifth.*
Northumberland, }
The Archbiſhop of York, }
Mowbray, }
Haſtings, } *Oppoſites againſt King* Henry
Lord Bardolph, } *the Fourth.*
Travers, }
Morton, }
Colevile, }
Warwick, }
Weſtmorland, }
Surrey, } *of the King's Party.*
Gower, }
Harcourt, }
Lord Chief Juſtice, }
Falſtaff, }
Poins, }
Bardolph, } *Irregular Humoriſts.*
Piſtol, }
Peto, }
Page, }
Shallow *and* Silence, *Country Juſtices.*
Davy, *Servant to* Shallow.
Phang *and* Snare, *two Serjeants.*
Mouldy, }
Shadow, }
Wart, } *Country Soldiers.*
Feeble, }
Bulcalf, }
Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Doll Tear-ſheet.
Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

The

The Second Part of

HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northumberland's Caſtle.

Enter Lord Bardolph ; *the Porter at the door.*

BARDOLPH.

WHO keeps the gate here, hoa? where is the Earl ?

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are ?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Port. His lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard ;
Pleaſe it your Honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.

North. What News, lord *Bardolph ?* " ev'ry minute now
" Should be the [1] father of ſome ſtratagem.
" The times are wild : Contention, like a horſe
" Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
" And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from *Shrewſbury.*

1 *father of ſome* ſtratagem.] *Stratagem*, for vigorous action.

North. Good, if heav'n will!

Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my lord your ſon,
Prince *Harry* ſlain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas:* young Prince *John*,
And *Weſtmorland*, and *Stafford*, fled the field.
And *Harry Monmouth*'s brawn, the hulk Sir *John*,
Is priſoner to your ſon. O, ſuch a day,
" So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
" Came not till now, to dignifie the times,
" Since *Cæſar*'s fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewſbury?*

Bard. I ſpake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name;
That freely render'd me theſe news for true. [ſent

North. Here comes my ſervant *Travers*, whom I
On *Tueſday* laſt to liſten after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

SCENE II.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, *Travers*, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. " After him came ſpurring hard
" A gentleman, almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed,
" That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
" He aſk'd the way to *Chiſter*; and of him
" I did demand what news from *Shrewſbury*.
" He told me, that Rebellion had ill-luck;
" And that young *Harry Percy*'s Spur was cold.
" With that he gave his able horſe the head,
" And, bending forward, ſtruck his agile heels
" Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade

" Up

" Up to the rowel-head; and, ſtarting ſo,
" He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha? again:
Said he, young *Harry Percy*'s ſpur was cold?
Rebellion had ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you;
If my young lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine Honour, for a ſilken point
I'll give my Barony. Ne'er talk of it.

North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by *Travers*,
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?

Bard. Who he?
He was [2] ſome hilding fellow, that had ſtol'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

SCENE III.

Enter Morton.

North. " Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
" Foretels the Nature of a tragick volume:
" So looks the ſtrond, whereon th' imperious flood
" Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.
Say, *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from *Shrewſbury?*

Mort. I ran from *Shrewſbury*, my noble lord,
Where hateful Death put on his uglieſt Maſk
To fright our Party.

North. How doth my ſon, and Brother?
" Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
" Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
" Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
" [3] So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone,
" Drew

2 —*ſome hilding fellow,*—] For *hinderling*, i. e. baſe, degenerate. Mr. *Pope.*

3 *So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo* woe-be-gone,] The conjecture of a famous critic on this paſſage was pleaſant. He had never ſeen the word before, he had no conception of its meaning, and therefore would have it that the Poet wrote,

So dull, ſo dead in look, Ucalegon
Drew Priam's *curtain in the dead of night,* &c.

" Drew *Priam*'s curtain in the dead of night,
" And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd:
" But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue;
And I my *Percy*'s death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay: your Son did thus, and thus:
Your brother, thus: ſo fought the noble *Douglas:*
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with brother, ſon, and all are dead!

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord your ſon——

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge [4] from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, *Morton*, ſpeak:
Tell thou thy Earl, his Divination lies;
And I will take it as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mor. You are too Great to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet for all this, ſay not, that *Percy*'s dead.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and [5] hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office: and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your ſon is dead.

Mort. I'm ſorry, I ſhould force you to believe

Becauſe *Virgil* ſays,
——*jam proximus ardet* Ucalegon.
Yet the word was common enough amongſt the old *Scotiſh* and *Engliſh* poets, as *G. Douglas*, *Chaucer*, lord *Buckhurſt*, *Fairfax*; and ſignifies, *far gone in woe.*

4——*from* other *eyes*,] We ſhould read *others' eyes.*

5—— *hold'ſt it* fear, *or ſin.*] *Fear*, for danger.

That,

That, which, I would to heav'n, I had not ſeen.
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To *Henry Monmouth*; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more ſprung up.
In few; his death, (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his Camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt-temper'd courage in his troops.
6 For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him rebated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing, that's heavy in it ſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our men, heavy in *Hot-ſpur*'s loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble *Wor'ſter*
Too ſoon ta'en priſoner: and that furious *Scot*,
The bloody *Douglas*, whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain th' appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his ſtomach, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is, that the King hath won: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy Pow'r to encounter you, my lord,

6 *For from his* metal *was his party ſteel'd;*
Which once in him ABATED, ——] The word *metal* is one of thoſe hacknied metaphorical terms, which reſumes ſo much of a literal ſenſe as not to need the idea (from whence the figure is taken) to be kept up. So that it may with elegance enough be ſaid, *his metal was abated*, as well as *his courage was abated*. See what is ſaid on this ſubject, Note 7 on *Love's labour's loſt*. Act V. But when the writer ſhews, as here, both before and after, [—*his party ſteel'd* —— *turn'd on themſelves like dull and heavy lead*] that his intention was not to drop the idea from whence he took his metaphor, then he cannot ſay with propriety and elegance, his *metal was abated*; becauſe what he predicates of *metal*, muſt be then convey'd in a term conformable to the metaphor. Hence I conclude that *Shakeſpear* wrote,
Which once in him REBATED, —— *i. e.* blunted.

Under

Under the conduct of young *Lancaster*
And *Westmorland*. This is the news at full.
North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physick: and this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me sick,
Being sick, hath in some measure made me well.
And as the wretch, whose feaver-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now inrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. " Hence therefore, thou nice
crutch;
" A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
" Must glove this hand. And hence, thou sickly quoif,
" Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
" Which Princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
" Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
" The ruggedst hour that time and spight dare bring
" To frown upon th'enrag'd *Northumberland!*
" Let heav'n kiss earth! now let not nature's hand
" Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
" And let this world no longer be a stage
" To feed contention in a lingring act:
" But let one spirit of the first-born *Cain*
" Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
" On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
" And darkness be the burier of the dead! [lord!
Bard. [7] This strained passion doth you wrong, my
Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.
Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
[8] You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,
And

[7] *This strained passion*, &c.] This line is only in the first edition, where it is spoken by *Umfreville*, who speaks no where else. It seems necessary to the connection. Mr. *Pope*.

[8] *You cast th' event of war*, &c.] The fourteen lines from hence to *Bardolph*'s next speech, are not to be found in the first editions till that in Folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in this play are inserted after the first edition in like manner, but

And ſumm'd th' account of chance, before you ſaid,
Let us make head: it was your preſurmiſe,
That, in the dole of blows, your ſon might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his fleſh was capable
Of wounds and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you ſay, Go forth. And none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than That being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew, that we ven'ur'd on ſuch dang'rous ſeas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And ſince we are o'er-ſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and my moſt noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth:
The gentle Arch-biſhop of *York* is up
With well-appointed Powers: he is a man,
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
9 My lord, your ſon, had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men to fight.
For that ſame word, Rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs: conſtrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: "but for their ſpirits and ſouls,
"This word, Rebellion, it had froze them up,
"As fiſh are in a pond." But now, the Biſhop
Turns Inſurrection to Religion;
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,

but of ſuch ſpirit and maſtery generally, that the inſertions are plainly by *Shakeſpear* himſelf. Mr. *Pope*.

9 *My lord, your ſon*, &c.] All the following lines to the end of this ſpeech are not in the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope*.

He's

He's follow'd both with body and with mind :
[1] And doth enlarge his Rising with the blood
Of fair King *Richard*, scrap'd from *Pomfret* stones ;
Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cause ;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land
Gasping for life, under great *Bolingbroke :*
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before : but to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge :
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed ;
Never so few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Street in London.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, *with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. SIrrah, you, giant! what says the doctor to my water ?

Page. He said, Sir, the water it self was a good healthy water. But for the party that own'd it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, Man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my self, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whorson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my

[1] *And doth* enlarge *his Rising* —] It is probable *Shakespear* wrote ENLARD, *i. e.* fatten and encourage his cause. He uses the word in *Hen.* V.

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lye
Larding *the plain, and by his* bloody side, ——

cap,

cap, than to wait at my heels. [2] I was never mann'd with an agot till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel: The *Juvenil*, the Prince your master! whose chin is not yet fledg'd; I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may finish it when it will, it is not a hair amiss yet; he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Mr. *Dombledon*, about the satten for my short cloak and slops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than *Bardolph:* he would not take his bond and yours, he lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the Glutton, may his tongue be hotter! a whorson *Achitophel*, a rascally yea-forsooth-knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon *security!* the whorson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon *security:* I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with *security*. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satten, as I am a true Knight, and he sends me *security*. Well, he may sleep in *security*, for he hath the horn of abundance. And [3] the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph?*

Page.

2 *I was never mann'd with an* agot *till now:*] Alluding to the little figures cut in *agots*, and other hard stones, for seals: and therefore he says, *I will set you neither in gold nor silver.* The *Oxford Editor* alters this to *aglet*, a tag to the points then in use: (a word indeed which our author uses to express the same thought.) But *aglets*, tho' they were sometimes of gold or silver, were never *set* in those metals.

3 *The lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him.*] This joke seems evidently to have been taken from that of *Plautus: Qui ambulat,*

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worſhip a horſe.

Fal. 4 I bought him in *Paul*'s, and he'll buy me a horſe in *Smithfield.* If I could get me but a wife in the Stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

SCENE V.

Enter Chief Juſtice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for ſtriking him, about *Bardolph.*

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Juſt. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falſtaff, an't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Ch. Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord. But he hath ſince done good ſervice at *Shrewsbury*; and, as I hear, is now going, with ſome charge to the lord *John* of *Lancaſter.*

Ch. Juſt. What to *York?* call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falſtaff*,——

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the elbow. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Serv. Sir *John*——

Fal. What! a young knave and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack Subjects? do not the Rebels need ſoldiers? though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg, than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

ambulas, tu, qui Vulcanum in cornu *concluſum geris. Amph.* Act 1. Scene 1. and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here intended by *Plautus*, for the proverbial term of *horns*, for *cuckoldom*, is very ancient, as appears by *Artemidorus*, who ſays, Προειπεῖν αὐτῷ ὅτι ἡ γυνή σου πορνεύσει, καὶ τὸ λεγόμενον, κέρατα αὐτῷ ποιήσει, καὶ οὕτως ἀπέβη. Ὀνειροκ. lib. 2. cap. 12. And he copied from thoſe before him.

4 *I bought him in* Paul's.] At that time the reſort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the poſt,

Serv.

Serv. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knight-hood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then set your knight-hood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside That, which grows to me? if thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd: you hunt-counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir *John Falstaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say, your lordship was sick. I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, I sent for you before your expedition to *Shrewsbury*, ———

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear, his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty: you would not come when I sent for you; ———

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same whorson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heav'n mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whorson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it, as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of it in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into that disease: for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſt'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my lord, but not ſo patient: your lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your Patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or, indeed, a ſcruple it ſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then adviſ'd by my Counſel learned in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would, my means were greater and my waſte ſlenderer.

Ch. Juſt. You have miſ-led the youthful Prince.

Fal The young Prince hath miſ-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Juſt. Well, I'm loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's ſervice at *Shrewſbury* hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'erpoſting that action.

Fal. My lord———

Ch. Juſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Ch. Juſt. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A waſſel candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch.

Ch. Juſt. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy. ——

Ch. Juſt. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his [5] ill angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my lord, your angel is light: but I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in ſome reſpects, I grant, I cannot go; —— I cannot tell; Virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſter-mongers' days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age ſhapes them, are not worth a gooſe-berry. You, that are old, conſider not the capacities of us that are young; you meaſure the heat of our Livers with the bitterneſs of your Galls; and we that are in the [6] vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſs, are wags too.

Ch. Juſt. Do you ſet down your name in the ſcrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? your chin double? your wit ſingle? and every part about you blaſted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourſelf young? fie, fie, fie, Sir *John*.

Fal. "My lord, I was born about three of the clock "in the afternoon, with a white head, and ſomething "a round belly. For my voice, I have loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and underſtanding, and he, that will caper with me for a thouſand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a ſenſible lord. I have checkt him for it; and the young lion repents: marry,

5 A pun, in an *ill angel*, which Mr. *Theobald* here tells us, he has reſtored and brought to light.

6 *Va-ward*] *i. e.* van-guard. Mr. *Pope*.

not

not in ashes and sack-cloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heav'n send the Prince a better companion!

Fal. Heav'n send the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince *Harry*. I hear, you are going with lord *John* of *Lancaster*, against the Archbishop and the earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it; but look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day: for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing but a bottle, would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.— "but it was always yet the trick "of our *English* Nation, if they have a good thing, "to make it too common. If ye will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me Rest: I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and heav'n bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin *Westmorland*. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with [7] a three man beetle — A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and letchery: but the

7 *A three-man beetle*] *i. e.* a rammer big enough to require three men to lift it. Mr. *Pope*. The term humourously alludes to what they then called a *three-man song*, *i. e.* a catch in three parts.

gout

gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy,——

Page. Sir ?

Fal. What money is in my purse ?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of *Lancaster*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Westmorland*, and this to old Mrs. *Ursula*, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or t'other, plays the rogue with my great toe: it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: a good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Archbishop of York's *Palace.*

Enter Archbishop of York, Hastings, Thomas Mowbray *(Earl Marshal) and Lord* Bardolph.

York. THUS have you heard our cause, and know our means:
Now, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes;
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it ?

Mowb. I well allow th'occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puissance of the King ?

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our Supplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord *Hastings*, standeth thus; Whe-

Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up head without *Northumberland?*

Haſt. With him we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we ſhould not ſtep too far
'Till we had his aſſiſtance by the hand.
For in a theam ſo bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and ſurmiſe,
Of aids uncertain, ſhould not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord *Bardolph*; for, indeed,
It was young *Hot-ſpur*'s caſe at *Shrewsbury.*

Bard. It was, my lord, who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the air, on promiſe of Supply;
Flatt'ring himſelf with project of a Power
Much ſmaller than the ſmalleſt of his thoughts;
And ſo, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his Pow'rs to death,
And, winking, leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this preſent quality of war
Impede the inſtant act; a cauſe on foot
Lives ſo in hope, as in an early Spring
We ſee th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as Deſpair,
That froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection;
Which, if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model
In fewer offices? at leaſt, deſiſt
To build at all? much more, in this great Work,
(Which is almoſt to pluck a Kingdom down,
And ſet another up) ſhould we ſurvey
The plot of ſituation, and the model;
Conſent upon a ſure foundation,
Queſtion ſurveyors, know our own eſtate,
How able ſuch a work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his oppoſite: or elſe,

We

We fortifie in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his pow'r to build it: who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his [8] part-created cost
" A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
" And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born; and that we now possest
The utmost man of expectation:
I think, we are a body strong enough,
Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord *Bardolph.*
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads; one Pow'r against the *French,*
And one against *Glendower*; perforce, a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

York. That he should draw his sev'ral strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the *French* and *Welsh*
Baying him at the heels; never fear That.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of *Lancaster*, and *Westmorland*:
Against the *Welsh*, himself and *Harry Monmouth*:
But who is substituted 'gainst the *French*,
I have no certain notice.

York. [9] Let us on:
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The Commonwealth is sick of their own choice;

8 —— *his part-created* cost] *Cost*, for work.

9 *Let us on:* &c.] This excellent speech of *York* was one of the passages added by *Shakespear* after his first Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Their

Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited.
An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many! with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beat heav'n with bleſſing *Bolingbroke*,
Before he was, what thou would'ſt have him be?
And now, being trim'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common dog, did'ſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom of the royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What Truſt is in theſe times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his Grave;
Thou, that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud *London* he came ſighing on
After th' admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
Cry'ſt now, O Earth, yield us that King again,
And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurſt!
Paſt and to come, ſeem beſt; things preſent, worſt.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids, be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street in LONDON.

Enter Hoſteſs, with two Officers, Phang *and* Snare.

Hoſteſs. MR. *Phang*, have you enter'd the action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where's your yeoman? is he a luſty yeoman? Will he ſtand to it?

Phang. Sirrah, where's *Snare?*

Hoſt. O Lord, ay, good Mr. *Snare.*

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we muſt arreſt Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Hoſt. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him and all.

Snare.

Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives: for he will ſtab.

Hoſt. Alas-the-day! take heed of him; he ſtab'd me in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly; he cares not what miſchief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil; he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No, nor I neither;—— I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. If I but fiſt him once; [1] if he come but within my vice.

Hoſt. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good Mr. *Phang*, hold him ſure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not 'ſcape. He comes continually to *Pie-corner*, ſaving your manhoods, to buy a ſaddle, and he is indited to dinner to the *Lubbar's-head* in *Lombard-ſtreet*, to Mr. *Smooth's* the *Silkman*. I pray ye, ſince my action is enter'd, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. [2] A hundred mark is a long Lone, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, unleſs a woman ſhould be made an Aſs and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and the boy*.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmſey-noſe knave *Bardolph* with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Mr. *Phang* and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir *John*, I arreſt you at the ſuit of Mrs. *Quickly*.

1 *If he come but within my vice.*] *Vice* or *graſp*. A metaphor taken from a ſmith's Vice: There is another reading in the old Edition, *view*, which I think not ſo good. Mr. *Pope*.

2 Another quibble reſtored by Mr. *Theobald*.

Fal. Away, varlets; draw, *Bardolph:* cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the kennel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou honey-ſuckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou honey-ſeed rogue! thou art a honey-ſeed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph.*

Phang. A reſcue, a reſcue!

Hoſt. Good people, bring a reſcue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue, do, thou hemp-ſeed!

Fal. Away, you ſcullion, you rampallian, you fuſtilarian: I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.

SCENE II.

Enter Chief Juſtice attended.

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? keep the peace here, hoa!

Hoſt. Good my lord, be good to me. I beſeech you, ſtand to me.

Ch. Juſt. How now, Sir *John?* what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs?
You ſhould have been well on your way to *York.*
Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful lord, an't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poor widow of *Eaſt-cheap*, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my lord, it is for all: all I have; he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his; but I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any 'vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, Sir *John?* fie, what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of excla-

exclamation ? are you not aſham'd to inforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own ?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee ?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thy ſelf, and the money too. Thou didſt ſwear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, ſitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea coal fire, on *Wedneſday* in *Whitſun-week*, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a ſinging-man of *Windſor*: thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it ? did not good-wife *Keech*, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me goſſip *Quickly?* coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar: telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby thou did deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound; and didſt not thou, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me Madam ? and didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings ? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canſt.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe ſays up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She hath been in good caſe, and the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her; but for theſe fooliſh Officers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more than impudent ſawcineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration. I know, you have practis'd upon the eaſie yielding ſpirit of this woman. ——

Hoſt. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Juſt. Pry'thee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with ſterling money, and the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo [3] this ſneap without reply. You call honourable boldneſs impudent ſawcineſs: If a man will court'ſie and ſay nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your ſuitor: I ſay to you, I deſire deliverance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak, as having power to do wrong: but anſwer in the effect your reputation, and ſatisfie the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Aſide.*

SCENE III.

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Juſt. Maſter *Gower*, what news?

Gower. The King, my lord, and *Henry* Prince of *Wales.*

Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman———

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—— come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heav'nly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

Fal. "Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking; and "for thy walls, a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory "of the Prodigal, or the [4] *German* Hunting in water-"work, is worth a thouſand of [5] theſe dead-hangings, "and theſe fly-bitten tapeſtries: let it be ten pound, "if thou canſt." Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England.* Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy action: come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me; do'ſt not know me? Come, come, I know, thou waſt ſet on to this.

3 *This ſneap.*] A *Yorkſhire* word for *rebuke.* Mr. *Pope.*

4 German *Hunting* in water-work,] *i. e.* in water-colours.

6 *Theſe* BED-*hangings.*] We ſhould read DEAD-*hangings. i. e.* faded.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Pry'thee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty nobles, I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earneſt, la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other ſhift; you'll be a fool ſtill ———

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to ſupper: you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her: hook on, hook on.

Hoſt. Will you have *Doll Tear-ſheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hoſt. and Serjeant.*

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better News.

Fal. What's the News, my good lord?

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the King laſt night?

Gower. At *Baſingſtoke*, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Juſt. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe
Are march'd up to my lord of *Lancaſter*,
Againſt *Northumberland* and the Arch-biſhop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble lord?

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have letters of me preſently.
Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My lord, ———

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, ſhall I intreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I muſt wait upon my good lord here,
I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in the countries as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, maſter *Gower?*

Ch. Juſt. What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *John?*

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, if they become me not, he was

a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Continues in LONDON.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* TRUST me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, wearineſs durſt not have attach'd one of ſo high blood.

P. *Henry.* It doth me, though it diſcolours the complexion of my Greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. *Henry.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my Greatneſs. "What a diſgrace is it to me to remember thy name? "or to know thy face to morrow? or to take note "how many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt? (*viz.* "theſe, and thoſe that were the peach colour'd ones;) "or to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts, as one for ſu- "perfluity, and one other for uſe: but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linnen with thee, when thou keepeſt not racket there; as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy low Countries have made a ſhift to eat up thy holland. [6] And God knows, whether thoſe, that bawl out of the ruins of thy linnen, ſhall inherit his Kingdom: but the midwives ſay, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idly? tell me how many

6 *And God knows, whether,* &c.] This period is ſupplied out of the old Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

good

good young Princes would do ſo, their fathers lying ſo ſick as yours at this time is.

P. *Henry.* Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins?*

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. *Henry.* It ſhall ſerve among Wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the Puſh of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. *Henry.* Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad now my father is ſick; albeit, I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. *Henry.* By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in the Devil's book, as thou and *Falſtaff*, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But, I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſick; and keeping ſuch vile company, as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The reaſon?

P. *Henry.* What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep.

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. *Henry.* It would be every man's thought; and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road way better than thine; every one would think me an hypocrite, indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have ſeemed ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaff.*

P. *Henry.* And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worſt they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph.*

P. *Henry*. And the Boy that I gave *Falſtaff*; he had him from me chriſtian, and, ſee, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

SCENE V.

Enter Bardolph *and Page.*

Bard. Save your Grace.

P. *Henry*. And yours, moſt noble *Bardolph*.

Bard. Come, you virtuous aſs, and baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window; at laſt, I ſpy'd his eyes, and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wive's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. *Henry*. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whorſon upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you raſcally *Althea*'s dream, away!

P. *Henry*. Inſtruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, *Althea* dream'd, ſhe was deliver'd of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. *Henry*. A crowns-worth of good interpretation; there it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

Poins. O that this good bloſſom could be kept from cankers! well, there is ſix pence to preſerve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the Gallows ſhall be wrong'd.

P. *Henry*. And how doth thy maſter, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Well, my good lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. *Henry*. Deliver'd with good reſpect? — and how doth the *Martlemas*, your Maſter?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phyſician; but that moves not him; though that be ſick, it dies not.

P. *Henry*.

P. *Henry.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place: for, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falſtaff, knight,*——Every man muſt know that, as often as he hath occaſion to name himſelf: even like thoſe that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they ſay, *there is ſome of the King's blood ſpilt.* How comes that? ſays he, that takes upon him not to conceive: [7] the anſwer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the King's poor couſin, Sir.*

P. *Henry.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from *Japhet.* But, to the letter:——*Sir* John Falſtaff, *knight, to the ſon of the King, neareſt his father,* Harry *Prince of* Wales, *Greeting.*

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

P. *Henry.* Peace.

[8] *I will imitate the honourable* Roman *in brevity.*

Poins. Sure, he means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded.

P. *Henry.* *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with* Poins, *for he miſuſes thy favours ſo much, that he ſwears, thou art to marry his Siſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou may'ſt, and ſo farewel. Thine, by yea and no; which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him.* Jack Falſtaff *with my familiars:* John *with my brothers and ſiſters: and Sir* John *with all* Europe.

Poins. My Lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. *Henry.* [9] That's to make him eat plenty of his

7 *the anſwer is as ready as a* borrow'd *cap.*] But how is a *borrow'd* cap ſo ready? read, a *borrower's* cap: and then there is humour in it; he that goes to borrow money being of all others the moſt complaiſant.

8 *I will imitate the honourable* ROMANS *in brevity.*] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be ROMAN, meaning *M. Brutus* who affected great brevity of ſtile.

9 *That's to make him eat* TWENTY *of his words.*] Why juſt twenty, when the letter contain'd above eight times twenty? we ſhould read PLENTY; and in this word the joke, as ſlender as it is, conſiſts.

words. But do you uſe me thus, *Ned?* muſt I marry your Siſter?

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune! But I never ſaid ſo.

P. *Henry.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds and mock us: is your maſter here in *London?*

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Where ſups he? doth the old Boar feed [1] in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in *Eaſt-cheap.*

P. *Henry.* What company?

Page. Epheſians, my lord, of the old church.

P. *Henry.* Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mrs. *Quickly,* and Mrs. *Doll Tear-Sheet.*

P. *Henry.* What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. *Henry.* Even ſuch kin, as the pariſh heifers are to the town Bull. Shall we ſteal upon them, *Ned,* at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my lord, I'll follow you.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph,* no word to your maſter that I am yet come to town. There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. *Henry.* Fare ye well: go. This *Dol Tear-Sheet* ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. *Albans* and *London.*

P. *Henry.* How might we ſee *Falſtaff* beſtow himſelf to night in his true colours, and not ourſelves be ſeen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, as drawers.

P. *Henry.* From a God to a Bull? [2] a heavy deſcenſion.

1 *in the old* frank?] *i. e.* hog-ſty. Mr. *Pope.*

2. *a heavy* deſcenſion.] Other readings have it *declenſion.* Mr. *Pope* choſe the firſt. On which Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *But why not declenſion?*

sion. It was *Jove*'s case. From a Prince to a prentice? a low transformation; that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Northumberland's *Castle.*

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, *and Lady* Percy.

North. I Pr'ythee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troublesome.

L. *North.* I have giv'n over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will: your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my Honour is at pawn,
And, but my Going, nothing can redeem it.

L. *Percy.* Oh, yet, for heav'n's sake, go not to these wars.
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own *Percy*, when my heart-dear *Harry*,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his Pow'rs: but he did long in vain!
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost; yours and your son's.
For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the Sun
In the grey vault of heav'n: and by his light
Did all the chivalry of *England* move
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass,
Wherein the noble Youth did dress themselves.
3 He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:

declension? are not the terms purely synonymous? If so, might not Mr. *Pope* say in his turn, then why not *descension?* But it is not so. And *descension* was preferred with judgment. For *descension* signifies a *voluntary* going down; *declension*, a *natural* and necessary. Thus when we speak of the Sun, poetically, as a charioteer, we should say his *descension*: if physically, as a mere globe of light, his *declension*.

3 *He had no legs*, &c.] The twenty-two following lines are of those added by *Shakespear* after his first edition. Mr. *Pope*.

And

And ſpeaking thick, which Nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant:
For thoſe, that could ſpeak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him. So that in ſpeech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book,
That faſhion'd others. And him, wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave
(Second to None, unſeconded by You;)
To look upon the hideous God of War
In diſadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of *Hot-ſpur*'s Name]
Did ſeem defenſible: ſo you left Him.
Never, O, never do his Ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your honour more preciſe and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhal and the Archbiſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
" To day might I, (hanging on *Hot-ſpur*'s neck)
" Have talk'd of *Monmouth*'s Grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new-lamenting ancient over-ſights.
But I muſt go and meet with danger there;
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

L. *North.* Fly to *Scotland*,
'Till that the Nobles and the armed Commons
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

L. *Percy.* If they get ground and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger. But, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves. So did your ſon:
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow:
And never ſhall have length of life enough,
4 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,

That

4 *To rain upon remembrance* ——] Alluding to the plant, roſemary, ſo called, and uſed in funerals. —— Thus in *The Winter's Tale*. *For-*

That it may grow and ſprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble huſband. [mind
North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my
As with the tide ſwell'd up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:
I will reſolve for *Scotland*; there am I,
'Till time and 'vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Boar's-head Tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* WHAT the devil haſt thou brought there? Apple-*Johns?* thou know'ſt, Sir *John* cannot endure an Apple-*John*.

2 *Draw.* Maſs! thou ſayeſt true; the Prince once ſet a diſh of Apple-*Johns* before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Johns*; and, putting off his hat, ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, wither'd knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot That.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and ſet them down; and ſee if thou can'ſt find out *Sneak*'s Noiſe; Mrs. *Tear-ſheet* would fain hear ſome muſick. 5 Diſpatch! the room where they ſupt is too hot, they'll come in ſtraight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Maſter *Poins* anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir *John* muſt not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

For you there's roſemary *and* rue, *theſe keep*
Seeming and ſavour all the winter long,
Grace *and* remembrance *be unto you both*, &c.

For as rue was called *herb of grace*, from its being uſed in exorciſms; ſo roſemary was called *remembrance*, from its being a cephalic.

5 *Diſpatch*, &c.] This period is from the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope*.

1 *Draw.*

1 *Draw.* Then [6] here will be old *Utis :* it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee, if I can find out *Sneak.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Hoſteſs and Dol.

Hoſt. I'faith, ſweet heart, methinks, now you are in an excellent good temperality ; your pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deſire ; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe : but, i'faith, you have drank too much canarys, and that's a marvellous ſearching wine ; and it perfumes the blood, ere we can ſay what's this. How do you now ?

Dol. Better than I was : hem. ——

Hoſt. Why, that was well ſaid : a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir *John.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. When Arthur *firſt in Court* — empty the jourden —— *and was a worthy King :* how now, Mrs. *Dol.*

Hoſt. Sick of a calm : yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſect ; if they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me ?

Fal. You make fat raſcals, Mrs. *Dol.*

Dol. I make them ! gluttony and diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the diſeaſes, *Dol* ; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you ; grant That, my poor Vertue, grant That.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. [7] Your brooches, pearls and owches : for to

6 *here will be old* Utis *:*] *Utis*, an old word yet in uſe in ſome countries, ſignifying a *merry feſtival*, from the *French*, *Huit*, *octo*, ab *A. S.* Ehta. *Octavæ Feſti alicujus.* Skinner.

Mr. *Pope.*

7 *Your* brooches, *pearls and* owches *:*] *Brooches* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. *Owches* were boſſes of gold ſet with diamonds. Mr. *Pope.*

ſerve

ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely ———

Dol. Hang your ſelf, you muddy Conger, hang your ſelf!

Hoſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord; you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toaſts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jer? one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel.

[*To* Dol.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead; there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuft in the Hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack:* thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again or no, there is no body cares.

SCENE IX.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient *Piſtol* is below and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in *England.*

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith: I muſt live amongſt my neighbours, I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the door, there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have ſwaggering now: ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hoſteſs? ———

Hoſt. Pray you, pacify your ſelf, Sir *John*, there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou hear——it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me; your Ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter *Tiſick* the deputy the other day; and, as he ſaid to me — it was no longer ago than *Wedneſday* laſt——

neighbour

neighbour *Quickly*, says he; — master *Domb* our minister was by then — neighbour *Quickly*, says he, receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name: (now he said so, I can tell whereupon;) for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed, what guests you receive: receive, says he, no swaggering companions. — There come none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, Hostess; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may stroak him as gently as a puppey-grey-hound; he will not swagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? [8] I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says, swagger: feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, as if it were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

SCENE X.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph *and Page.*

Pist. Save you, Sir *John.*

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Pistol.* Here, *Pistol*, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two bullets.

Fal. She is Pistol-proof, Sir, you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I

[8] *I will bar no honest man my house, nor no* cheater;] The humour of this consists in the woman's mistaking the title of *Cheater* (which our ancestors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *Gamester*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *Escheator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *Cheater*.

will

will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mrs. *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion! what? you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linnen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I'm meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress *Dorothy*.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal, you filthy bung, away: by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the sawcy cuttle with me. Away you bottle ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? 9 what, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murther your ruff for this.

Fal. [1] No more, *Pistol*; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, *Pistol*.

Host. No, good captain *Pistol*: not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd captain? if Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. "You a captain! you slave! for what? for tearing a "poor whore's ruff in a bawdy house? he a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word, before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress *Dol.*

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

9 *what, with two points on your shoulder?* much!] *Much* was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sense with that more modern one, *Marry come up*. The *Oxford Editor* not apprehending this, alters it to *march*.

1 *No more*, Pistol, &c.] This is from the old edition of 1600. Mr. *Pope*.

Pist.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto*'s damned lake, to the infernal deep, where *Erebus* and tortures vile alſo. Hold hook and line, ſay I: down! down, dogs; down, fates: have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good captain *Peeſel*, be quiet, it is very late: I beſeech you now, aggravate your choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humours, indeed. Shall pack-horſes
And [2] hollow-pamper'd jades of *Aſia*,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with *Cæſars*, and with *Cannibals*,
And *Trojan Greeks?* nay, rather damn them with
King *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar:
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hoſt. By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins: have we not [3] *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good-jer? do you think, I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come, give me ſome ſack. *Si fortuna me (a) tormenta, il ſperare me contenta.*
Fear we broad ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack: and, ſweet-heart, lye thou there:
Come we to full points here; and are *&* *cætera*'s nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif: what! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs, I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

2 —*hollow-pamper'd jades of* Aſia, *&c.*] Theſe lines are in part a quotation out of an old abſurd fuſtian play intitled, *Tamburlain's Conqueſts, or the Scythian Shepherd.* Mr. *Theobald.*

3 *Hiren*] The name of *Piſtol*'s and *Amadis du Gaul*'s ſword. Mr. *Theobald.*

[*(a) tormenta, il ſperare me contenta.* Oxford Editor—Vulg. *tormente ſperato me contente.*]

Piſt.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs? know we not galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling; nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What, ſhall we have inciſion! ſhall we embrew? then Death rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days: why, then let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds untwine the ſiſters three: come, *Atropos*, I ſay.

[*Drawing his ſword.*

Hoſt. Here's goodly ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* Piſtol *out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forſwear keeping houſe, before I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, be quiet, the raſcal is gone: ah, you whorſon, little valiant villain, you!

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i' th' groin? methought, he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the raſcal's drunk: you have hurt him, Sir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal, to brave me!———

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you: alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? come, let me wipe thy face—come on, you whorſon chops—ah, rogue! I love thee,—thou art as valourous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better than the nine Worthies: a villain!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou do'ſt, I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſick.

Page. The muſick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee,

Dol.

Dol. A rascal, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quick-silver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church: thou whorson little tydie *Bartholomew* Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foining on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not speak like a death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, *Poins* has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! — his wit is as thick as *Tewksbury* mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no hate with telling of [4] indiscreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himself is such another: the weight of an hair will turn the scales between their *Averdupois*.

P. *Henry*. Would not this Nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. *Henry*. Look, if the wither'd Elder hath not his poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiss me, *Dol.*

4 discreet *stories*;] We should read *indiscreet*.

P. *Henry*.

P. *Henry*. *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery *Trigon*, his man, be not [5] clasping too his master's old Tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper?

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on *Thursday*: Thou shalt have a cap to morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt set me a weeping if thou say'st so: prove, that ever I dress my self handsom 'till thy return——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, *Francis*.

P. *Henry*. *Poins*. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's! and art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. *Henry*. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. *Henry*. Very true, Sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace! Welcome to *London*.—Now heav'n bless that sweet face of thine: what, are you come from *Wales?*

Fal. Thou whorson-mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* Dol.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your re-

[5] LISPING TO *his master's old Tables*, &c. We should read CLASPING TOO *his master's old Tables*, &c. *i. e.* embracing his master's cast-off whore, and now his bawd, [*his note-book, his counsel-keeper.*] We have the same phrase again in *Cymbeline*, *You* clasp *young Cupid's* Tables.

venge,

venge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. *Henry.* You whorſon candle-myne, you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhe is, by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. *Henry.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by *Gads-hill*; you knew, I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think, thou waſt within hearing.

P. *Henry.* I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal*, on my honour, no abuſe.

P. *Henry.* Not to diſpraiſe me, and call me pantler, and bread chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal.*

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, *Ned*, in the world; honeſt *Ned*, none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, *Hal*, none, *Ned*, none; no, boys, none.

P. *Henry.* See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardiſe doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? is thine Hoſteſs here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honeſt *Bardolph*, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead Elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer*'s privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt mault-worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too.

P. *Henry.* For the women,———

Fal. For one of them, ſhe is in hell already, and burns,

burns, poor *(a)* soul! for the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think, thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole *Lent?*

P. *Henry.* You, gentlewoman, ——

Dol. What says your Grace?

Fal. His Grace says That, which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, *Francis.*

SCENE XII.

Enter Peto.

P. *Henry. Peto,* how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at *Westminster,*
And there are twenty weak and wearied Posts
Come from the North; and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir *John Falstaff.*

P. *Henry.* By heaven, *Poins,* I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the South
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak: *Falstaff,* good night.

[*Exeunt Prince and* Poins.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door? how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently: a dozen captains stay at door for you.

[*(a) Soul!* Oxford Editor.— Vulg. *Souls!*]

Fal.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, Sirrah: farewel, Hoſteſs; farewel, *Dol.* You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after; the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches; if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak; if my heart be not ready to burſt— well, ſweet *Jack*, have a care of thy ſelf.

Fal. Farewel, farewel. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty-nine years, come peſcod-time; but an honeſter and truer-hearted man— well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mrs. *Tear-ſheet*, ———

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtreſs *Tear-ſheet* come to my maſter.

Hoſt. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace in LONDON.

Enter King Henry *in his Night-gown with a Page.*

K. HENRY.

GO, call the Earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick*;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe letters,
And well conſider of them: make good ſpeed.
[*Exit Page.*
How many thouſands of my pooreſt Subjects
Are at this hour aſleep! 'O gentle Sleep,
'Nature's ſoft Nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
'That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
'And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
'Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs,
'Upon uneaſie pallets ſtretching thee,
'And huſht with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
'Than in the perfum'd chambers of the Great,
'Under the Canopies of coſtly State,

'And

' And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
' O thou dull God, why ly'ſt thou with the vile
' In loathſom beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
' [1] A watch-caſe to a common larum-bell?
' Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
' Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
' In cradle of the rude imperious Surge;
' And in the viſitation of the Winds,
' Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
' Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
' With deaf'ning clamours [2] in the ſlip'ry ſhrouds,
' That, with the hurley, death it ſelf awakes?
' Can'ſt thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repoſe
' To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude?
' And in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
' With all appliances and means to boot,
' Deny it to a King? [3] then, happy low! lye down;
Uneaſie lyes the head, that wears a Crown.

SCENE II.

Enter Warwick *and* Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your Majeſty!
K. *Henry.* Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o' clock, and paſt.

1 *A watch caſe &c.*] This alludes to the watchman ſet in garriſon-towns upon ſome eminence attending upon an alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in caſe of a fire, or any approaching danger. He had a caſe or box to ſhelter him from the weather, but at his utmoſt peril he was not to ſleep whilſt he was upon duty. Theſe alarum-bells are mentioned in ſeveral other places of *Shakeſpear.* *Oxford Editor.*

2 ——*in the* ſlip'ry ſhrouds,] The ſhip-boy (ſays the ſpeaker) can ſleep in the ſhrouds, tho' made wet and ſlip'ry by the ſea's daſhing over them, and roaring with deaf'ning clamour. Would not any reaſonable man now be contented with ſenſe? But nothing will ſerve the *Oxford Editor* but raiſing the billows to the clouds, nay, to the *ſlip'ry clouds*, for ſo he reads it.

3 ——*then, happy* LOW! LYE DOWN;] Evidently corrupted from *happy* LOWLY CLOWN. The two lines making the juſt concluſion from what preceded. *If ſleep will fly a king and conſort it ſelf with beggars, then happy the* lowly clown, *and uneaſy the crown'd head.*

K. *Henry*. Why, then, good morrow to you.
(a) Well, my lords,
Have you read o'er the letters that I ſent you?
Wor. We have, my Liege.
K. *Henry*. Then you perceive the body of our King-dom,
How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. [4] It is but as a body ſlight diſtemper'd,
Which to its former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice and little medicine;
[5] My lord *Northumberland* will ſoon be cool'd.
K. *Henry*. Oh heav'n, that one might read the book of fate,
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make Mountains level, and the Continent,
Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt it ſelf
Into the Sea; and, other times, to ſee
The beachy girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptune*'s hips: how Chances mock,
And Changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! [6] O, if this were ſeen,
The happieſt youth viewing his progreſs through,
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,
Wou'd ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten Years gone,
Since *Richard* and *Northumberland*, great Friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years ſince,
This *Percy* was the man neareſt my ſoul;
Who, like a brother, toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?

4 *It is but as a body* YET *diſtemper'd*,] What would he have more? We ſhould read,
It is but as a body SLIGHT *diſtemper'd*.

5 *My lord* Northumberland *will ſoon be* COOL'D.] I believe *Shakeſpear* wrote SCHOOL'D; tutor'd, and brought to ſubmiſſion.

6 —— *O, if this were ſeen*, &c.] Theſe four lines are ſupplied from the Edition of 1600.

(a) Well, Mr. *Theobald*.—Vulg. *All*.]

(You

(You, couſin *Nevil*, as I may remember) [*To* War.
When *Richard*, with eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy.
'*Northumberland*, thou ladder by the which
'My couſin *Bolingbroke* aſcends my Throne:
(Though then, Heav'n knows, I had no ſuch intent;
But that Neceſſity ſo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:)
'The time ſhall come, (thus did he follow it,)
'The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,
'Shall break into corruption: ſo went on,
Foretelling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

War. There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the Nature of the times deceas'd;
The which obſerv'd, a man may propheſie,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their ſeeds
And weak beginnings lie intreaſured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the neceſſary form of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſs,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that ſeed grow to a greater falſeneſs,
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
Unleſs on You.

K. *Henry.* Are theſe things then neceſſities?
Then let us meet them like neceſſities;
And that ſame word even now cries out on us:
They ſay, the Biſhop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Pleaſe it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my lord,
The Pow'rs, that you already have ſent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majeſty hath been this fortnight ill,

And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

K. *Henry.* I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Justice Shallow's *Seat in* Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *Justices; with* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bull-calf.

Shal. COME on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir; an early stirrer, [7] by the rood.

And how doth my good cousin *Silence?*

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin *Shallow.*

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen?*

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin *Shallow.*

Shal. By yea, and nay, Sir, I dare say, my cousin *William* is become a good scholar: he is at *Oxford* still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the Inns of Court shortly: I was once of *Clement*'s-Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty *Shallow* then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordshire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a *Cot's-wold* man, you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falstaff*,

7 *By the rood.*] *i. e.* the cross. Mr. *Pope.*

(now

(now Sir *John*) a boy, and page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*.

Sil. This Sir *John*, couſin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *John*, the very ſame: I ſaw him break *Schoggan*'s head at the Court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very ſame day I did fight with one *Sampſon Stockfiſh*, a fruiterer, behind *Grays-Inn*. O the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very ſure, very ſure: Death (as the Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certain to all, all ſhall die. How a good yoke of Bullocks at *Stamford* Fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! ſee, ſee, he drew a good bow: and dead? he ſhot a fine ſhoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! he would have [8] clapt in the clowt at twelve ſcore, and carried you a fore-hand ſhaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to ſee. ——— How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

SCENE IV.

Enter Bardolph, *and Page.*

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falſtaff*'s men, as I think.

Shal. Good morrow, honeſt gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Juſtice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Eſquire of this Country, one of the King's Juſtices of the peace: what is your good pleaſure with me?

8 *Clapt in the clowt*] *i. e.* hit the white mark.

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you: my captain Sir *John Falſtaff*; a tall gentleman, by heav'n! and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-ſword man. How doth the good Knight? may I aſk, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon, a ſoldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeed, too: better accommodated—it is good, yea, indeed, is it; good phraſes, ſurely, are, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated——it comes of *accommodo*; 9 very good, a good phraſe.

Bard. " Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. " Phraſe, call you it? by this day, I know not the " phraſe: but I will maintain the word with my ſword, " to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding " good command. Accommodated, that is, when a " man is, as they ſay, accommodated; or, when a " man is, being whereby he may be thought to be " accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

SCENE V.

Enter Falſtaff.

Shal. It is very juſt: look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your good hand: give me your Worſhip's good hand: truſt me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter *Robert Shallow*: Maſter *Sure-card*, as I think,—

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my couſin *Silence*; in Commiſſion with me.

9 *Very good, a good phraſe.*] *Accommodate* was a modiſh term of that time, as *Ben Johnſon* informs us: *You are not to caſt or wring for the perfumed terms of the time, as* accommodation, complement, ſpirit, *&c. but uſe them properly in their places as others.* Diſcoveries. Hence *Bardolph* calls it a word of *exceeding good command.* His definition of it is admirable, and highly ſatirical: nothing being more common than for inaccurate ſpeakers or writers, when they ſhould define, to put their hearers off with a ſynonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the ſame term differently *accommodated*; as in the inſtance before us.

Fal.

Fal. Good maſter *Silence*, it well befits, you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen; have you provided me here half a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, Sir: will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea, marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy:*— let them appear as I call: let them do ſo, let them do ſo. Let me ſee, where is *Mouldy?*

Moul. Here, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, Sir *John?* a good limb'd fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldy?*

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent, i'faith. Things, that are mouldy, lack uſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaid, Sir *John*, very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her huſbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, *Mouldy*, you ſhall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: ſtand aſide: know you where you are? for the other, Sir *John.*— Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow.*

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow?*

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow: ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow

of the male: it is often so, indeed, but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John?*

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him; for we have a number of shadows do fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir?

Fal. Is thy name *Wart?*

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John?*

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins; prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, [1] you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble.*

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, *Feeble?*

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor; well said, courageous *Feeble:* thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor well, master *Shallow*, deep, master *Shallow.*

Feeble. I would, *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible *Feeble.*

Feeble. It shall suffice.

1 *You can do it, Sir*;] *i. e.* you know how to jest.

Fal.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the Green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee *Bull-calf*.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely fellow. Come, prick me *Bull-calf*, till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my lord captain,———

Fal. What, doſt thou roar before th'art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whorſon Cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his Coronation-day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you muſt have but four here, Sir; and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint *George*'s fields?

Fal. No more of that, good maſter *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: ſhe would always ſay, ſhe could not abide maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. By the maſs, I could anger her to the heart: ſhe was then a *Bona-roba*. Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe but be old; certain, ſhe's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement*'s Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, couſin *Silence*, that thou hadſt ſeen That,

that this knight and I have ſeen! — hah, Sir *John*, ſaid I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir *John*, we have: our watch-word was, hem, boys. — Come, let's to dinner; Oh, the days that we have ſeen! come, come.

Bul. Good maſter corporate *Bardolph*, ſtand my friend, and here is four *Harry* ten ſhillings in *French* Crowns for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for my own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather becauſe I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends; elſe, Sir, I did not care for mine own part ſo much.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good maſter corporal captain, for my old Dame's ſake ſtand my friend: ſhe hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and ſhe's old and cannot help her ſelf: you ſhall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death, I will never bear a baſe mind: if it be my deſtiny, ſo: if it be not, ſo. No man is too good to ſerve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I will bear no baſe mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: — I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bull-calf*.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bull-calf*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

Fal. *Mouldy*, and *Bull-calf*: — for you, *Mouldy*, ſtay at home 'till you are paſt ſervice: and for your part, *Bull-calf*, grow 'till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not yourſelf wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter *Shallow*, how to chuſe a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature, bulk and big ſemblance of a man? give me the ſpirit, maſter *Shallow*. Here's *Wart*; you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd fellow *Shadow*, give me this man, he preſents no mark to the enemy; the fo-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: and, for a retreat, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the woman's tailor, run off? O give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold, *Wart*, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver: ſo, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald ſhot. Well ſaid, *Wart*, thou art a good ſcab: hold, there is a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End Green*, when I lay at *Clement*'s Inn, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthur*'s Show; there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, tah, tah, would he ſay; bounce, would he ſay, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I ſhall never ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellows will do well. Maſter *Shallow*, God keep you; farewel, maſter *Silence*. I will not uſe many words with you, fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you, I muſt a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, give the ſoldiers coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your affairs, and ſend us peace. As you return, viſit my houſe. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal.

Shal. Go to: I have ſpoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, lead the men away. " As I return, I will fetch " off theſe Juſtices: I do ſee the bottom of Juſtice " *Shallow*. How ſubject we old men are to this Vice " of lying! this ſame ſtarv'd Juſtice hath done no- " thing but prated to me of the wildneſs of his youth, " and the feats he hath done about *Turnbal-ſtreet*; " and every third word a lie, more duly paid to the " hearer than the *Turk*'s tribute. I do remember him " at *Clement*'s Inn, like a man made after ſupper of a " cheeſe-paring. When he was naked, he was for all " the world like a forked radiſh, with a head fantaſti- " cally carv'd upon it with a knife. He was ſo for- " lorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were " inviſible." He was the very *Genius* of famine, yet leacherous as a Monkey, and the whores call'd him Mandrake: he came ever in the rere-ward of the faſhion; and ſung thoſe tunes to the [2] over-ſcutcht huſwives that he heard the carmen whiſtle, and ſware they were his *Fancies*, or his *Good-nights*. And now is this Vice's dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John* of *Gaunt* as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn, he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the Marſhal's men. I ſaw it, and told *John* of *Gaunt* he beat his own name; for you might have truſs'd him and all his apparel into an Eel-ſkin: the caſe of a treble hoboy was a Manſion for him, a Court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it ſhall go hard but I will make him a [3] philoſopher's two ſtones to me. If the young Dace be a bait for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon in the law of nature but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

2 *Over-ſcutcht*,] *i. e.* whipt, carted. Mr. *Pope.*

3 *Philoſopher's two ſtones.*] One of which was an univerſal medicine, and the other a tranſmuter of baſer metals into gold.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to a Foreſt in Yorkſhire.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, Mowbray, Haſtings, *and* Colevile.

York. WHAT is this foreſt call'd?
Haſt. 'Tis *Gaultree* foreſt.
York. Here ſtand, my lords, and ſend diſcoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Haſt. We have ſent forth already.
York. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from *Northumberland*;
Their cold intent, tenour and ſubſtance thus:
Here doth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch Powers
As might hold ſortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To *Scotland*; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now, what news?
Meſſ. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.
Mowb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
[1] Let us way on, and face them in the field.

1 *Let us* ſway *on,* ——] We ſhould read *way* on, *i. e.* march on.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Westmorland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of *Westmorland.*

West. Health and fair Greeting from our General,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaster.*

York. Say on, my lord of *Westmorland*, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it self, in base and abject routs,
2 Led on by bloody youth, goaded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appear'd
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend Father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, my lord Arch-bishop,
Whose See is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The Dove and every blessed Spirit of Peace;
Wherefore do you so ill translate your self,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
3 Turning your books to glaves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to launces, and 4 your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

York. 5 Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly, to this end: we are all diseas'd,

2. *Led on by* bloody *youth*, ——] I believe *Shakespear* wrote, *heady youth.*

3 *Turning your books to* GRAVES.] We should certainly read, GLAVES, *i. e.* swords.

4 —— *your tongue divine*] *i. e.* Preaching in the meekness of the gospel.

5 *Wherefore do I this?* ——] Most of this speech inserted since the first edition. Mr. *Pope.*

And

And with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought our selves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late King *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
But, my most noble lord of *Westmorland*,
I take not on me here as a physician:
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But rather shew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer;
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see, which way the stream of time doth run,
[6] And are inforc'd from our most quiet Sphere,
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd access unto his person,
Ev'n by those men that most have done us wrong.
The danger of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood) and the Examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to establish here a peace, indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?

6 *And are inforc'd from our most quiet* THERE.] This is said in answer to *Westmorland*'s upbraiding the Archbishop for engaging in a course which so ill became his profession,

——— *You, my lord Archbishop,*
Whose See *is by a civil* peace *maintain'd*, &c.

So that the reply must be this,

And are inforc'd from our most quiet SPHERE.

What

What Peer hath been ſuborn'd to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody book
Of forg'd Rebellion with a Seal divine,
7 And conſecrate Commotion's Civil Edge?

York. 8 My brother general, the Common-wealth,
To Brother born an houſehold Cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before;
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

Weſt. 9 O my good lord *Mowbray*,
Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay, indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.

7 *And conſecrate Commotion's Civil* Edge?] So the old books read. But Mr. *Theobald* changes *edge* to *page*, out of regard to the *uniformity* (as he calls it) *of the metaphor*. But he did not underſtand what was meant by edge. It was an old cuſtom, continued from the time of the firſt croiſades, for the pope to conſecrate the general's ſword, which was employ'd in the ſervice of the church. To this cuſtom the line in queſtion alludes. As to the cant of *uniformity of metaphor* in writing, this is to be obſerved, that changing the alluſion in the ſame ſentence is indeed vicious, and what *Quintilian* condemns, *Multi quum initium à tempeſtate ſumſerint, incendio aut ruinâ finiunt.* But when one compariſon or alluſion is fairly ſeparated from another, by diſtinct ſentences, the caſe is different. So it is here; in one ſentence we ſee *the book of rebellion ſtampt with a ſeal divine*; in the other, *the ſword of civil diſcord conſecrated.* But this change of the metaphor is not only allowable, but fit. For the dwelling overlong upon one occaſions the diſcourſe to degenerate into a dull kind of allegoriſm.

8 *My brother general, &c.* ——

I make my quarrel in particular.] The ſenſe is this, *My brother general, the Common-wealth, which ought to diſtribute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to thoſe of his own houſe, to* brothers-born, *by giving ſome all, and others none*; *and this* (ſays he) *I make my quarrel or grievance that honours are unequally diſtributed*; the conſtant birth of male-contents, and ſource of civil commotions.

9 *O my good lord* Mowbray, *&c.*] The two or three next ſpeeches were alſo of thoſe inſerted. Mr. *Pope.*

Yet,

Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Or from the King, or in the preſent time,
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk*'s Seigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King, that lov'd him, as the State ſtood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to baniſh him.
And then, when *Harry Bolingbroke* and he
Being mounted and both rowſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing Courſers daring of the ſpur,
Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of *Bolingbroke*;
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw;
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their lives,
That by indictment, or by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under *Bolingbroke*.

Weſt. You ſpeak, lord *Mowbray*, now, you know not what.
The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then
In *England* the moſt valiant gentleman.
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of *Coventry*;
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
Were ſet on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, *(a)* indeed, more than the King.
But this is mere digreſſion from my purpoſe.——
Here come I from our princely General,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein

[*(a) indeed.* Dr. *Thirlby.*—Vulg. *and did.*]

It

It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.
Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it so:
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well; by my will, we shall admit no parley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the General's name:
I muse, you make so slight a question.
York. Then take, my lord of *Westmorland*, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted [1] by a true substantial form;
And present executions of our wills
[2] To us and to our properties, confin'd;

[3] We

1 ——— *by a true* substantial form;] This seems to be intended only as a quibbling joke upon a school term; as much as to say, *substantial forms* can do every thing in the schools; but out of them, the *true substantial form* is a pardon under the broad seal.

2 *To us, and to our* PURPOSES, *confin'd*;] This schedule we see consists of three parts, 1. A redress of general grievances. 2. A pardon for those in arms. 3. Some demands of advantage for them. But this third part is very strangely expressed.

And present execution of our wills
To us and to our PURPOSES *confin'd.*

The

3 We come within our lawful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
West. This will I shew the General. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles, we may meet;
(a) And either end in peace, (which heav'n so frame!)
Or to the place of difference call the swords,
Which must decide it.
York. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit* West.

SCENE III.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That ev'ry slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, ev'ry idle, nice and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action.
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That ev'n our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
York. No, no, my lord, note this; the King is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.

The first line shews they had something to demand, and the second expresses the modesty of that demand. The demand, says the speaker, *is confined to us and to our purposes*. A very modest kind of restriction truly! only as extensive as their appetites and passions. Without question *Shakespear* wrote,

To us *and to our* PROPERTIES *confin'd*;

i. e. we desire no more than security for our *liberties* and *properties*; and this was no unreasonable demand.

3 *We come within our* AWFUL *banks again,*] We should read LAWFUL.

[*(a) and.* Dr. *Thirlby.*—Vulg. *at.*]

And

And therefore will he [4] wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion;
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his pow'r, like to a fangless Lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord Marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of *Westmorland.*

Enter Westmorland.

West. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his Grace, just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of *York* in God's name then set forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace; my lord, we come.

SCENE IV.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaster.

Lan. You're well encounter'd here, my cousin *Mowbray.*

4 — *wipe his tables clean,*] Alluding to a table book of slate, ivory, *&c.*

Good

Good day to you, my gentle lord Arch-biſhop,
And ſo to you, lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My lord of *York*, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text;
Than now to ſee you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death.
That man, that ſits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the count'nance of the King,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch Greatneſs? With you, lord Biſhop,
It is ev'n ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
To us, the Speaker in his Parliament:
To us, th' imagin'd voice of heav'n it ſelf;
The very opener, and intelligencer
Between the grace, the ſanctities of heav'n,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall believe
But you miſuſe the rev'rence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n,
As a falſe favourite doth his Prince's name
In deeds diſhon'rable? you've taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The ſubjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And both againſt the peace of heav'n and him
Have here up-ſwarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of *Lancaſter*,
I am not here againſt your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of *Weſtmorland*,
5 The time miſ-order'd doth in common ſenſe
Crowd us and cruſh us to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the Court:

5 *The time miſ-order'd doth in common* SENSE] I believe *Shakeſpear* wrote, *common* FENCE, *i. e.* drove by ſelf-defence.

Whereon

Whereon this *Hydra*-ſon of war is born,
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep
With Grant of our moſt juſt and right deſire;
And true Obedience, of this madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of Majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have Supplies to ſecond our attempt:
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
[6] And ſo ſucceſs of miſchief ſhall be born,
And heir from heir ſhall hold his quarrel up,
While *England* ſhall have generation.

Lan. You are too ſhallow, *Haſtings*, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottom of the after-times.

Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And ſwear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purpoſes have been miſtook;
And Some about him have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My lord, theſe griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt;
Upon my life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your Pow'rs unto their ſeveral Counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for theſe Redreſſes.

Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Haſt. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well pleaſe them. Hie thee, captain,
[*Exit* Colevile.

York. To you, my noble lord of *Weſtmorland.*

6 *And ſo* Succeſs *of miſchief*—] *Succeſs*, for ſucceſſion.

Weſt.

West. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall shew it self more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin *Mowbray.*

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am on the sudden something ill.

York. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, Coz, since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus; some good thing comes to morrow.

York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts.*

Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they shout.

Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too. [*Exit* West.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good lord *Hastings:*
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* Hastings.

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to night together.

SCENE V.

Re-enter Westmorland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The Leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter

Re-enter Haſtings.

Haſt My lord, our army is diſpers'd already :
Like youthful Steers unyoak'd, they took their courſe
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth : or like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and ſporting place.

Weſt. Good tidings, my lord *Haſtings* ; for the which
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high treaſon :
And you, lord Arch-biſhop, and you, lord *Mowbray*,
Of capital treaſon I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable ?

Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo ?

York. Will you thus break your faith ?

Lan. I pawn'd you none :
I promis'd you Redreſs of theſe ſame grievances,
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a moſt chriſtian care.
But for you, Rebels, look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heav'n, and not we, hath ſafely fought to day.
Some guard theſe traitors to the block of death,
Treaſon's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt*.

[*Alarm. Excurſions*.

SCENE VI.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Colevile.

Fal. What's your name, Sir ? of what condition are you ? and of what place, I pray ?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir : and my name is *Colevile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place, the dale. *Colevile* ſhall ſtill be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough : ſo ſhall you ſtill be *Colevile* of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Fal.

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, who e'er I am: do ye yield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I do ſweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rowze up fear and trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are Sir *John Falſtaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my name: an I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in *Europe:* my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Weſtmorland.

Lan. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now,
Call in the Pow'rs, good couſin *Weſtmorland.*
[*Exit* Weſt.
Now, *Falſtaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome Gallows' back.

Fal. I would be ſorry, my lord, but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I ſpeeded hither [7] with the very extreameſt inch of poſſibility. I have founder'd nine-ſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir *John Colevile* of the dale, a moſt furious Knight and valorous enemy: but what of that? he ſaw me and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome* there, *Cæſar,*———I came, ſaw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courteſie than your deſerving.

7 *with the very extreameſt inch of poſſibility.*] *i. e.* it was not poſſible, in the nature of things, to have got one inch further in the ſpace of time allowed me.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kiſſing my foot: to the which courſe if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear ſky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have Right, and let deſert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile?*

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous Rebel art thou, *Colevile.*

Fal. And a famous true Subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'ſt thy ſelf away *gratis*; and I thank thee for thee.

SCENE VII.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Lan. Now, have you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and execution ſtay'd.

Lan Send *Colevile* then with his Confederates
To *York*, to preſent execution.
Blunt, lead him hence; and ſee you guard him ſure.
[*Ex. with* Colevile.
And now diſpatch me tow'rd the Court, my lords;
I hear, the King, my father, is ſore ſick:
Our news ſhall go before us to his Majeſty,
Which, couſin, you ſhall bear to comfort him:
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Fal.

Fal. My lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through *Glo'ſterſhire*; and when you come to Court, 'pray, ſtand my good Lord in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falſtaff*; I, in my condition, Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded Boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it; it aſcends me into the brain, dries me there all the fooliſh, dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the blood; which before cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardiſe; but the Sherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little Kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty ſpirits muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who great, and puft up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of Sherris. So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing without ſack, for that ſets it a-work; and learning a meer hoard of gold kept by a devil, 'till Sack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good ſtore of fertil Sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a

thouſand ſons, the firſt humane principle I would teach them ſhould be to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph?*

Bard. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through *Glouceſterſhire*, and there will I viſit maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire, [8] I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Palace at Weſtminſter.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, *and* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry.* NOW, lords, if heav'n doth give ſucceſsful end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctify'd.
Our Navy is addreſs'd, our Pow'r collected,
Our Subſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lyes level to our wiſh:
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength:
And pauſe us, 'till theſe Rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of Government.

War. Both which, we doubt not, but your Majeſty Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. *Henry. Humphry*, my ſon of *Glouceſter*, Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at *Windſor.*

K. *Henry.* And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

K. *Henry.* Is not his brother, *Thomas* of *Clarence*, with him?

Glou. No, my good lord, he is in preſence here.

8 *I have him already tempering* &c.] A very pleaſant alluſion to the old uſe of ſealing with ſoft wax.

Cla.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. *Henry.* Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence.*

How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, *Thomas*;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will.
" For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd:
" He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
" Open as day, for melting charity:
" Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
" As humourous as winter, and as ſudden
" As flaws [9] congealed in the ſpring of day.
" His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd:
" Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
" When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
" But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
" 'Till that his paſſions, like a Whale on ground,
" Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends:
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united veſſel of their blood,
(Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in:)
Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong
As *Aconitum*, or [1] raſh gun-powder.

Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.

9 —— *congealed in the ſpring of day.*] Alluding to the opinion of ſome philoſophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is moſt intenſe towards the morning) and being afterwards rarified and let looſe by the warmth of the ſun, occaſion thoſe ſudden impetuous guſts of wind which are called *Flaws*. *Oxford Editor.*

1 —— Raſh *gun-powder.*] *i. e.* dry.

K. *Henry*. Why art thou not at *Windſor* with him, *Thomas?*

Cla. He is not there to day; he dines in *London*.

K. *Henry*. And how accompanied? canſt thou tell That?

Cla. With *Poins*, and other his continual followers.

K. *Henry*. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds:
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is over-ſpread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itſelf beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you ſhall look upon,
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his headſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,
Oh, with what wings ſhall his affection fly
Tow'rd fronting peril and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue; wherein to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The Prince will in the perfectneſs of time
Caſt off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his grace muſt mete the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. *Henry*. 'Tis ſeldom, when the Bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.——Who's here? *Weſtmorland*!

SCENE IX.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. Health to my Sovereign, and new happineſs
Added to That, which I am to deliver!
Prince *John*, your ſon, doth kiſs your Grace's hand:

Mowbray

Mowbray, the Bishop *Scroop*, *Hastings*, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your Law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive ev'ry where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
With every course, in his particular.

K. *Henry*. O *Westmorland*, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heav'n keep your Majesty:
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the lord *Bardolph*,
With a great Pow'r of *English* and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sh'riff of *Yorkshire* overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. *Henry*. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food;
(Such are the poor, in health or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; (such the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.)
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill!

Glou. Comfort your Majesty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, chear up your self, look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air, he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs;
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
[a] Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,

2 *Hath wrought the* mure, -] *i. e.* the wall. Mr. *Pope*.

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glou. [3] The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of Nature:
[4] The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great Grandsire *Edward* sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. *Henry.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
[5] Unless some doleing, favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the musick in the other room.

K. *Henry.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

SCENE X.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Who saw the Duke of *Clarence?*

Cla I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. *Henry.* How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the King?

Glou. Exceeding ill.

P. *Henry.* Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

3 *The people* fear *me*; ——] *i. e.* make me afraid; which sense the *Oxford Editor* not taking, alters it to *fear it.*

4 *The seasons change their* manners, — —] This is finely expressed; alluding to the terms of *rough* and *harsh*, and *mild* and *soft*, applied to weather.

5 *Unless some* DULL AND *favourable hand.*] Thus the old editions read it. Evidently corrupt. *Shakespear* seems to have wrote,

Unless some DOLEING *favourable hand.*

Doleing, i. e. a hand using soft melancholy airs.

Glou.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. *Henry.* If he be ſick with joy,
He'll recover without phyſick.
War. Not ſo much noiſe, my lords; ſweet Prince, ſpeak low;
The King, your father, is diſpos'd to ſleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't pleaſe your grace to go along with us?
P. *Henry.* No; I will ſit, and watch here by the King.
[*Exeunt all but P.* Henry.
Why doth the Crown lye there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed-fellow?
" O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
" That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
" To many a watchful night: ſleep with it now!
" Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
" As he, whoſe brow, with homely biggen bound,
" Snores out the watch of night. O Majeſty!
" When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
" Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
" That ſcalds with ſafety." By his gates of breath
There lyes a downy feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs Down
Perforce muſt move. My gracious lord! my father!
This ſleep is ſound, indeed; this is a ſleep,
6 That from this golden Rigol hath divorc'd
So many *Engliſh* Kings. Thy due from me
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteouſly.
My due from thee is this imperial Crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives it ſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,
Which heav'n ſhall guard: and put the world's whole ſtrength
Into one gyant arm, it ſhall not force
This lineal Honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

6 *That from this golden* Rigol] *Rigol* or circle; meaning the Crown. Mr. *Pope.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Warwick, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

K. *Henry Warwick! Glouceſter! Clarence!*

Cla. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majeſty? how fares your Grace?

K. *Henry.* Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege, Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.

K. *Henry.* The Prince of *Wales!* where is he? let me ſee him.

War. This door is open, he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd.

K. *Henry.* Where is the Crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. *Henry.* The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go ſeek him out.

Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep my death? find him, my lord of *Warwick*,
And chide him hither ſtraight; this part of his
Conjoins with my diſeaſe, and helps to end me.
See, ſons, what things you are! how quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object?
For this, the fooliſh over-careful fathers
Have broke their ſleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with induſtry: for this, engroſſed
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold:
For this, they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts and martial exerciſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r,
Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the Bees,
Are murder'd for our pains! this bitter taſte
Yield his engroſsments to the dying father.

Enter

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
'Till his friend, Sickneſs, hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quaft but blood,
Would by beholding him have waſh'd his knife
With gentle eye drops. He is coming hither.

K. *Henry.* But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry*;
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [*Exe. Lords.*

P. *Henry.* I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

K. *Henry.* Thy wiſh was father, *Harry*, to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty Chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my Honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the Greatneſs, that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n That, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation;
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not;
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my Grave thy ſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears, that ſhould bedew my herſe,
Be drops of balm to ſanctifie thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give That, which gave thee life, unto the worms.

Pluck

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, Vanity!
Down, royal State! All you ſage Counſellors, hence;
" And to the *Engliſh* Court aſſemble now,
" From ev'ry region, apes of Idleneſs:
" Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum;
" Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
" Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
" The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
" Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
7 [*England* ſhall double gild his treble Guilt;]
" *England* ſhall give him office, honour, might:
" For the Fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
" The muzzle of reſtraint; and the wild dog
" Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with Wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. *Henry* O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
(The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,)
I had fore-ſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your Crown;
And he that wears the Crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your Honour, and as your Renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.

7 England *ſhall double gild his treble Guilt*;] Evidently the nonſenſe of ſome foolish Player: For we muſt make a difference between what *Shakeſpear* might be ſuppos'd to have written off hand, and what he had corrected. Theſe ſcenes are of the latter kind; therefore ſuch lines are by no means to be eſteemed his. But except Mr. *Pope*, (who judiciouſly threw out this line) not one of *Shakeſpear*'s Editors ſeem ever to have had ſo reaſonable and neceſſary a rule in their heads, when they ſet upon correcting this author.

Heav'n

Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble Change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the Crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the Might of it;
Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. *Henry.* O my ſon!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, *Harry*, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel,
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I my ſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſate upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the ſoil of the atchievement goes

With

With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an Honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-shed,
[8] Wounding supposed peace. [9] All their bold feats,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered.
For all my reign hath been but as a Scene,
Acting that Argument: And now my death
[1] Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort;
[2] For thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
To be again displac'd: which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
[3] To lead our many to the Holy Land;
Lest Rest and lying still might make them look
Too near into my State. Therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign Quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
May waste the memory of former days.
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,

8 *Wounding* supposed *peace.*——] *Supposed*, for undermined.

9 —— *All* THESE *bold* FEARS,] We should certainly read,
—— *All* THEIR *bold* FEATS,
i. e. plots, commotions of conspirators.

1 *Charges the* mode;] *Mode*, here, does not signify fashion, but *time* and *measure* in singing, or the *pitch* in speaking: *Modus*, a word peculiar to the antient Drama: For the metaphor is continued from the words immediately preceding,
—— *as a Scene*,
Acting that Argument.——

2 So *thou the garland* ——] We should read, FOR *thou the garland* ——

3 *To lead* OUT *many to the Holy Land*;] As plausible as this reading is, it is corrupt. *Shakespear*, I think, wrote,
To lead OUR *many* —— *our many* or *meiny*, *i. e.* our people.

That

That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the Crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. *Henry.* My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my Poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world, will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Warwick.

K. *Henry.* Look, look, here comes my *John* of *Lancaſter.*

Lan. Health, peace and happineſs to my royal father!

K. *Henry.* Thou bring'ſt me happineſs and peace, ſon *John*;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd Trunk. Upon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.
Where is my lord of *Warwick?*

P. *Henry.* My lord of *Warwick.*——

K. *Henry.* Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jeruſalem,* my noble lord.

K. *Henry.* Laud be to God! even there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſy'd to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in *Jeruſalem:*
Which vainly I ſuppos'd the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lye:
In that *Jeruſalem* ſhall *Harry* die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Shallow's *Seat in* Glo'ſterſhire.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and* Page.

Shallow. BY cock and pye, Sir, you ſhall not away to night. What! *Davy,* I ſay——

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, maſter *Robert Shallow.*

Shal.

Shal. [1] I will not excuſe you; you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: you ſhall not be excus'd. Why, *Davy*, ———

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me ſee, *Davy*, let me ſee; yea, marry, *William* Cook, bid him come hither. ——Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: thoſe precepts cannot be ſerv'd; and, again, Sir, ſhall we ſow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, *Davy.* But, for *William* Cook, —— are there no young Pidgeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir —— Here is now the Smith's note for ſhoeing, and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt and paid ———Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of *William*'s wages about the ſack he loſt the other day at *Hinckly* Fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it. Some Pidgeons, *Davy*, a couple of ſhort-legg'd Hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws: tell *William* Cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*. I will uſe him well. A friend i' th' Court is better than a penny in purſe. Uſe his men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worſe than they are back-bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy buſineſs, *Davy*.

Davy. I beſeech you, Sir, to countenance *William Viſor* of *Woncot* againſt *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

[1] *I will not excuſe you*, &c.] The ſterility of Juſtice *Shallow*'s wit is admirably deſcribed, in thus making him, by one of the fineſt ſtrokes of nature, ſo often vary his phraſe, to expreſs one and the ſame thing, and that the commoneſt.

Shal.

Shal. There are many complaints, *Davy*, againſt that *Viſor*; that *Viſor* is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. "I grant your Worſhip, that he is a knave, "Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave ſhould "have ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An "honeſt man, Sir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when "a knave is not. I have ſerv'd your Worſhip truly, "Sir, theſe eight years: and if I cannot once or "twice in a quarter bear out a knave againſt an ho-"neſt man, I have but very little credit with your "Worſhip. The knave is mine honeſt friend, Sir, "therefore, I beſeech your Worſhip, let him be coun-"tenanc'd.

Shal. Go to, I ſay, he ſhall have no wrong: look about, *Davy*. Where are you, Sir *John?* come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, maſter *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind maſter *Bardolph*; and welcome, my tall fellow; [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir *John*.

Fal. I'll follow you, good maſter *Robert Shallow*. [*Exeunt* Shallow, Silence, *&c.*] *Bardolph*, look to our horſes.——If I were ſaw'd into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded-hermites-ſtaves as maſter *Shallow*. "It is a wonderful thing to ſee the "ſemblable coherence of his men's ſpirits and his: they, "by obſerving of him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh "juſtices; he, by converſing with them, is turn'd into "a juſtice-like ſervingman. Their ſpirits are ſo mar-"ried in conjunction, with the participation of ſociety, "that they flock together in conſent, like ſo many wild "Geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter *Shallow*, I would hu-"mour his men with the imputation of being near "their maſter: if to his men, I would curry with "maſter *Shallow*, that no man could better command "his ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe Bearing "or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, "one of another: therefore let men take heed of their "company." I will deviſe matter enough out of this

Shal-

Shallow to keep Prince *Henry* in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms or two actions, and he shall laugh without *Intervallums*. " O, it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a " jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never " had the ache in his shoulders." O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*within*] Sir *John*———

Fal. I come, master *Shallow*; I come, master *Shallow*. [*Exit* Falstaff.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court, in LONDON.

Enter the Earl of Warwick *and the Lord Chief Justice.*

War. HOW now, my lord Chief Justice, whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead?

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his Majesty had call'd me with him.
The service, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time:
Which cannot look more hideously on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantasie.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaster, Gloucester *and* Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead *Harry*:
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen:
How many Nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas, I fear, all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, cousin *Warwick*.

Glou.

Glou. Cla. Good-morrow, couſin.

Lan. We meet, like men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my lord, you've loſt a friend, indeed;
And I dare ſwear, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow; it is, ſure, your own.

Lan. Tho' no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwiſe.

Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak Sir *John Falſtaff* fair,
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality.

Ch. Juſt. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in Honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my ſoul;
And never ſhall you ſee, that I will beg
[2] A rated and foreſtall'd remiſſion.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

SCENE III.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Juſt. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty!

P. *Henry.* This new and gorgeous garment, Majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſy on me, as you think.
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear:
This is the *Engliſh*, not the *Turkiſh* Court;
Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* ſucceeds,
But *Harry, Harry.* Yet be ſad, good brothers,
For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,

2 *A* RAGGED *and foreſtall'd remiſſion.*] *Ragged* has no ſenſe here. We ſhould read,

A rated *and foreſtall'd remiſſion.* i. e. a remiſſion that muſt be ſought for, and bought with ſupplication.

And

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be ſad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by heav'n, I bid you be aſſur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too:
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep, that *Harry*'s dead; and ſo will I.
But *Harry* lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears
By number into hours of happineſs.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majeſty.

P. *Henry*. You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt,
You are, I think, aſſur'd, I love you not.

[*To the Ch. Juſt.*

Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

P. *Henry*. No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
Th' immediate heir of *England!* was this eaſie?
May this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th' adminiſtration of his Law,
While I was buſie for the Common-wealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my Place,
The Majeſty and Pow'r of Law and Juſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented;
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of Judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Son ſet your decrees at naught:
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench;
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon:
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your working in a ſecond body.
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;

Be-

Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon;
Hear your own dignity ſo much prophan'd;
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold your ſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r ſo ſilencing your ſon.
After this cold conſid'rance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeak in your State,
What I have done that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Liege's Sovereignty.

P. *Henry*. You are right Juſtice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword:
And I do wiſh, your Honours may increaſe,
'Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words;
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon;
And no leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
That would deliver up his Greatneſs ſo
Into the hand of juſtice.—You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With a like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound, as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents
To your well practis'd wiſe directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;
My father is gone wild into his Grave,
For in his tomb lye my affections;
And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. Tho' my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity 'till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the ſea,

Where

Where it ſhall mingle with [3] the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal Majeſty.
Now call we our high Court of Parliament;
And let us chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our State may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd nation;
That War or Peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.
[*To the Lord Chief Juſtice.*
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our State,
And (Heav'n conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten *Harry*'s happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Shallow's *Seat in* Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, *the Page, and* Davy.

Shal. NAY, you ſhall ſee mine orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a laſt year's pippin of my own graffing, with [4] a diſh of carraways, and ſo forth; come, couſin *Silence*; and then to bed.

3——— *the* ſtate *of floods,*] i. e. the *aſſembly*, or general meeting of the floods. For all rivers, running to the ſea, are there repreſented as holding their *ſeſſions*. This thought naturally introduced the following,

Now call we our high Court of Parliament.

But the *Oxford Editor* much a ſtranger to the phraſeology of that time in general, and to his author's in particular, out of mere loſs for his meaning reads it backwards,

——— - - *the floods of ſtate.*

4 *a diſh of carraways,*] A comfit or confection ſo called in our author's time. A paſſage in *De Vigneul Marville*'s *Melanges d' Hiſtoire et de Litt.* will explain this odd treat, *Dans le dernier ſiecle ou l'on avoit le goût delicat, on ne croioit pas pouvoir vivre ſans* Dragées. *Il n'etoit fils de bonne mere, qui n'eut ſon* Dragier: *et il eſt raporté dans l'hiſtoire du duc de* Guiſe, *que quand il fut tué à* Blois *il avoit ſon* Dragier *à la main.*

Fal.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beggars all, Sir *John*; marry, good air. Spread, *Davy*, ſpread, *Davy*; well ſaid, *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* ſerves you for good uſes; he is your ſervingman, and your huſbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir *John*. By th' Maſs, I have drank too much Sack at Supper. ——A good varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down: come, couſin.

Sil. Ah, ſirrah, quoth-a, [Singing.

We ſhall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praiſe heav'n for the merry year;
When fleſh is cheap and females dear,
And luſty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among, ſo merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good maſter *Silence*. I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Mr. *Bardolph* ſome wine, *Davy*.

Davy. Sweet Sir, ſit; I'll be with you anon; moſt ſweet Sir, ſit. Maſter Page, ſit: good maſter Page, ſit: proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you muſt bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, maſter *Bardolph*, and, my little ſoldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,*
For women are Shrews, both ſhort and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think, maſter *Silence* had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a diſh of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy, ——

Davy. Your Worſhip— I'll be with you ſtraight. A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A cup of wine,*
That's briſk and fine,

And

And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, maſter *Silence.*

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, maſter *Silence.*

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolph*, welcome; if thou want'ſt any thing and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome, indeed, too: I'll drink to maſter *Bardolph*, and [5] to all the cavileroes about *London.*

Davy. I hope to ſee *London*, ere I die.

Bard. If I might ſee you there, *Davy*, ——

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha, will you not, maſter *Bardolph?*

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee; the knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true-bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the Door.*

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight,* [6] Samingo. Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? why, then ſay, an old man can do ſomewhat.

5 *to all the* cavileroes *about* London.] *Les* Cavalieri Italiens, *que nous devons apeller, et que nos apellons effectivement* Cavaliers, *ne ſont pas des* Chevaliers *d' Ordre, mais ſeulement des perſonnes de diſtinction dans les Lettres ou dans les Arts. Par example, nous diſons* le cavalier Marin, *qui étoit un excellent poëte,* le Cavalier Bernin, *qui étoit un excellent architecte.* Melanges d' Hiſt. et Litt. par de Vig. Marville. vol. 3.

6 Samingo.] He means to ſay, *San Domingo.* *Oxford Editor.*

Davy.

Davy. If it pleaſe your Worſhip, there's one *Piſtol* come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court? let him come in.

SCENE V.

Enter Piſtol.

How now, *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Sir *John*, 'ſave you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Not the ill wind which blows no man good, ſweet Knight: thou art now one of the greateſt men in the Realm.

Sil. Indeed, I think he be, but goodman *Puff* of *Barſon*.

Piſt. *Puff?*

Puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant coward baſe!
Sir *John*, I am thy *Piſtol* and thy friend;
And helter ſkelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Piſt. A foutra for the world and worldlings baſe!
I ſpeak of *Africa* and golden joys.

Fal. *O baſe* Aſſyrian *Knight, what is thy news?*
7 *Let King* Cophetua *know the truth thereof.*

Sil. And *Robin-hood, Scarlet*, and *John*.

Piſt. Shall dunghil curs confront the *Helicons?*
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then *Piſtol* lay thy head in fury's lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. "If, Sir, you come "with news from the Court, I take it, there is but "two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them." I am, Sir, under the King, in ſome authority.

7 *Let King* Cophetua *&c.*] Lines taken from an old bombaſt play of *King Cophetua*: of whom, as we learn from *Shakeſpear*, there were ballads too.

Piſt. Under which King? [8] *Bezonian,* ſpeak or die.

Shal. Under King *Harry.*

Piſt. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth?

Piſt. A foutra for thine office!

Sir *John,* thy tender Lamb-kin now is King.
Harry the Fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth.
When *Piſtol* lies, do this, and fig me like
The bragging *Spaniard.*

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Piſt. As nail in door: the things I ſpeak are juſt.

Fal. Away, *Bardolph,* ſaddle my horſe. Maſter *Robert Shallow,* chuſe what office thou wilt in the Land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol,* I will double charge thee with Dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a Knighthood for my fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry maſter *Silence* to bed: maſter *Shallow,* my lord *Shallow,* be what thou wilt, I am fortune's Steward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, ſweet *Piſtol!* away, *Bardolph:* come, *Piſtol,* utter more to me; and withal deviſe ſomething to do thy ſelf good. Boot, boot, maſter *Shallow.* I know, the young King is ſick to ſee me. Let us take any man's horſes: the Laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and wo to my Lord Chief Juſtice!

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo!
[9] *Where is the life that late I led,* ſay they?
Why, here it is, welcome this pleaſant day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Street in LONDON.

Enter Hoſteſs Quickly, Doll Tear-ſheet *and Beadles.*

Hoſt. NO, thou arrant knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

8 *Bezonian,*] A vile or needy perſon. Mr. *Theobald.*

9 *Where is the life that late I led,*—] Words of an old ballad. *Bead.*

Bead. The conſtables have deliver'd her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut hook, nut-hook, you lie: come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe viſag'd raſcal, if the child, I go with, do miſcarry, thou hadſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that Sir *John* were come, he would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miſcarry.

Bead. If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of cuſhions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and *Piſtol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, [1] thou thin man in a Cenſer! I will have you as ſoundly ſwindg'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famiſh'd correctioner! if you be not ſwindg'd, I'll forſwear half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you ſhe-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O, that Right ſhould thus o'ercome Might! Well, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a Juſtice.

Hoſt. Yes, come, you ſtarv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones! ———

Hoſt. Thou Atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you raſcal!

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A publick place near Weſtminſter-*Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, ſtrewing ruſhes.

1 *Groom.* MORE ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 thou *thin man in a Cenſer!*] Theſe old Cenſers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of ſome ſaint raiſed up with the hammer, in a barbarous kind of imboſſed or chaſed work. The hunger-ſtarved Beadle is compared, in ſubſtance, to one of theſe thin raiſed figures, by the ſame kind of humour that *Piſtol*, in the *Merry Wives*, calls *Slender*, a *laten bilboe*.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the Coronation: dispatch, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, *and the Boy.*

Fal. Stand here by me, master *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Bless thy lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, *Pistol*, stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matter, this poor shew doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal It shews my earnestness of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*; for *absque hoc nihil est.* [2] 'Tis all in all, and all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.

Thy *Dol* and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
Is in base durance and contagious prison;

2 *'Tis all in every part.*] The sentence alluded to is, *'Tis all in all, and all in every part.*
And so doubtless it should be read. 'Tis a common way of expressing one's approbation of a right measure, to say, *'tis all in all.* To which this phantastic character adds, with some humour, *and all in every part:* which, both together, make up the philosophic sentence, and compleat the absurdity of *Pistol*'s phraseology.

Haul'd

Haul'd thither by mechanick dirty hands.
Rowze up Revenge from Ebon den, with fell *Alecto*'s
snake,
For *Dol* is in. *Piſtol* ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roar'd the ſea; and trumpet-clangour ſounds.

SCENE VIII.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter the King, and his train.

Fal. God ſave thy Grace, King *Hal*, my royal *Hal!*

Piſt. The heav'ns thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame!

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits? knew you, what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo profane;
But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy body, (hence!) and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing. [3] Know, the Grave doth gape

[3] —— *Know, the Grave doth gape*
For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;] Nature is highly touched in this paſſage. The king, having ſhaken off his vanities, ſchools his old companion for his follies with great ſeverity: he aſſumes the air of a preacher; bids him fall to his *prayers*, ſeek *grace*, and leave *gormandizing*. But that word unluckily preſenting him with a pleaſant idea, he cannot forbear purſuing it. *Know, the Grave doth gape for thee thrice wider*, &c. and is juſt falling back into *Hal*, by an humourous alluſion to *Falſtaff*'s bulk; but he perceives it immediately, and fearing Sir *John* ſhould take the advantage of it, checks both himſelf and the knight, with
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;
and ſo reſumes the thread of his diſcourſe, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great ſkill, and ſhews us how apt men are to fall back into their old cuſtoms, when the change is not made by degrees, and brought into a habit, but determined of at once on the motives of honour, intereſt or reaſon.

For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heav'n doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf,
So will I thoſe that kept me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
'Till then I baniſh thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the reſt of my miſ-leaders,
Not to come near our perſon by ten miles.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to Evil:
And as we hear you do reform your ſelves,
We will according to your ſtrengths and qualities
Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Ex. King*, &c.

SCENE IX.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir *John*, which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unleſs you give me your doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This, that you heard, was but a colour,——

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come, lieutenant *Piſtol*; come, *Bardolph*. I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Entſr

Enter Chief Juſtice and Prince John.

Ch. Juſt. Go, carry Sir *John Falſtaff* to the *Fleet*,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,———

Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak, I will hear you ſoon.
Take them away.

Piſt. Si fortuna me (*a*) *tormenta, il ſperare me contenta.*
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Lancaſter, *and Chief Juſtice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are baniſh'd, 'till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.

Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament, my lord.

Ch. Juſt. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords and native fire
As far as *France*. I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

[(*a*) —*tormenta, il ſperare me contenta.* Oxford Editor—Vulg. *tormento ſpera me contento.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sie; last, my speech. My fear is your displeasure; my court'sie, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt: but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you; if you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story with Sir John *in it, and make you merry with fair* Catharine *of* France; *where, for any thing I know,* Falstaff *shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions:* [1] *for* Oldcastle *died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.*

1 *for* Oldcastle *died a martyr,*] This alludes to a play in which Sir *John Oldcastle* was put for *Falstaff.* Mr. *Pope.*

THE

THE

LIFE

OF

HENRY V.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING Henry *the Fifth.*

Duke of Glouceſter,
Duke of Bedford, } *Brothers to the King.*
Duke of Clarence,

Duke of York,
Duke of Exeter, } *Uncles to the King.*

Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl of Weſtmorland.
Earl of Warwick.
Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Biſhop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,
Lord Scroop, } *Conſpirators againſt the King.*
Sir Thomas Grey,

Sir Thomas Erpingham,
Gower,
Fluellen,
Mackmorris, } *Officers in King* Henry's *Army.*
Jamy,

Nym,
Bardolph, } *Formerly Servants to* Falſtaff, *now Soldiers in the*
Piſtol, } *King's Army.*
Boy,

Bates,
Court, } *Soldiers.*
Williams,

Charles, *King of* France.
The Dauphin.
Duke of Burgundy.

Conſtable,
Orleans,
Rambures, } French *Lords.*
Bourbon,
Grandpree,

Governour of Harfleur.
Mountjoy, *a Herald.*
Ambaſſadors to the King of England.
Iſabel, *Queen of* France.
Catharine, *Daughter to the King of* France.
Alice, *a Lady attending on the Princeſs* Catharine.
Quickly, Piſtol's *Wife, an Heſteſs.*
CHORUS.

Lords, Meſſengers, French *and* Engliſh *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *at the beginning of the Play, lies in* England; *but afterwards, wholly in* France.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

" 1 O *For a Muſe of fire, that would aſcend*
" *The brighteſt heaven of invention!*
" *A kingdom for a ſtage, Princes to act,*
" *And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!*
" *Then ſhould the warlike* Harry, *like himſelf,*
" *Aſſume the port of* Mars; *and, at his heels,*
" *(Leaſht in, like hounds,) ſhould famine, ſword and fire*
" *Crouch for employment. Pardon, gentles all,*
The flat unraiſed ſpirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy ſcaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
The vaſty field of France? *or may we cram,*
Within this wooden O, " *the very caſkes*
" *That did affright the air, at* Agincourt?
O, pardon; ſince a crooked figure may
Atteſt in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppoſe within the girdle of theſe walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
" 2 *Whoſe high up-reared, and abutting fronts*
" *Perillous, the narrow ocean parts aſunder.*

1 *O for a Muſe of fire,* &c.] This goes upon the notion of the Peripatetic Syſtem, which imagines ſeveral Heavens one above another; the laſt and higheſt of which was one of fire.

2 *Whoſe high up-reared, and abutting fronts,*
THE PERILLOUS *narrow ocean parts aſunder.*] Without doubt the author wrote,
Whoſe high up-reared, and abutting fronts
PERILLOUS, THE *narrow ocean parts aſunder;*
for his purpoſe is to ſhew, that the higheſt danger ariſes from the ſhock of their meeting; and that it is but a little thing which keeps them aſunder. This ſenſe my emendation gives us, as the common reading gives us a contrary; for thoſe whom a *perillous ocean parts aſunder,* are in no danger of meeting.

Piece

PROLOGUE.

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts :
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance :
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here, and there ; jumping o'er times ;
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour glass : for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus *to this history ;*
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our Play.

The

[1] The LIFE of King *HENRY* V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antechamber *in the* Engliſh *Court, at* Kenilworth.

Enter the Arch-biſhop of Canterbury, *and* Biſhop *of* Ely.

[2] *Arch-biſhop of* CANTERBURY.

MY lord, I'll tell you; that ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which, in th' eleventh year o' th' laſt King's reign,
Was like, and had, indeed againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of further queſtion.

Ely. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſion:

1 *The life of* Henry V.] This play was writ (as appears from a paſſage in the chorus to the fifth act) at the time of the Earl of *Eſſex*'s commanding the forces in *Ireland* in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, and not till after *Henry* the VIth had been played, as may be ſeen by the concluſion of this play. Mr. *Pope*.

2 *Arch-biſhop of* Canterbury.] This firſt ſcene was added ſince the edition of 1608, which is much ſhort of the preſent editions, wherein the ſpeeches are generally enlarg'd and raiſed: Several whole ſcenes beſides, and all the chorus's alſo, were ſince added by *Shakeſpear*. Mr. *Pope*.

For

For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen Earls and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to relief of lazars, and weak age
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the coffers of the King, beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not;
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
" Conſideration, like an angel, came,
" And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him;
" Leaving his Body as a Paradiſe,
" T'invelope and contain celeſtial ſpirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
With ſuch a heady current, ſcow'ring faults:
Nor ever *Hydra*-headed wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this King.

Ely. We're bleſſed in the change.

Cant. [3] Hear him but reaſon in divinity,

3 *Hear him but reaſon in divinity*, &c.] This ſpeech ſeems to have been copied from King *James*'s prelates, ſpeaking of their *Solomon*; when Archbiſhop *Whitgift*, who, as an eminent writer ſays, *died ſoon afterwards, and probably doated then*, at the *Hampton-Court* conference, declared himſelf *verily perſuaded, that his* ſacred *Majeſty ſpake by the Spirit of God.* And, in effect, this ſcene was added after King *James*'s acceſſion to the crown: So that we have no way of avoiding its being eſteemed a compliment to *him*, but by ſuppoſing it was a ſatire on *his biſhops*.

And

And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of common wealth affairs,
You'd say, it hath been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in musick.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The *Gordian* knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honied sentences:
So that the *(a)* Act, and practic part of life,
Must be the mistress to this theorique:
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholsom berries thrive, and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill,
Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or rather swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibiters against us.
For I have made an offer to his Majesty,

[*(a) Act*, Mr *Theobald*. —— Vulg. *Art*.]

Upon

Upon our ſpiritual Convocation;
And in regard of cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater Sum,
Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his Grace would fain have done)
The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages
Of his true titles to ſome certain Dukedoms,
And, generally, to the Crown of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward* his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment, that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* Ambaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embaſſie:
Which I could with a ready gueſs declare,
Before the *Frenchman* ſpeaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Opens to the Preſence.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmorland, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* WHERE is my gracious lord of *Canterbury?*

Exe. Not here in preſence.

K. *Henry.* Send for him, good uncle.

Weſt. [4] Shall we call in th' ambaſſador, my Liege?

K. *Henry.* Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
[5] That taſk our thoughts, concerning us and *France*,

4. *Shall we call in*, &c.] Here began the old play. Mr. *Pope*.
5. *That* taſk *our thoughts*, ——] *Taſk*, for employ ſimply.

Enter

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. *Henry.* Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And, God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul
With opening titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth.
For, God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed, [6] how you impawn our perſon;
How you awake our ſleeping ſword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed.
For never two ſuch kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrong gives edge unto the ſwords,
That make ſuch waſte in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, ſpeak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſht,
As pure as ſin with baptiſm.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you Peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and ſervices,
To this imperial throne. [7] There is no bar

6 —— *how you* impawn *our perſon*;] *Impawn*, for engage ſimply.

7 —— *There is no bar*, &c.] This whole ſpeech is copied (in a manner *verbatim*) from *Hall*'s Chronicle, *Henry* V, *year the ſecond, folio* 4. xx, xxx, xl, *&c.* In the firſt edition it is very imperfect, and the whole hiſtory and names of the princes are confounded; but this was afterwards ſet right, and corrected from his original, Hall's *Chronicle*. Mr. *Pope*.

To

To make againſt your Highneſs' claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*;
In terram Salicam *Mulieres nè ſuccedant*;
No Woman ſhall ſucceed in Salike *land*:
Which *Salike* land the *French* unjuſtly gloze
To be the realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land *Salike* lies in *Germany*,
Between the floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*:
Where *Charles* the great, having ſubdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and ſettled certain *French*:
Who, holding in diſdain the *German* women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſht then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in *Salike* land:
Which *Salike*, as I ſaid, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meiſen*.
Thus doth it well appear, the *Salike* law
Was not deviſed for the realm of *France*;
Nor did the *French* poſſeſs the *Salike* land,
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
(Idly ſuppos'd the founder of this law;)
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty ſix; and *Charles* the great
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did ſeat the *French*
Beyond the river *Sala* in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their writers ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerick*,
Did as heir general (being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to King *Clothair*)
Make claim and title to the Crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurp'd the Crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, ſole heir male
Of the true line and ſtock of *Charles* the great,
[8] To fine his title with ſome ſhews of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught)
Convey'd himſelf as heir to th' lady *Lingare*,

8 *To* fine *his title* ——] *i. e.* refine, purify.

Daugh-

Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the ſon
To *Lewis* th' Emperor, which was the ſon
Of *Charles* the Great. Alſo King [9] *Lewis* the ninth,
Who was ſole heir to the uſurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the Crown of *France*, 'till ſatisfy'd
That fair Queen *Iſabel*, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady *Ermengere*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of *Lorain*:
By the which match the line of *Charles* the great
Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.
So that, as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King *Pepin*'s title, and *Hugh Capet*'s claim,
[1] King *Lewis* his Poſſeſſion, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the Kings of *France* until this day:
Howbeit they would hold up this *Salike* law,
To bar your Highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chuſe to hide them in a net,
[2] Than amply to imbare their crooked tit'es,
Uſurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. *Henry*. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread Sovereign!
For in the book of *Numbers* it is writ,
[3] When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the Daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag:
Look back into your mighty anceſtors;
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle *Edward* the black Prince;
Who on the *French* ground play'd a Tragedy,

9——— Lewis *the ninth*,] *tenth*. See *Hall*, *loc. cit.* Mr. *Pope*.

1 *King* Lewis *his* Poſſeſſion.——] Satisfaction. See *Hall*, *loc. cit.* Mr. *Pope*.

2 *Than openly to imbrace*,——] The two old Folios read, *Than arely to imbarre*. Hence it appears we ſhould read, *Than amply to* IMBARE, *i. e.* lay open, make naked, expoſe to view.

3 *When the ſon dies*.] Man. See *Hall*, *loc. cit.* Mr. *Pope*.

Making

Making defeat on the full pow'r of *France*;
While his moſt mighty Father, on a hill,
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lion's whelp
Forage in blood of *French* Nobility.
O noble *Engliſh*, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pow'r of *France*;
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, [4] and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats!
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice puiſſant Liege
Is in the very *May* morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterpriſes.

Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you ſhould rouze your ſelf;
As did the former Lions of your blood.

Weſt. [5] They know, your Race had cauſe, and means, and might:
So hath your Highneſs; never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal ſubjects;
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in *England*,
And lie pavilion'd in the field of *France*.
[6] O let their bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With blood and ſword, and fire, to win your right.

Cant. In aid whereof, we of the Spiritualty
Will raiſe your Highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the Clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.

4 —— *and* cold for action!] Not indifferent to the work, but cold for want of being employed in it.

5 *They know your* GRACE HATH *cauſe, and means, and might,*
So hath your Highneſs, —] We ſhould read,
—— *your* RACE HAD *cauſe,* ——
which is carrying on the ſenſe of the concluding words of *Exeter*.
As did the former Lions of your blood.
meaning *Edward* III, and the Black Prince.

6 *O, let their bodies follow,* &c.] Theſe two lines, with a high indecorum, are given to the Archbiſhop: but they belong to *Weſtmorland*, and *Canterbury* begins,
In aid whereof, we of the Spiritualty, &c.

K. *Henry*.

K. *Henry*. We must not only arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the *Scot*, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those Marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our Inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. *Henry*. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:
For, you shall read, that my great grandfather
7 Ne'er went with his full forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his unfurnisht kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays;
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That *England*, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled, at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege;
8 For hear her best exampled by her self;
When all her chivalry hath been in *France*,
And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her self not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of *Scots*; whom she did send to *France*,
To fill King *Edward*'s fame with prisoner Kings;
9 And make his chronicle as rich with prize,

As

7 Never went with his *forces into* France.] *Shakespear* wrote the line thus,

Ne'er went with his FULL *forces into* France.

The following expressions of *unfurnisht kingdom*, *gleaned land*, and *empty of defence* shew this.

8 *For hear her* BUT *exampled by herself*;] We should read,

For hear her BEST *exampled* ——

i. e. her own history will be our best instruction in this point.

9 *And make his chronicle as rich with* PRAISE,] He is speaking of King *Edward*'s prisoners; so that it appears *Shakespear* wrote,

—— *as*

As is the ouzy bottom of the Sea
With ſunken wreck and ſumleſs treaſuries.

1 *Exe.* But there's a ſaying very old and true,

2 *If that you will* France *win, then with* Scotland *firſt begin.*

For once the Eagle *England* being in prey,
To her unguarded neſt the Weazel, *Scot*,
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs;
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To *(a)* taint, and havock, more than ſhe can eat.

Ely. It follows then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,

3 Yet that is but a 'scus'd neceſſity;
Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' adviſed head defends itſelf at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent;
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like muſick.

Cant. Therefore heaven doth divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,

——— *as rich with* PRIZE,

i. e. captures, booty. Without this, there is neither beauty nor likeneſs in the ſimilitude.

1 Ely. *But there's a ſaying,* &c.] This ſpeech, which is diſſuaſive of the war with *France*, is abſurdly given to one of the churchmen in confederacy to puſh the King upon it, as appears by the firſt ſcene of this act. Beſides the poet had here an eye to *Hall*, who gives this obſervation to the Duke of *Exeter*. But the editors have made *Ely* and *Exeter* change ſides, and ſpeak one another's ſpeeches; for this, which is given to *Ely*, is *Exeter*'s; and the following given to *Exeter*, is *Ely*'s.

2 *If that you will* France *win.* &c.] *Hall*'s Chronicle. *Hen.* V. year 2. fol. 7. p. 2. x. Mr. *Pope.*

3 *Yet that is but a* curs'd *neceſſity*;] So the old Quarto. The Folios read *cruſh'd*: neither of the words are pertinent. 'Tis *Exeter*'s buſineſs to ſhew there is no unavoidable neceſſity of ſtaying at home. We muſt read therefore,

——— *a* 'SCUS'D *neceſſity*;

i. e. a neceſſity that may be excuſed; but a ſeeming neceſſity, not a real one.

[*(a) taint.* Mr. *Theobald.*—Vulg. *tear.*]

Setting

Setting endeavour in continual motion:
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey Bees;
4 Creatures, that by a ruling nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a King, and officers of sort;
" Where some, like magistrates, correct at home:
" 5 Others, like merchant-venturers, trade abroad;
" Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
" Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds:
" Which pillage they with merry march bring home
" To the rent-royal of their Emperor:
" Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
" The singing mason building roofs of gold;
" 6 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
" The poor mechanick porters crowding in
" Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:
" The sad ey'd Justice with his surly hum,
" Delivering o'er to executors pale
" The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one town;

4 *Creatures, that by a* RULE IN NATURE *teach*] The editors have made the poet say the direct contrary to what he intended. He would say, that the *bees instinctively teach*; they say, that *bees act by a rule in nature*. We should read,

Creatures, that by a RULING NATURE *teach*

i.e. by a governing nature. And this the argument requires. For if bees did it by a *ruling nature*, it is reason we should imitate them; not so, if only by a *rule in nature*; for all animals are not to go by one and the same rule.

5 *Others, like merchants,* VENTURE *trade abroad*;] What is the venturing trade? I am persuaded we should read and point it thus,

Others, like merchant-venturers, *trade abroad.*

6 *The civil citizens* KNEADING *up the honey*;] This may possibly be right; but I rather think that *Shakespear* wrote HEADING *up the honey*; alluding to the putting up merchandise in casks. And this is in fact the case. The honey being *headed* up in separate and distinct cells by a thin membrane of wax drawn over the mouth of each of them, to hinder the liquid matter from running out.

As

As many freſh ſtreams meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many lines cloſe in the dial's center;
So may a thouſand actions, 't once a-foot,
End in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege.
Divide your happy *England* into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into *France*;
And you withal ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake:
If we, with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policy.

K. *Henry*. Call in the meſſengers ſent from the *Dauphin*.

Now are we well reſolv'd; and by God's help
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. There we'll ſit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er *France*, and all her almoſt kingly Dukedoms;
Or lay theſe bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them.
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,
Like *Turkiſh* mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth;
Not worſhipt with a waxen epitaph.

SCENE III.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin *Dauphin*; for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:

7 *So may a thouſand actions*, ONCE *a-foot*,] The ſpeaker is endeavouring to ſhew, that the ſtate is able to execute many projected actions at once, and conduct them all to their completion, without impeding or joſtling one another in their courſe. *Shakeſpear*, therefore, muſt have wrote, *'t once a foot*, *i. e.* at once: or, on foot together.

Or

Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
The *Dauphin*'s meaning, and our embaſſie?
K. *Henry*. We are no tyrant, but a chriſtian King,
[8] Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our priſons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the *Dauphin*'s mind.
Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your Highneſs, lately ſending into *France*,
Did claim ſome certain Dukedoms in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, *Edward* the third.
In anſwer of which claim, the Prince our maſter
Says, that you ſavour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd: there's nought in *France*,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms there:
He therefore ſends you (meeter for your ſpirit)
This tun of treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you, let the Dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* ſpeaks.
K. *Henry*. What treaſure, uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.
K. *Henry*. We're glad, the *Dauphin* is ſo pleaſant with us.
His preſent, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to theſe balls,
We will in *France*, by God's grace, play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his father's Crown into the hazard.
Tell him, h'ath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* will be diſturb'd
With chaces. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days;
Not meaſuring, what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of *England*,
[9] And therefore, living hence, did give our ſelf
To barb'rous licence; as 'tis ever common,

8 *Unto* whoſe grace ——] *i. e.* the chriſtian grace.

9 *And therefore, living* hence, ——] This expreſſion has ſtrength and energy: He never valued *England*, and therefore lived *hence*, i. e. as if abſent from it. But the *Oxford Editor* alters *hence* to *here*.

That men are merrieſt, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſail of Greatneſs;
When I do rowze me in my throne of *France*.
For that I have laid by my Majeſty,
And plodded like a man of working days;
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of *France*;
Yea, ſtrike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
And tell the pleaſant Prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-ſtones; and his ſoul
Shall ſtand ſore charged for the waſteful vengeance
That ſhall fly with them: many thouſand widows,
Shall this his Mock mock out of their dear huſbands;
Mock mothers from their ſons, mock caſtles down:
And ſome are yet ungotten and unborn,
That ſhall have cauſe to curſe the *Dauphin*'s ſcorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whoſe name,
Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on
To venge me as I may; and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the *Dauphin*,
His jeſt will ſavour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weep, more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with ſafe conduct. Fare ye well.
[*Exeunt Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. This was a merry meſſage.

K. *Henry*. We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it:
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thoughts in us but *France*,
Save thoſe to God, that run before our buſineſs.
Therefore, let our proportions for theſe wars
Be ſoon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſs add
More feathers to our wings: for, God before,
We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now taſk his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[1]SCENE IV.

Before QUICKLY's *House in* Eastcheap.

Enter Corporal Nim, *and Lieutenant* Bardolph.

Bard. WELL met, Corporal *Nim.*

Nim. Good-morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph.*

Bard. What, are Ancient *Pistol* and you friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be. [2*smiles*] But that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron; it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to *France:* let it be so, good corporal *Nim.*

Nim. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say, knives have edges:

1 SCENE IV.] Between this and the foregoing scene, in all the editions hitherto, is inserted the chorus which I have postponed. That chorus manifestly is intended to advertise the spectators of the change of the scene to *Southampton*, and therefore ought to be placed just before that change, and not here, where the scene is still continued in *London*. Mr. *Pope*.

2 *there shall be* smiles] I suspect *smiles* to be a marginal direction crept into the text. It is natural for a man, when he threatens, to break off abruptly, and conclude, *But that shall be as it may*. But this fantastical fellow is made to smile disdainfully, while he threatens; which circumstance was marked for the player's direction in the margin.

it must be as it may; tho' patience be a tir'd *(a)* Dame, yet she will plod; there must be conclusions; well, I cannot tell, ———

Enter Pistol *and* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient *Pistol* and his wife; good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host *Pistol?*

Pist. Base tyke, call'st thou me host? now by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term; nor shall my *Nel* keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. O well-a-day lady, if he be not *(b)* drawn! Now we shall see wilful adultery, and murther committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Pish! ———

Pist. Pish for thee, *Island* dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of *Island.*

Quick. Good corporal *Nim,* shew thy valour and put up thy sword.

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus.*

Pist. Solus, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face,
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs; yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth.
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and *Pistol*'s cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbason,* you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, *Pistol,* I will scour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

[*(a) Dame.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *Name.*]
[*(b) drawn.* Mr *Theobald.* —Vulg. *beaun.*]

Pist.

Piſt. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doating death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me, what I ſay: he that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An Oath of mickle might; and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Piſt. *Coupe à gorge*, that is the word. I defie thee again.
O hound of *Crete*, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No, to the ſpittle go.
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar Kite of *Creſſid*'s kind,
Dol Tear-ſheet, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe.
I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly*
For th' only ſhe; and *pauca*, there's enough; go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt *Piſtol*, you muſt come to my maſter, and your hoſteſs: he is very ſick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy noſe between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a pudding one of theſe days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good huſband, come home preſently. [*Exit* Quick.

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? we muſt to *France* together: why the devil ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Piſt. Let floods o'erſwell, and fiends for food howl on!———

Nim. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings, I won of you at betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the ſlave, that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound, puſh home.

[*Draw.*

Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'll kill him; by this ſword, I will.

Piſt. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bard. Corporal *Nim*, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too; pr'ythee, put up.

Piſt. A noble ſhalt thou have and preſent pay;
And liquor likewiſe will I give to thee;
And friendſhip ſhall combine and brotherhood.
I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* ſhall live by me.
Is not this juſt? for I ſhall Suttler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nim. I ſhall have my noble?

Piſt. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir *John:* ah, poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. Nim, thou haſt ſpoken the right, his heart is fractied and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours and careers.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight; for, lambkins! we will live. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. NOW all the youth of *England* are on fire,
And ſilken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now

ACT II. SCENE I.] I have divided the acts of this play differently from all the editions, by beginning here the ſecond act, w hereby

Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man.
They ſell the paſture now, to buy the horſe;
Following the mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heels, as *Engliſh Mercuries.*
" [2] For now ſits Expectation in the air,
" And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point
" With Crowns imperial; Crowns, and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers.
The *French*, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the *Engliſh* purpoſes.
O *England!* model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out;
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills
With treach'rous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, and the ſecond,
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and the third,
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of *Northumberland*,
Have for the gilt of *France* (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearful *France:*
And by their hands [3] this grace of Kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,

whereby each throughout the play begins with a chorus regularly; whereas before, this chorus was ſtuck into a place where it interrupted the continuance of the ſcene, and for want of this diviſion, they were forced to ſplit the one day's battle at *Agincourt* into two acts, namely the third and fourth. See the note on Act IV. Scene 13.

2 *For now ſits Expectation in the air,*
And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point
With Crowns imperial; &c.] The imagery is wonderfully fine, and the thought exquiſite. *Expectation ſitting in the air* deſigns the height of their ambition; and the *Sword hid from the hilt to the point with Crowns and Coronets*, that all ſentiments of danger were loſt in the thoughts of glory.

3 —— *this grace of Kings* ——] i. e. he who does greateſt honour to the title. By the ſame kind of phraſeology the uſurper in *Hamlet* call'd the *Vice of Kings*. i. e. the opprobrium of them.

Ere he take ſhip for *France*; and in *Southampton*.
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
Th' abuſe of diſtance, 4 while we force a play.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from *London*, and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to *Southampton*:
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit;
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back; charming the narrow ſeas
To give you gentle paſs: for if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto *Southampton* do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Weſtmorland.

Bed. 'FORE God, his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſate,
Crowned with faith and conſtant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he ſhould for a foreign purſe ſo ſell
His Sovereign's life to death and treachery!

[*Trumpets ſound.*

4—*while we* FORCE *a play.*] This may be right; but I rather believe *Shakeſpear* wrote, FARCE *a play, i. e.* ſtuff it, ſwell it out; as the word *farce* from *fartum*, *forced-meat* (now applied to theatrical repreſentations) then ſignified; and the metaphor agrees to what went before, of *well digeſting th' abuſe of diſtance*. Perhaps it may here mean, ſtuff a great deal in a little compaſs, ſomething like the apology he makes in the prologue, and in the chorus to the fifth act. He uſes this word in the ſame ſenſe, Act IV. Scene V. *The* farſed *title running 'fore the King.*

Enter

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, *and Attendants.*

K. *Henry.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of *Cambridge*, and my lord of *Masham*,
And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the Pow'rs, we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of *France*;
Doing the execution and the act
[5] For which we have in aid assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each man do his best.

K. *Henry.* I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours:
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your Majesty; there's not a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True; those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steept their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. *Henry.* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
[6] Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. " So service shall with steeled sinews toil;
" And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.

K. *Henry.* We judge no less. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

5 *For which we have* IN HEAD *assembled them?*] This is not an *English* phraseology. I am persuaded *Shakespear* wrote,

For which we have IN AID *assembled them?*

alluding to the tenures of those times.

6 *Sooner than* quittance——] *i. e.* requital.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd, Sovereign, leſt example
Breed (by his ſuff'rance) more of ſuch a kind.

K. *Henry.* O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highneſs, and yet puniſh too.

Grey. You ſhew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.

K. *Henry.* Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch.
If little faults, [7] proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd and digeſted,
Appear before us? we'll yet enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Grey*, in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. Now to our *French* cauſes;
Who are the late Commiſſioners?

Cam. I one, my lord.
Your Highneſs bad me aſk for it to day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.

Grey. And I, my Sovereign.

K. *Henry.* Then *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours, lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*; and Sir Knight,
Grey of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours;
Read them, and know, I know your worthineſs.
My lord of *Weſtmorland* and uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to night. Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion? look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded, and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. *Henry.* The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare for ſhame to talk of mercy;

7 —— *proceeding on* diſtemper,] *i. e.* ſudden paſſions.

For

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
These *English* monsters! my lord *Cambridge* here,
You know, how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of *France*
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
What shall I say to thee, lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use:
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange
That though the truth of it stand off as gross
8 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
9 Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoak-devils sworn to either's purpose:
1 Working so grossly in a natural cause,
2 That admiration did not whoop at them.
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason, and on murther:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so prepost'rously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that suggest by-treasons,

8 *As black* AND *white*—] I rather think *Shakespear* wrote, *as black* FROM *white*.

9 *Treason and murder*———] What follows to the end of this speech is additional since the first edition. Mr. *Pope*.

1 *Working so grossly*———] *Grossly for commonly*, which the *Oxford Editor* not understanding, alters to *closely*.

2 *That admiration did not* whoop *at them*.] *Whoop*, of which the author makes a verb, is a *note* of *admiration*.

Do

Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetcht
From glift'ring semblances of piety:
But he, that temper'd thee, bad thee stand up;
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same Dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lion-gate walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty *Tartar* back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A soul so easy as that *Englishman*'s.
Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why so didst thou: or seem they grave and learned?
Why so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd [3] in modest compliment,
[4] Not working with the ear, but with the eye,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such [5] and so finely boulted didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
[6] To mark the full-fraught man, the best endu'd,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man———Their faults are open;

3 —— *in modest* compliment,] *i. e.* fulness.

4 *Not working with the* eye without the ear,] He is here giving the character of a compleat gentleman, and says, he did not *trust his eye without the confirmation of his ear.* But when men have eye-sight-proof, they think they have sufficient evidence, and don't stay for the confirmation of an hear-say. Prudent men, on the contrary, won't trust the credit of the ear, till it be confirmed by the demonstration of the eye. And this is that conduct for which the king would here commend him. So that we must read,

Not working with the ear, but with the eye.

5 —*and so finely* boulted *didst thou seem.*] i. e. refined or purged from all faults. Mr. *Pope.*

6 *To* MAKE *the full-fraught man,*—] We should read,

To MARK *the full-fraught man.* i. e. *marked* by the *blot* he speaks of in the preceding line.

Ar-

Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Henry* Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beſeech your Highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Camb. For me, the gold of *France* did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The ſooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſuff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beſeeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.

K. *Henry.* God quit you in his mercy! hear your ſentence;
You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon,
7 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into deſolation.
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
(Poor miſerable wretches) to your death;
The taſte whereof God of his mercy give

7 *Join'd with an enemy*, &c.] This ſpeech alſo has been enlarg'd by the author. Mr. *Pope.*

You

You patience to endure, and true Repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
Now, lords, for *France*; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not,
But every rub is smoothed in our way;
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance;
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Quickly's *House in* Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Nim, Bardolph, *Boy and* Quickly.

Quick. PR'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

Pist. No, for my manly heart doth yern.
Bardolph, be blith: *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for *Falstaff* he is dead,
And we must yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur*'s bosom, if ever man went to *Arthur*'s bosom. He made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' th' tide: For after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; 9 for his nose was as sharp as a pen. How now, Sir

9 *for his nose was as sharp as a pen*, and a table of green-fields.] These words, *and a table of green-fields*, are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonsense got into all the following editions by a pleasant mistake of the stage-editors, who printed from the common piece-meal-written parts in the play-house. A table was here directed to be brought in (it being a scene

Sir *John?* quoth I: what, man? be of good cheer: ſo a' cried out, God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, a' ſhou'd not think of God; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a' bad me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and upward, and all was cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay, he cried out of Sack.

Quick. Ay, and that a' did.

Boy. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that he did; and ſaid they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He ſaid once, the deule would have him about women.

Quick. He did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatick, and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon.*

Boy. Do you not remember, he ſaw a Flea ſtick upon *Bardolph*'s noſe, and ſaid, it was a black ſoul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nim. Shall we ſhogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton.*

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips: Look to my chattels, and my moveables;

ſcene in a tavern where they drink at parting) and this direction crept into the text from the margin. *Greenfield* was the name of the property-man in that time who furniſh'd implements, *&c.* for the actors. *A table of* Greenfield's. Mr. *Pope.*

So reaſonable an account of this blunder Mr. *Theobald* would not acquieſce in. He thought a table of *Greenfield*'s part of the text, only corrupted, and that it ſhould be read, *he babled of greenfields*, becauſe men do ſo in the ravings of a calenture. But he did not conſider how ill this agrees with the nature of the Knight's illneſs, who was now in no *babling* humour: and ſo far from wanting cooling in *green fields*, that his feet were cold, and he juſt expiring.

Let

Let ſenſes rule; the word is, pitch and pay;
Truſt none, for oaths are ſtraws; men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog, my Duck,
Therefore *Caveto* be thy counſellor.
Go, clear thy cryſtals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to *France*; like Horſe-leeches, my boys;
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholeſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth and march.

Bard. Farewel, hoſteſs.

Nim. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Piſt. Let houſewifery appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the French *King's Palace.*

Enter the French *King, the Dauphin, the Duke of* Burgundy, *and the Conſtable.*

Fr. King. THUS come the *Engliſh* with full power upon us,
[1] And more than careleſly it us concerns
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry*, and of *Britain*,
Of *Brabant* and of *Orleans*, ſhall make forth,
And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all ſwift diſpatch;
To line and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For *England* his Approaches makes as fierce,

1 *And more than* CAREFULLY *it us concerns.*] This was a buſineſs indeed, that required more than care to diſcharge it. I am perſuaded *Shakeſpear* wrote,

more than CARELESLY.

The King is ſuppoſed to hint here at the Dauphin's wanton affront in ſending over tennis-balls to *Henry:* which, ariſing from over-great confidence of their own power, or contempt of their enemies, would naturally breed *careleſneſs.*

As waters to the ſucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples,
Left by the fatal and neglected *Engliſh*
Upon our fields.

Dau. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace it ſelf ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in queſtion)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of *France:*
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that *England*
Were buſied with a *Whitſon* morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne,
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince *Dauphin!*
[2] You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late ambaſſadors,
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſie;
How well ſupply'd with noble counſellors,
How modeſt in exception, and withal
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
[3] Were but the out-ſide of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering

[2] *You are too much miſtaken in this King:* &c.] This part much enlarg'd ſince the firſt writing. Mr. *Pope.*

[3] *Were but the out-ſide of the* Roman Brutus.] *Shakeſpear* not having given us, in the firſt or ſecond part of *Henry* IV. or in any other place but this, the remoteſt hint of the circumſtance here alluded to, the compariſon muſt needs be a little obſcure to thoſe who don't know or reflect that ſome hiſtorians have told us, that *Henry* IV. had entertained a deep jealouſy of his ſon's aſpiring ſuperior genius. Therefore to prevent all umbrage, the prince withdrew from publick affairs, and amuſed himſelf in conſorting with a diſſolute crew of robbers. It ſeems to me, that *Shakeſpear* was ignorant of this circumſtance when he wrote the two parts of *Henry*

Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
" As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots,
" That shall first spring and be most delicate."

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable.
But tho' we think it so, it is no matter :
In causes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems ;
So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* strong ;
And, Princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
4 That hunted us in our familiar paths :
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When *Cressy*-battle fatally was struck ;
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, *Edward* black Prince of *Wales* :
5 While that his mounting fire, on mountain standing,
[6 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,]
Saw his heroick seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature : and deface
The patterns, that by God and by *French* fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
The native mightiness 7 and fate of him.

Enter

Henry IV. for it might have been so managed as to have given new beauties to the character of *Hal*, and great improvements to the plot. And with regard to these matters, *Shakespear* generally tells us all he knew, and as soon as he knew it.

4 *That* HAUNTED *us.*—] We should assuredly read HUNTED : the integrity of the metaphor requires it. So, soon after, the king says again,

You see this Chase is hotly followed.

5 *While that his* MOUNTAIN *fire, on mountain standing,*] We should read, MOUNTING, ambitious, aspiring.

6 *Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,*] A nonsensical line of some player.

7 *and* fate *of him.*] i. e. fortune and condition of his house or family. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to *force* ; not considering its use in latin, or the sense of this line. — *fit*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from *Harry*, King of *England*,
Do crave admittance to your Majeſty.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring them.
You ſee, this chaſe is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit; for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when, what they ſeem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

SCENE V.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother *England?*

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majeſty:
He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
That you diveſt your ſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd Glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the Crown;
And all the wide-ſtretch'd honours, that pertain
By cuſtom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the Crown of *France.* That you may know,
'Tis no ſiniſter nor no aukward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd;
He ſends you this moſt memorable Line,
In every branch truly demonſtrative,
[*Gives the* French *King a Paper.*
Willing you over-look this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then reſign
Your Crown and Kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

——— *ſit manifeſta phreneſis*
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato.

Fr. King.

Fr. King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the Crown
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Jove:*
That, if requiring fail, he may compel.
He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the Crown, and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws; upon your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For huſbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallow'd in this controverſie.
This is his claim, his threatning, and my meſſage;
Unleſs the *Dauphin* be in preſence here,
To whom expreſly I bring Greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will conſider of this further:
To morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother *England.*

Dau. For the *Dauphin,*
I ſtand here for him; what to him from *England?*

Exe. Scorn and defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my King; and if your father's Highneſs
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you ſent his Majeſty;
He'll call you to ſo hot an anſwer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of *France*
[8] Shall chide your treſpaſs, and return your mock
In ſecond accent to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will; for I deſire
Nothing but odds with *England;* to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſs court of mighty *Europe:*

[8] *Shall* HIDE *your treſpaſs,*—] Mr. *Pope* rightly corrected it.
Shall CHIDE——

And,

And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we his subjects have in wonder found,)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now; now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain, which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in *France*.

Fr. King. To morrow you shall know our mind at full.
[*Flourish*.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt*.

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[1] ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. THUS with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed King at *Hampton* Peer
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young *Phœbus* fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;

1 ACT III. SCENE I.] This whole act (and all the rest of the play) very much enlarged and improved by the author, since the editions of 1600, and 1608. Mr. *Pope*.

For

For ſo appears this Fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy,
And leave your *England*, as dead midnight ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies and old women;
Or paſt, or not arriv'd, to pith and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to *France?*
Work, work your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
Suppoſe, th' ambaſſador from *France* comes back;
Tells *Harry*, that the King doth offer him
Catharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms:
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With lynſtock now the deviliſh cannon touches,
[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before HARFLEUR.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter; *Soldiers, with ſcaling ladders.*

K. *Henry.* ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with the *Engliſh* dead.
In peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man
As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger;
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry thro' the portage of the head,
Like the braſs cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock

O'er-

O'er-hang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
To his full height. Now on, you nobleſt *Engliſh*,
Whoſe blood is fetcht from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Have in theſe parts from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in *England*, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture: let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes;
I ſee you ſtand like Greyhounds in the ſlips,
Straining upon the ſtart. The game's a-foot:
Follow your ſpirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry, God for *Harry! England!* and St. *George!*

[*Exeunt* King, *and Train.*

[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*

SCENE III.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, corporal, ſtay; the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain ſong of it.

Piſt. The plain ſong is moſt juſt; for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come: God's vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword and ſhield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an ale-houſe in *London*, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and ſafety.

Piſt.

Pift. [2] And I; if wiſhes would prevail,
I wou'd not ſtay, but thither would I hye.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs; avaunt, you cullions.

Pift. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould,
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; uſe lenity, ſweet chuck.

Nim. Theſe be good humours; your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerv'd theſe three ſwaſhers I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would ſerve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three ſuch Anticks do not amount to a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For *Piſtol*, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. "For *Nim*, he hath heard, that "men of few words are the beſt men; and therefore "he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt he ſhould be thought "a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was againſt a poſt when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it purchaſe. "*Bardolph* ſtole a lute-caſe, bore it twelve leagues, "and ſold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they ſtole a fire-ſhovel. I knew by that piece of ſervice, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much againſt my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketting up of wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better ſervice; their villany goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Gower, *and* Fluellen.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the Duke of *Glouceſter* would ſpeak with you.

2 *And I; if wiſhes* &c.] See the editions of 1600, and 1 0?. Mr. *Pope.*

Flu.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines are not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the Duke, look you) is digt himself four yards under the countermines; by *Cheshu*, I think, a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Gloucester*, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an *Irish* man, a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain *Mackmorris*, is it not?

Gower. I think, it be.

Flu. By *Cheshu*, he is an Ass, as is in the world; I will verifie as much in his beard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the *Roman* disciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, *and Capt.* Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the *Scots* Captain, Captain *Jamy* with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheshu*, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I say, gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your worship, good captain *James*.

Gower. How now, captain *Mackmorris*, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mack. By Chrish law, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me law, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the *Roman* wars, in the way of argument,

look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion; and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind; as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It fall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I fall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that fall I, marry.

Mack. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the King and the Duke; it is not time to discourse, the town is beseech'd: and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and by Chrish do nothing, 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there is nothing done, so Chrish sa' me law.

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, aile do gud service, or aile ligge i'th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that fall I surely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

Mack. Of my nation? what ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? what ish my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain *Mackmorris*, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you so good a man as my self: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A Parley sounded.*

Gower. The town sounds a parley.

Flu.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I'll be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of war; and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Gates of Harfleur.

Enter King Henry *and his Train.*

K. *Henry.* HOW yet reſolves the Governor of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit:
Therefore to our beſt mercy give your ſelves,
Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defie us to our worſt; as I'm a ſoldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt)
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*
'Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up;
And the fleſh'd ſoldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand ſhall range
With conſcience wide as hell, mowing like graſs
Your freſh fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,
Do with his ſmircht complexion all fell feats,
Enlinkt to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you yourſelves are cauſe,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedneſs,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootleſs, ſpend our vain command
Upon th' enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend our precepts to th' *Leviathan*
To come a-ſhoar. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
While yet my ſoldiers are in my command;
While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace

O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murther, ſpoil and villany.
If not; why, in a moment, look to ſee
The blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
And their moſt reverend heads daſht to the walls;
Your naked infants ſpitted upon pikes,
While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds; as did the wives of *Jewry*,
At *Herod*'s bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus deſtroy'd?

Enter Governor upon the Walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The *Dauphin*, of whom ſuccours we intreated,
Returns us, that his pow'rs are not yet ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. *Henry*. Open your gates: come, uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the *French*:
Uſe mercy to them all. For us, dear Uncle,
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers, we'll retire to *Calais*.
To night in *Harfleur* we will be your gueſt,
To morrow for the march we are addreſt.

[*Flouriſh, and enter the town.*

[3] SCENE V.

The French *Court.*

Enter Catharine, *and an old Gentlewoman.*

Cath. A *LICE, tu as eſté en* Anglettere, *& tu parles bien le language.*

[3] SCENE V.] I have left this ridiculous ſcene as I found it; and am ſorry to have no colour left, from any of the editions, to imagine it interpolated.

Alice.

Alice. *Un peu, Madame.*

Cath. *Je te prie de m'enseigner; il faut, que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main en Anglois.*

Alice. *La main, ell' est appellée, de hand.*

Cath. *De hand. Et le doyt?*

Alice. *Le doyt? ma foy, je oublie le doyt; mais je me souviendra le doyt; je pense, qu'ils ont appellé des fingres; ouy, de fingres.*

Cath. *La main, de hand; le doyt, le fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gaignée deux mots d'Anglois vistement; comment appellez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles, les appellons de nayles.*

Cath. *De nayles. Escoutez: dites moy, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nayles.*

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Cath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arme, madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *D' elbow.*

Cath. *D' elbow: je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez apprins dès a present.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Cath. *Excuse moy,* Alice; *escoutez; d'hand, de fingre, de nayles, d'arme, de bilbow.*

Alice. *D' elbow, madame.*

Cath. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie d'elbow; comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

Cath. *De neck; & le menton?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Cath. *De sin: le col, de neck: le menton, de sin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en verité, vous prononces les mots aussi droict, que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Cath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?*

Cath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement; d'hand, de fingre, de nayles, de arme.*

Alice. *De nayles, madame.*

Cath. *De nayles, de arme, de ilbow.*

Alice. *Sauf voſtre honneur, d' elbow.*

Cath. *Ainſi, dis je d' elbow, de neck, de ſin: comment appellez vous les pieds, & de robe?*

Alice. *Le foot, madame, & le coun.*

Cath. *Le foot, & le coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ces ſont des mots mauvais, corruptibles & impudiques, & non pour les dames d' honneur d' uſer: je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde! il faut le foot, & le coun, neant-moins. Je reciteray une autrefois ma leçon enſemble; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, d' elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de coun.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame.*

Cath. *C'eſt aſſez pour une fois, allons nous en diſner.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Preſence-Chamber in the French *Court.*

Enter the King of France, *the* Dauphin, *Duke of* Bourbon, *the Conſtable of* France, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'TIS certain, he hath paſs'd the river *Some.*

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in *France*; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! ſhall a few ſprays of us,
(The emptying of our fathers' luxury,)
Our Syens, put in wild and ſavage ſtock,
Sprout up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but baſtard *Normans*; *Norman* baſtards.
Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my Dukedom,
To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
4 In that nook-ſhotten Iſle of *Albion.*

Con.

4 *In that nook-ſhotten Iſle of* Albion.] *Shotten* ſignifies any thing *projected*: So we ſay, a *ſhotten-herring*, for a herring that hath caſt

Con. Dieu de Batailles! why, whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull?
On whom, as in despight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reyn'd jades, their barly-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? Oh, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen isicles
Upon our house-tops, while more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields:
Poor (we may call them) in their native Lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of *English* youth,
To new-store *France* with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the *English* dancing-schools,
And teach *Lavolta's* high, and swift *Curranto's*;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels;
And that we are most lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is *Mountjoy*, the herald? speed him hence;
Let him greet *England* with our sharp defiance.
Up, Princes, and with spirit of honour edg'd,
Yet sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high Constable of *France*;
You, dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanson, *Brabant*, *Bar* and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Roussie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestraile*, *Bouciqualt*, and *Charaloys*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords and Knights;
For your great seats now quit you of great shames:
Bar *Harry England*, that sweeps through our land
With penons painted in the blood of *Harfleur:*
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow

cast its spawn. So *nook-shotten Isle*, is an Isle that shoots out into capes, promontories and necks of land, the very figure of *Great-Britain*.

Upon the vallies; whose low vassal seat
The *Alps* doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, (you have pow'r enough,)
And in a captive chariot into *Roan*
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famisht in their march:
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for atchievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on *Mountjoy*;
And let him say to *England*, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince *Dauphin*, you shall stay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, Lord Constable, and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of *England*'s fall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The English *Camp.*

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gow. HOW now, captain *Fluellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not, God be praised and plessed, any hurt in the world; he is maintain the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an Ancient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as *Mark Antony*, and he is a man of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do gallant services.

Gow.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Ancient *Piſtol.*

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Piſtol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours: The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praiſe God, and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſt. Bardolph, a ſoldier firm and ſound of heart, And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate, And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel, That Goddeſs blind that ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs ſtone ———

Flu. By your patience, Ancient *Piſtol:* [5] Fortune is painted with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignifie to you that fortune is plind; and ſhe is painted alſo with a wheel, to ſignifie to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilities and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſpherical ſtone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles; in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolph*'s foe, and frowns on him; [6] for he hath ſtoln a *Pax*, and hanged muſt a' be; damned death!

5 *Fortune is painted* PLIND, *with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignify to you that fortune is plind;*] Here the fool of a player was for making a joke, as *Hamlet* ſays, *not ſet down for him, and ſhewing a moſt pitiful ambition* to be witty. For *Fluellen*, though he ſpeaks with his country accent; yet is all the way repreſented as a man of good plain ſenſe. Therefore, as it appears he knew the meaning of the term *plind*, by his uſe of it, he could never have ſaid that *Fortune was painted plind, to ſignify ſhe was plind.* He might as well have ſaid afterwards, *that ſhe was painted inconſtant, to ſignify ſhe was inconſtant.* But there he ſpeaks ſenſe, and ſo, unqueſtionably, he did here. We ſhould therefore ſtrike out the firſt *plind*, and read,

Fortune is painted with a muffler, &c.

6 *for he hath ſtoln a* Pax.] This is conformable to hiſtory, A ſoldier (*Hall* tells us, *Henry* V. year 3. fol. 14.) being hanged at this time for ſuch a fact. Mr. *Pope.*

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate;
But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death,
For *Pax* of little price. Therefore, go ſpeak,
The Duke will hear thy voice;
And let not *Bardolph*'s vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Piſtol*, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would deſire the Duke to uſe his good pleaſure, and put him to executions; for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

Piſt. Die and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip!

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The fig of *Spain*——— [*Exit* Piſt.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal, I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, he utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day: but it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf at his return into *London*, under the form of a ſoldier. "Such fellows are "perfect in the great commanders' names, and they "will learn you by rote where ſervices were done; at "ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach, at ſuch a "convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who "diſgrac'd, what terms the enemy ſtood on; and this "they con perfectly in the phraſe of war, which they "trick up with new-turned oaths: And what a beard "of the general's cut, and a horrid ſute of the camp, "will do among foaming bottles and ale-waſh'd wits, "is wonderful to be thought on! But you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtook.

Flu.

Ful. I tell you what, captain *Gower*; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind; hear you, [7] the King is coming, and I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge.

SCENE VIII.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King, *and his poor ſoldiers.*

Flu. God pleſs your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* How now, *Fluellen,* cam'ſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty: the Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages; marry, th' athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is maſter of the pridge: I can tell your Majeſty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. *Henry.* What men have you loſt, *Fluellen?*

Flu. The perdition of th' athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great; marry, for my part, I think, the Duke hath loſt never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph,* if your majeſty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips blows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire; ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

K. *Henry.* We would have ſuch offenders ſo cut off;
And give expreſs charge, that in all our march
There ſhall be nothing taken from the villages,
But ſhall be paid for; and no *French* upbraided,
Or yet abuſed in diſdainful language;
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

7 *The King is coming, and I muſt* ſpeak with him from the pridge.] *i. e.* I want to acquaint the King with the circumſtances of the action which happened there.

Tucket

Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my habit.

K. *Henry.* Well then, I know thee; what shall I know of thee?

Mount. My master's mind.

K. *Henry.* Unfold it.

Mount. Thus says my King: say thou to *Harry England*,

Although we seemed dead, we did but sleep:
Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.
Tell him, we could at *Harfleur* have rebuk'd him;
But that we thought not good to bruise an injury,
'Till it were ripe. Now, speak we on our cue,
With voice imperial: *England* shall repent
His folly, see his weakness, and admire
Our suff'rance. Bid him therefore to consider,
What must the ransom be, which must proportion
The losses we have borne, the subjects we
Have lost, and the disgrace we have digested;
To answer which, his pettiness would bow under.
First for our loss, too poor is his Exchequer;
For the effusion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our disgrace,
Ev'n his own person kneeling at our feet
A weak and worthless satisfaction.
To this, defiance add; and for conclusion,
Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
Whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My King and master; and so much my office.

K. *Henry.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. Mountjoy.

K. *Henry.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy King, I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to *Calais*
Without impeachment; for to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an Enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,

Almost

Almoſt no better than ſo many *French*;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of *Engliſh* legs
Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet, forgive me, God,
" That I do brag thus; this your air of *France*
" Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter, here I am;
My ranſom is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army but a weak and ſickly guard:
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though *France* himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Mountjoy*.
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
[8] We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour; and ſo, *Mountjoy*, fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this;
We would not ſeek a battle as we are,
Yet, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it:
So tell your maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo: thanks to your Highneſs.
[*Exit.*

Glou. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. *Henry.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs:
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night;
Beyond the River we'll encamp our ſelves;
And on to morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

[9] SCENE IX.

The French *Camp near* Agincourt.

Enter the Conſtable of France, *the Lord* Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, *with others.*

Con. TUT, I have the beſt armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl.

8 *We ſhall your tawny ground*, &c.] *Hall*'s Chronicle, fol. 14. *Henry* V. year 2. Mr. *Pope.*

9 SCENE IX.] This ſcene is ſhorter, and I think better, in the firſt editions of 1600 and 1608. But as the enlargements appear

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horſe have his due.

Con. 'It is the beſt horſe of *Europe*.

'*Orl.* Will it never be morning?

'*Dau.* My lord of *Orleans*, and my lord high Conſtable, you talk of horſe and armour,——

'*Orl.* You are as well provided of both, as any 'Prince in the world.

'*Dau* What a long night is this! I will not change 'my horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns; '*ça, ha! le Cheval volant*, the *Pegaſus, chez les Na*'*rines de feu!* [1] he bounds from the earth, as if his 'entrails were hairs; when I beſtride him, I ſoar, I 'am a Hawk; he trots the air, the earth ſings when 'he touches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more 'muſical than the pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beaſt for *Perſeus*; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, 'but 'only in patient ſtilneſs while his rider mounts him; 'he is, indeed, a horſe; [2] and all other beaſts you may 'call jades.

'*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a moſt abſolute and 'excellent horſe.

'*Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like 'the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, couſin.

appear to be the author's own, I would not omit them; but have for the reader's curioſity marked them with ſmall commas.

Mr. *Pope*.

1 *he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs*;] Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were ſtuffed with hair, as appears from *Much ado about Nothing*, *And the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuffſt tennis-balls*.

2 *And all other* jades *you may call* beaſts.] It is plain that *jades* and *beaſts* ſhould change places, it being the firſt word and not the laſt, which is the term of reproach; as afterwards it is ſaid,

I had as lieve have my miſtreſs a jade.

'*Dau*.

'*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, 'from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, 'vary deserved praise on my palfrey; it is a theme as 'fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, 'and my horse is argument for them all; 'tis a sub-'ject for a Sovereign to reason on, and for a Sovereign's 'Sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to 'us and unknown, to lay apart their particular func-'tions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his 'praise, and began thus, [3] *Wonder of nature* ——

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

'*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

'*Dau.* Me, well; —— which is the prescript praise, 'and perfection, of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Methought, yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

'*Dau.* So, perhaps, did yours.

'*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

'*Dau.* O, then, belike, she was old and gentle; 'and you rode, like a *Kern* of *Ireland*, your *French* 'hose off, and in your strait Trossers.

'*Con.* You have good judgment in horsemanship.

'*Dau.* Be warn'd by me then; they that ride so and 'ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather 'have my horse to my mistress.

'*Con.* I had as lieve have my mistress a jade.

'*Dau* I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears her 'own hair.

'*Con.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had 'a Sow to my mistress.

'*Dau. Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement,* '*& la truie lavée au bourbier*; thou mak'st use of any 'thing.

'*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; 'or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

[3] *Wonder of nature*—] Here, I suppose, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the answer.

'*Ram.*

'*Ram.* My lord Conſtable, the armour, that I ſaw
'in your tent to night, are thoſe ſtars, or ſuns upon it?
'*Con.* Stars, my lord.
'*Dau.* Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.
'*Con.* And yet my ſky ſhall not want.
'*Dau.* That may be, for you bear many ſuper-
'fluouſly; and 'twere more honour, ſome were
'away.
'*Con.* Ev'n as your horſe bears your praiſes, who
'would trot as well, were ſome of your brags diſ-
'mounted.
'*Dau.* Would I were able to load him with his
'deſert.' Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with *Engliſh* faces.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhou'd be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the *Engliſh*.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty *Engliſh* priſoners?

Con. You muſt firſt go your ſelf to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm my ſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *Engliſh*.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

'*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant
'Prince.
'*Con.* Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out
'the oath.

Orl. He is ſimply the moſt active gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to morrow: he will keep that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf; and he ſaid, he car'd not who knew it.

'*Orl.* He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.
'*Con.*

' *Con.* By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body ' saw it, but his lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and ' when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Cor. I will cap that proverb with, *There is flattery in friendship.*

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the Devil his due.*

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with, *A pox on the devil.*

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much *a fool's bolt is soon shot.*

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

SCENE X.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the *English* lye within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The lord *Grandpree.*

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor *Harry* of *England!* he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge?

Con. If the *English* had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That Island of *England* breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. " Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth " of a *Russian* Bear, and have their heads crush'd like " rotten apples." You may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a Lion.

Con. " Just, just; and the men do sympathize with " the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on,

" leaving

" leaving their wits with their wives; and then give
" them great meals of beef, and iron and ſteel, they
" will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay; but theſe *Engliſh* are ſhreudly out of beef.

Con. Then ſhall we find to morrow, they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. 'Tis two o'clock; but (let me ſee) by ten,
We ſhall have each a hundred *Engliſhmen*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

AGINCOURT.

Enter CHORUS.

NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
[1] Fills the wide veſſel of the univerſe.
" From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
" The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds;
" That the fixt centinels almoſt receive
" The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
" Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
" Each battle ſees [2] the other's umber'd face,
" Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
" Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
" The armourers accompliſhing the knights,
" With buſie hammers cloſing rivets up,
" Give dreadful note of preparation.
" The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll:
" And (the third hour of drouſie morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and ſecure in ſoul,

1 *Fills the wide veſſel of the* univerſe.] *Univerſe* for *horizon*: for we are not to think *Shakeſpear* ſo ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once. He intimates he knew otherwiſe, by that fine line in *Mid-ſummer Night's Dream*.

— following darkneſs like a dream.

Beſides, the image he employs ſhews he meant but half the globe; the horizon round which has the ſhape of a veſſel or goblet.

2 *— the other's* umber'd *face.*] *Umber'd* or *umbred*, is a term in blazonry, and ſignifies, ſhadowed.

The

The confident and over-luſty *French*
3 Do the low-rated *Engliſh* play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediouſly away. " The poor condemned *Engliſh*,
" Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
" Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
" The morning's danger: and their geſture ſad,
" 4 Inveſt in lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
" Preſented them unto the gazing moon
" So many horrid ghoſts. Who now beholds
" The royal captain of this ruin'd band
" Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
" Let him cry, praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and viſits all his hoſt,
Bids them good morrow with a modeſt ſmile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freſhly looks and over-bears attaint,
With chearful ſemblance and ſweet majeſty:
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle, all
Behold, (as may unworthineſs define)
A little touch of *Harry* in the night.
And ſo our ſcene muſt to the battle fly:
Where, O for pity! we ſhall much diſgrace,
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils,

3 *Do the low-rated* Engliſh *play at dice.*] i. e. do play them away at dice.

4 INVESTING *lank-lean cheeks*, &c.] *A geſture inveſting cheeks and coats* is nonſenſe. We ſhould read.

INVEST IN *lank-lean cheeks.*

which is ſenſe, *i. e.* their ſad geſture was cloath'd, or ſet off, in lean cheeks and worn coats. The image is ſtrong and pictureſque.

(Right

(Right ill disposʼd, in brawl ridiculous)
The name of *Agincourt*. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockʼries be. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Englisʜ *Camp, at* Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford *and* Glouceſter.

K. *Hen.* GLoʼſter, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore ſhouʼd our courage be.
Good morrow, brother *Bedford:* God Almighty!
" [5] There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
" Would men obſervingly diſtil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers;
Which is both healthful, and good huſbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
[6] That we ſhould 'dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham:*
A good ſoft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churliſh turf of *France.*
Erping. Not ſo, my Liege; this lodging likes me better;
Since I may ſay, now lye I like a King.
K. *Henry.* 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pain
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed:
And when the mind is quickenʼd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowſie grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough and freſh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir *Thomas:* brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our camp:
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my pavillion.

5 *There is ſome* ſoul *of goodneſs*—] *Soul,* for *ſpirit.*
6 *That we ſhould* 'dreſs *us fairly*—] *i. e.* addreſs.

Glou.

Glou. We ſhall, my Liege.
Erping. Shall I attend your grace?
K. *Henry.* No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of *England:*
I and my boſom muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erping. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble *Harry!*
[*Exeunt.*
K. *Henry.* God-a-mercy, old heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chearfully.

SCENE III.

Enter Piſtol.

Piſt. Qui va là?
K. *Henry.* A friend.
Piſt. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou baſe, common and popular?
K. *Henry.* I am a gentleman of a company.
Piſt. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?
K. *Henry.* Even ſo: what are you?
Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.
K. *Henry.* Then you are a better than the King.
Piſt. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtring
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?
K. *Henry. Harry le Roy.*
Piſt. Le Roy! a *Corniſh* name: art thou of *Corniſh* Crew?
K. *Henry.* No, I am a *Welſhman.*
Piſt. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen?*
K. *Henry.* Yes.
Piſt. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. *David*'s day.
K. *Henry.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours.
Piſt. Art thou his friend?
K. *Henry.* And his kinſman too.
Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then!——
K. *Henry.* I thank you: God be with you.

Piſt.

Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.

[*Manet King* Henry.

Enter Fluellen, *and* Gower, *ſeverally.*

Gow. Captain *Fluellen.*——

Flu. So; in the name of Jeſu Chriſt, ſpeak fewer; it is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of *Pompey* the great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in *Pompey*'s camp: I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobrieties of it, and the modeſty of it to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, in your own conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* Though it appear a little out of faſhion, There is much care and valour in this *Welſhman.*

SCENE IV.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, *and* Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates,* is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Will. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. *Henry.* Under Sir *Thomas Erpingham.*

Will.

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. *Henry.* Even as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. *Henry.* No; nor is it meet, he ſhou'd: for tho' I ſpeak it to you, I think, the King is but a man as I am: " the Violet ſmells to him as it doth to me; the ele- " ment ſhews to him as it doth to me; [7] all his ſenſes " have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, " in his nakedneſs he appears but a man; and tho' his " affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when " they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing; there- " fore when he ſees reaſon of fears as we do, his fears, " out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are; yet in reaſon no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſhearten his army.

Bates. " He may ſhew what outward courage he " will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could " wiſh himſelf in the *Thames* up to the neck; and ſo I " would he were, and I by him at all adventures, ſo " we were quit here.

K. *Henry.* By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King; I think, he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and many poor men's lives ſaved.

K. *Henry.* I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where ſo contented as in the King's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhou'd ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's ſubjects: if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

[7] *all his ſenſes have but human conditions.*] i. e. as defective and circumſcribed as the reſt of men's.

Will.

Will. But if the cauſe be not good, the King himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at ſuch a place*; " ſome, ſwearing; ſome, crying for a " ſurgeon; ſome, upon their wives left poor be- " hind them; ſome upon the debts they owe; ſome, " upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to diſobey were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. *Henry.* " So, if a ſon, that is ſent by his father " about merchandize, do fall into ſome lewd action " and miſcarry, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by " your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that " ſent him; or if a ſervant, under his maſter's com- " mand tranſporting a ſum of money, be aſſail'd by " robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities; " you may call the buſineſs of the maſter the author " of the ſervant's damnation; but this is not ſo: the " King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings " of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter " of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death, " when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is " no King, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to " the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all " unſpotted ſoldiers: ſome, peradventure, have on " them the guilt of premeditated and contrived mur- " ther; ſome, of beguiling virgins with the broken " ſeals of perjury; ſome, making the wars their " bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom " of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if theſe " men have defeated the law, and [8] out-run native " puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they " have no wings to fly from God. War is his " beadle, war is his vengeance; ſo that here men " are puniſhed, for before breach of the King's " laws, in the King's quarrel now: where they

8 *out-run* native *puniſhment*;] *Native*, for *civil*.

feared

" feared the death, they have borne life away; and
" where they would be safe, they perish. Then if
" they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of
" their damnation, than he was before guilty of those
" impieties for which they are now visited. Every
" subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul
" is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the
" wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every
" moth out of his conscience: and dying so, death
" is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was
" blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained:
" and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think,
" that making God so free an offer, he let him out-
" live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others
" how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. *Henry.* I my self heard the King say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight chearfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. *Henry.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous shot out of an Elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacock's feather: you'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. *Henry.* Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. *Henry.* I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. *Henry.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. *Henry*. There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and ſay, after to morrow, this is my glove; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. *Henry*. If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

K. *Henry*. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you *Engliſh* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

SCENE V.

Manet King Henry.

K. *Henry*. Indeed, the *French* may lay twenty *French* crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their ſhoulders; but it is no *Engliſh* treaſon to cut *French* crowns, and to morrow the King himſelf will be a clipper.

[9] Upon the King! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our ſins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whoſe ſenſe
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have Kings,
That privates have not too, ſave ceremony?
Save gen'ral ceremony?——
'And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
'What kind of God art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
'Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?
'[1] What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
'O ceremony,

9 *Upon the King!* &c.] This beautiful ſpeech was added after the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope*.

1 *What are thy* rents? *What are thy* comings-in?
O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
What!

‘ O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
‘ What is thy toll, O adoration?
‘ Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
‘ Creating awe and fear in other men?
‘ Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
‘ Than they in fearing.
‘ What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
‘ But poiſon'd flatt'ry? O be ſick, great Greatneſs,
‘ And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
‘ Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
‘ With titles blown from adulation?
‘ Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
‘ Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
‘ Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe;
I am a King, that find thee; and I know,
“ 'Tis not the balm, the ſcepter and the ball,
“ The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
“ The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
“ The farſed title running 'fore the King,
“ The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
“ That beats upon the high ſhoar of this world;
“ No, not all theſe thrice gorgeous ceremonies,
“ Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
“ Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave;
“ Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
“ Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;

What! is thy SOUL OF *adoration?*] Thus is the laſt line given us, and the nonſenſe of it made worſe by the ridiculous pointing. We ſhould read, *What is thy* TOLL, *O adoration!* Let us examine how the context ſtands with my emendation. *What are thy* rents? *What are thy* comings-in? *What is thy* worth? *What is thy* toll? —— (i. e. the *duties*, and *impoſts*, thou receiveſt:) All here is conſonant, and agreeable to a ſenſible exclamation. So King *John*: —— *No* Italian *prieſt ſhall tyth or* TOLL *in our dominions.* But the *Oxford Editor*, now he finds the way open for alteration, reads, *What is thy* ſhew *of adoration?* By which happy emendation, what is about to be inquired into, is firſt taken for granted: namely, that *ceremony* is but a ſhew. And to make room for this word here, which is found in the immediate preceding line, he degrades it there, but puts as good a word indeed in its ſtead, that is to ſay, *tell.*

" Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell:
" But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
" Sweats in the eye of *Phœbus*; and all night
" Sleeps in *Elyſium*; next day, after dawn,
" Doth riſe, and help *Hyperion* to his horſe;
" And follows ſo the ever-running year
" With profitable labour to his grave:
" And (but for ceremony) ſuch a wretch,
" Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
" Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a King:
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots,
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

SCENE VI.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your Nobles, jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. *Henry.* Good old Knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I ſhall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* O God of battles! ſteel my ſoldiers' hearts;
Poſſeſs them not with fear; take from them now
The ſenſe of reck'ning: *(a)* leſt th' oppoſed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.—Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compaſſing the crown.
I *Richard*'s body have interred new,
And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred Poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heav'n to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chauntries, where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts
Sing ſtill for *Richard*'s ſoul. More will I do;

[*(a) leſt*, Mr. *Theobald.* — Vulg. *of.*]

Tho'

Tho' all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after call,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glou. My Liege.

K. *Henry.* My brother *Glo'ſter*'s voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things ſtay for me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the French Camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures *and* Beaumont.

Orl. THE Sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

Dau. Montez Cheval: my horſe, *valet, lacquay:* ha!

Orl. O brave ſpirit!

Dau. Via! —— *les eaux & la terre.* ——

Orl. Rien puis! le air & feu. ——

Dau. Ciel! Couſin *Orleans.* ——

Enter Conſtable.

Now, my lord Conſtable!

Con. Hark, how our Steeds for preſent ſervice neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make inciſion in their hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in *Engliſh* eyes,
And daunt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horſes' blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

2 *Since that my penitence comes after* ALL,
Imploring pardon.] We muſt obſerve, that *Henry* IV. had committed an injuſtice, of which he, and his *ſon*, reap'd the fruits. But reaſon tells us, juſtice demands that they who ſhare the profits of iniquity, ſhall ſhare alſo in the puniſhment. Scripture again tells us, that when men have ſinned, the Grace of God gives frequent invitations to repentance; which, in the language of Divines, are ſtiled *Calls.* Theſe, if neglected, or careleſly dallied with, are, at length, irrecoverably withdrawn, and then repentance comes too late. All this ſhews that the unintelligible reading of the text ſhould be corrected thus,

—— *comes after* CALL.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The *Engliſh* are embattel'd, you *French* Peers.

Con. To horſe! you gallant Princes, ſtrait to horſe!
Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their ſouls;
Leaving them but the ſhales and huſks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins
To give each naked [3] curtle-ax a ſtain;
That our *French* gallants ſhall to day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exception, lords,
That our ſuperfluous lacqueys and our peaſants,
Who in unneceſſary action ſwarm
About our ſquares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding foe;
Tho' we, upon this mountain's baſis by,
Took ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little, little, let us do;
And all is done. Then let the trumpets ſound
The tucket-ſonuance, and the note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That *England* ſhall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my lords of *France?*
' Yon iſland carrions, deſp'rate of their bones,
' Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
' Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,
' And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
' Big *Mars* ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
' And faintly through a ruſty bever peeps.
' The horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
' With torch-ſtaves in their hand; and their poor jades
' Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips:
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;

3 — *curtle-ax*] Or rather *coutelas*.

" And

" And in their pale dull mouths [4] the jymold bitt
" Lies foul with chaw'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs:
And their executors, the knaviſh Crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Deſcription cannot ſuit it ſelf in words,
To demonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle,
In life ſo liveleſs as it ſhews itſelf.

Con. They've ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay for Death.

Dau. Shall we go ſend them dinners and freſh ſutes,
And give their faſting horſes provender,
And, after, fight with them?

Con. I ſtay but for my guard: on, to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come, away!
The ſun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Engliſh *CAMP.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, *with all the Hoſt*; Saliſbury *and* Weſtmorland.

Glou. WHERE is the King?

Bed. The King himſelf is rode to view their battle.

Weſt. Of fighting men they have full threeſcore thouſand.

Exe. There's five to one; beſides, they all are freſh.

Sal. God's arm ſtrike with us, 'tis a fearful odds!
God be wi' you, Princes all; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet till we meet in heav'n,
Then joyfully, my noble lord of *Bedford*,
My dear lord *Glo'ſter*, and my good lord *Exeter*,
And my kind kinſman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewel, good *Saliſbury*, and good luck go with thee!

Exe. [To *Sal.*] Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly to day:

4 —— *the* jymold *bitt*] *Jymold*, or rather *gimmald*, which ſignifies a ring of two rounds. *Gemellus*, *Skinner*. Mr. *Pope*.

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit* Sal.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindneſs;
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

Weſt. O, that we now had here
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in *England*,
That do no work to day!

K. *Henry.* What's he, that wiſhes ſo?
My couſin *Weſtmorland?* no, my fair couſin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wiſh not one man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No, faith, my lord, wiſh not a man from *England:*
God's peace, I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hopes I have. Don't wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it *(Weſtmorland)* through my hoſt,
That he, which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of *Criſpian:*
He that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouze him at the name of *Criſpian:*
" [5] He that out-lives this day, and ſees old age,
" Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
" And ſay, to morrow is Saint *Criſpian:*

5 *He that* ſhall live *this day*, ——] The Quarto of 1608 reads better, *He that* out-lives *this day*.

" The

" Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars :
" Old men forget ; yet ſhall not all forget,
" But they'll remember, with advantages,
" What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
" Familiar in their mouth as houſhold words,
" *Harry* the King, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
" *Warwick* and *Talbot*, *Saliſbury* and *Glo'ſter*,
" Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon :
And *Criſpin Criſpian* ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
For he, to day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in *England*, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd, they were not here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon St. *Criſpian*'s day.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. My ſov'reign lord, beſtow yourſelf with ſpeed:
The *French* are bravely in their battles ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. *Henry*. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now!

K. *Henry*. Thou doſt not wiſh more help from *England*, couſin ?

Weſt. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone
Without more help could fight this royal battle!

K. *Henry*. Why, now thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand men :
Which likes me better than to wiſh us one.
You know your places : God be with you all!

SCENE IX.

A Tucket ſounds. *Enter* Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured over-throw :

For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Thus, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields; where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. *Henry*. Who hath sent thee now?

Mount. The Constable of *France*.

K. *Henry*. I pray thee, bear my former answer back.
Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.
And those that leave their valiant bones in *France*,
Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghils,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n;
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in *France*.
Mark then a bounding valour in our *English*:
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly; tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working day:
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all be-smirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our host;
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly:)
And time hath worn us into slovenry.
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the *French* soldiers' heads;
And turn them out of service. If they do,
(As, if God please, they shall) my ransom then

Will

Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thy labour.
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mount. I shall, King *Harry:* and so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* I fear, thoul't once more come again for ransom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. *Henry.* Take it, brave *York*; now, soldiers, march away.
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Field of Battle.

Alarm, Excursions. Enter Pistol, French *soldier, and boy.*

Pist. YIELD, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. [6] Quality, cality—consture me, art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, Signieur Dewe should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark;
O Signieur Dewe, thou dieſt on point of fox,
Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prennez misericorde, ayez pitie de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys; [7] or I will fetch thy ransom out at thy throat, in drops of crimson blood.

6 *Quality*, CALMY, CUSTURE *me, art thou a gentleman?*] We should read this nonsense thus,

Quality, CALITY—CONSTURE *me, art thou a gentleman?* i.e. tell me, let me understand whether thou be'st a gentleman.

7 FOR *I will fetch thy* RYM] We should read,

OR *I will fetch thy* RANSOM *out at thy throat.*

Fr.

Fr. Sol. *Eſt-il impoſſible d' eſchapper la force de ton bras?*

Piſt. Braſs, cur?

Thou damned and luxurious mountain Goat, offer'ſt me braſs?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a ton of moys? Come hither, Boy; aſk me this ſlave in *French*, What is his name?

Boy. *Eſcoutez, comment eſtes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He ſays, his name is Mr. *Fer.*

Piſt. Mr. *Fer!* I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him: diſcuſs the ſame in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *ferk.*

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez preſt; car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſé tout à cette heure de couper voſtre gorge.*

Piſt. Owy, cuppelle gorge, parmafoy, peſant, unleſs thou give me crowns, brave crowns: or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my ſword.

F. Sol. *O, je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner; je ſuis gentilhomme de bonne maiſon, gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents eſcus.*

Piſt. What are his words.

Boy. He prays you to ſave his life, he is a gentleman of a good houſe, and for his ranſom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Piſt. Tell him, my fury ſhall abate, and I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monſieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier: neantmoins pour les eſcus que vous l'avez promettes, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté, le franchiſement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens, & je me eſtime heureux qui je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je penſe, le plus brave, valiant, & tres eſtimé Signeur d' Angleterre.*

Piſt.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and esteems himself happy that he hath fall'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of *England*.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez le grand capitain.* [*Ex.* Pist. *and Fr. Sol.* I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. *Bardolph* and *Nim* had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; yet they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp; the *French* might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Another part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, *and* Rambures.

Con. O *Diable!*

Orl. O Signeur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu.

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. [*A short alarm.*
O mes chante fortune! ——do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! let's stab our selves:
Be these the wretches, that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die, *(a)* instant:——Once more back again;
The man, that will not follow *Bourbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

[*(a) instant.* Mr. *Theobald.*—Old Folio, *in.*]

Like

Like a base pander hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than a dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To smother up the *English* in our throngs;
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Alarum. Enter the King *and his* train, *with prisoners.*

K. *Henry.* Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen;
But all's not done; the *French* yet keep the field.

Exe. The Duke of *York* commends him to your Majesty.

K. *Henry.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the spur all bleeding o'er.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side
(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* also lies.
Suffolk first dy'd, and *York*, all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, tarry, my cousin *Suffolk*,
My soul shall thine keep company to heav'n:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up;
He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, dear my lord,
Commend my service to my Sovereign;
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk*'s neck

He

He threw his wounded arm, and kiſt his lips ;
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtop'd :
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. *Henry.* I blame you not :
[8] For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound
With miſtful eyes, or they will iſſue too. [*Alarum.*
But, hark, what new alarum is this ſame ?
The *French* have re-inforc'd their ſcatter'd men :
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners.
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

[9] SCENE XIII.

Alarms continued ; after which, Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage ! 'tis expreſly againſt the law of arms ; 'tis as arrant a piece of Knavery, mark you now, as can be deſir'd in your conſcience now, is it not ?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive ; and the cowardly raſcals, that ran away from the battle, ha' done this ſlaughter : beſides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent ; wherefore the King moſt worthily has caus'd ev'ry ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King !

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, captain *Gower* ; what call you the town's name, where *Alexander* the pig, was born ?

8 *For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound*
With mixtful *eyes.* ——] The poet muſt have wrote, *miſtful* ; i. e. juſt ready to over-run with tears. The word he took from his obſervation of Nature : for juſt before the burſting out of tears the eyes grow dim as if in a miſt.

9 SCENE XIII.] Here, in the other editions, they begin the fourth act, very abſurdly, ſince both the place and time evidently continue, and the words of *Fluellen* immediately follow thoſe of the King juſt before.

Gow.

Gow. *Alexander* the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, *Alexander* the great was born in *Macedon*; his father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porn: I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the orld: I warrant, that you sall find, in the comparisons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the situasions, look you, is both alike. There is a river in *Macedon*, there is also moreover a river at *Monmouth*: it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander*'s life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth*'s life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations; and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finish'd. I speak but in figures, and comparisons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Clytus*, being in his ales and his cups; so also *Harry Monmouth*, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly-doublet; he was full of jests and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Flu. That is he: I tell you, there is good men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, *with* Bourbon *and other prisoners; Lords and Attendants. Flourish.*

K. *Henry.* I was not angry since I came to *France*,
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them sker away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old *Assyrian* slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. Go, and tell them so.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. *Henry.* How now, what means their herald? know'st thou not,
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mount. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our Princes (woe, the while!)
Lie drown'd, and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of Princes, while their wounded steeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. *Henry.* I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength, for it!

What is this caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agincourt*.

K. *Henry*. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*, Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus*.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, and your great uncle *Edward* the plack Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in *France*.

K. *Henry*. They did, *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majeſty ſays very true: if your Majeſties is remember'd of it, the *Welſhmen* did good ſervice in a garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majeſty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice; and I do believe, your Majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the Leek upon St. *Tavee*'s day.

K. *Henry*. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am *Welſh*, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye* cannot waſh your Majeſty's *Welſh* plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleſs and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his grace and his majeſty too.

K. *Henry*. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeſhu, I am your Majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it: I will confeſs it to all the orld; I need not to be aſhamed of your Majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. *Henry*. God keep me ſo.

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with hm:

Exeunt Heralds, with Mountjoy.

Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.——Call yonder fellow hither.

SCENE XV.

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the King.

K. *Henry*. Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Will.

Will. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. *Henry.* An *Engliſhman?*

Will. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, a raſcal that ſwagger'd with me laſt night; who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'th' ear; or if I can ſee my glove in his cap, which he ſwore as he was a ſoldier he would wear, (if alive) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. *Henry.* What think you, captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. *Henry.* It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackſawce, as even his black ſhoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conſcience law.

K. *Henry.* Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. *Henry.* Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Will. Under captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. *Henry.* Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Will. I will, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* Here, *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap; when *Alanſon* and my ſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanſon* and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him if thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the man, that has but two legs, that ſhall find himſelf aggriev'd at this glove: that is all: but I would fain

fain see it once, an pleaſe God of his grace that I might see.

K. *Henry*. Know'ſt thou *Gower?*

Flu. He is my dear friend, an pleaſe you.

K. *Henry*. Pray thee, go ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry*. My lord of *Warwick* and my brother *Glo'ſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchaſe him a box o'th' ear.
It is the ſoldier's; I by bargain ſhould
Wear it myſelf. Follow, good couſin *Warwick*:
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word;
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder;
And quickly he'll return an injury.
Follow; and ſee, there be no harm between them.
Come you with me, uncle of *Exeter*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVI.

Before King HENRY's *Pavilion.*

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Will. I Warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleaſure, captain, I beſeech you now come apace to the King: there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the univerſal orld, in *France* or in *England*.

Gower.

Gower. How now, Sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gower*, I will give treaſon his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lye in thy throat. I charge you in his Majeſty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of *Alanſon*'s.

Enter Warwick *and* Glouceſter.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of *Warwick*, here is, praiſed be God for it, a moſt contagious treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a ſummer's day. Here is his Majeſty ———

Enter King Henry, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry*. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has ſtruck the glove, which your Majeſty is take out of the helmet of *Alanſon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he, that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſty's manhood, what an arrant, raſcally, beggarly, lowſie, knave it is. I hope, your Majeſty is pear me teſtimonies, and witneſſes, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alanſon* that your Majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. *Henry*. Give me thy glove, ſoldier; look, here is the fellow of it: 'twas me, indeed, thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike, and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your Majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. *Henry*. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All Offences, my lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majeſty.

K. *Henry*. It was our ſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Will.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself; you appear'd to me, but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

K. *Henry.* Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
'Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly; hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes; come, wherefore should you be so pashful; your shoes is not so good; 'tis a good-filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

SCENE XVII.

Enter Herald.

K. *Henry.* Now, *Herald*, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd *French.*

K. *Henry.* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. [1] *Charles* Duke of *Orleans*, nephew to the King; *John* Duke of *Bourbon*, and lord *Bouchiqualt:*
Of other Lords, and Barons, Knights, and 'Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. *Henry.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand *French*
Slain in the field; of Princes in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

[1] Charles *Duke of* Orleans, *&c.*] This list is copied from *Hall.* Mr. *Pope.*

One

One hundred twenty six; added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights;
So that in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles, that lie dead,
Charles Delabreth, high constable of *France*;
Jaques of *Chatilion*, admiral of *France*;
The master of the cross-bows, lord *Rambures*;
Great master of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin:*
John Duke of *Alanson*, *Anthony* Duke of *Brabant*
The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And *Edward* Duke of *Bar:* Of lusty Earls,
Grandpree and *Roussie*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Lestrale*.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our *English* dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
Sir *Richard Ketley*, *Davy Gam* Esquire;
None else of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. *Henry*. O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and ev'n play of battle,
Was ever known so great, and little loss,
On one part, and on th' other? take it, God,
For it is only thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. *Henry*. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. *Henry*. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

K. *Henry.* [2] Do we all holy rites;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te deum:*
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay;
And then to *Calais*; and to *England* then;
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

VOUCHSAFE, to thoſe that have not read the ſtory,
That I may prompt them; and to ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things;
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the King
Tow'rd *Calais:* grant him there; and there being ſeen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the ſea: behold, the *Engliſh* beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea;
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King,
Seems to prepare his way; ſo let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to *London.*
So ſwift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-heath:*
Where that his lords deſire him to have borne
His bruiſed helmet, and his bended ſword,
Before him through the city; he forbids it,
Being free from vainneſs and ſelf-glorious pride:
Giving full trophy, ſignal, and oſtent,

[2] *Do we all holy rites*; &c.] The king (ſay the chroniclers) cauſed the Pſalm, *In exitu Iſrael de Ægypto* (in which according to the vulgate, is included the Pſalm, *Non nobis domine*, &c.) to be ſung after the victory. Mr. *Pope.*

Quite

Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How *London* doth pour out her citizens:
The Mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
[1] Like to the senators of antique *Rome*,
With the *Plebeians* swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Cæsar* in.
[2] As by a low, but loving likelihood,
[3] Were now the General of our gracious Empress
(As in good time he may) from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword;
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more (and much more cause)
Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the *French*
Invites the King of *England*'s Stay at home:
The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
'Till *Harry*'s back return again to *France*:
There must we bring him; and my self have play'd
The int'rim, by remembring you, 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to *France*.

SCENE II.

The English *Camp in* France.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. NAY, that's right: but why wear you your Leek to day? St. *David*'s day is past.

1 *Like to the senators of antique* Rome,] This is a very extraordinary compliment to the *City*. But he ever declines all general satire on them; and, in the epilogue to *Henry* VIII, he hints with disapprobation at his contemporary poets who were accustomed to abuse them. Indeed his satire is very rarely partial or licentious.

2 *As by a low, but loving* likelihood,] *Likelihood*, for similitude.

3 *Were now the general*, &c.] The earl of *Essex* in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. Mr. *Pope*.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, captain *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſie, pragging knave, *Piſtol*, which you and yourſelf and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bids me eat my Leek. It was in a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap, 'till I ſee him once again; and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtol.

Gow. Why, here he comes ſwelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe you, aunchient *Piſtol:* you ſcurvy lowſie knave, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha! art thou bedlam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe *Trojan*,
To have me fold up *Parca*'s fatal web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſie knave, at my deſires, and my requeſts and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: becauſe, look you, you do not love it; and your affections, and your appetites, and your digeſtions, does not agree with it; I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you, [*Strikes him.*
Will you be ſo good, ſcauld knave, as eat it?

Piſt. Baſe *Trojan*, thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcauld knave, when God's will is: I deſire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is ſauce for it—[*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yeſterday Mountain Squire, but I will make you to day a Squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough; captain; you have aſtoniſh'd him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate, four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Piſt.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat and swear ———

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have some more sawce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your proken coxcomb: when you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that's all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave: will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak *English* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *English* cudgel; you find 'tis otherwise; and henceforth let a *Welsh* correction teach you a good *English* condition: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my *Dol* is dead of malady of *France*;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off:
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn;
And ſomething lean to cut-purſe of quick hand:
To *England* will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal;
And patches will I get unto theſe ſcars,
And ſwear I got them in the *Gallia* Wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The French *Court at* Trois *in* Champaigne.

Enter at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, *and other Lords; at another, the* French *King, Queen* Iſabel, *Princeſs* Catharine, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *and other* French.

K. *Henry.* PEACE to this meeting, wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother *France*, and to our ſiſter,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wiſhes,
To our moſt fair and princely couſin *Catharine*;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,
We do ſalute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.
And, Princes *French*, and Peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face;
Moſt worthy brother *England*, fairly met!
So are you, Princes *Engliſh*, every one.

Q. Iſa. So happy be the iſſue, brother *England*,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes:
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Againſt the *French*, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murthering baſiliſks:
The venom of ſuch looks, we fairly hope,
Have loſt their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels into love.

K. *Henry.* To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

Q. Iſa. You *Engliſh* Princes all, I do ſalute you.

Burg. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of *France*, and *England*. That I've labour'd

With

With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial Majeſties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your Mightineſſes on both parts can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted : let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely viſage ?
Alas ! ſhe hath from *France* too long been chas'd ;
And all her huſbandry doth lye on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
" 4 Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
" Unpruned lyes ; her hedges even pleach'd,
" Like priſoners, wildly over-grown with hair,
" Put forth diſorder'd twigs : her fallow leas
" The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
" Doth root upon ; while that the culter ruſts,
" That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavagery :
" The even Mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
" The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
" Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,
" Conceives by idleneſs ; and nothing teems,
" But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
" Loſing both beauty and utility ;
" And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
" 5 Defective in their nurtures, grow to wildneſs.
Even ſo our houſes, and our ſelves and children

4 *Her vine,* ———
Unpruned dyes :] We muſt read, *lyes :* For neglect of pruning does not kill the vine, but cauſes it to ramify immoderately, and grow wild ; by which the requiſite nouriſhment is withdrawn from its fruit.

5 *Defective in their* natures, *grow to wildneſs.*] Quite contrary ; they were not defective, but exuberant in their natures, and creſcive faculty : only, wanting their due cultivation, they degenerated. We muſt therefore read, *nurtures.*

Have loſt, or do not learn, for want of time,
The ſciences, that ſhould become our country;
But grow like ſavages, (as ſoldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood)
To ſwearing and ſtern looks, [6] diffus'd attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are aſſembled; and my ſpeech intreats,
That I may know the Let. why gentle peace
Should not expel theſe inconveniencies;
And bleſs us with her former qualities.

K *Henry*. If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited; you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands:
Whoſe tenours and particular effects
You have, enſchedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no anſwer made.

K. *Henry*. Well, then; the peace,
Which you before ſo urg'd, lyes in his anſwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaſeth your Grace
T' appoint ſome of your council preſently
To ſit with us, once more with better heed
To re-ſurvey them; [7] we will ſuddenly
Paſs, or accept, and peremptory anſwer.

K. *Henry*. Brother, we ſhall. Go, uncle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, and you, brother *Gloucester*,

6 —— diffus'd *attire*,] Diffus'd, for extravagant. The military habit of thoſe times was extremely ſo. Act 3, Scene 7, *Gower* ſays, *And what a beard of the General's cut, and a* horrid ſuit of the camp, *will do amongſt* &c. *is wonderful to be thought on.*

7 —— *we will ſuddenly*
Paſs our *accept, and peremptory anſwer*.] As the *French* King deſires more time to conſider deliberately of the articles, 'tis odd and abſurd for him to ſay abſolutely, that he would accept them all. He certainly muſt mean, that he would at once *waive* and *decline* what he diſlik'd, and conſign to ſuch as he approv'd of. Our author uſes *paſs* in this manner in other places.

Warwick

Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King;
And take with you free Pow'r to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our Demands;
And we'll conſign thereto. Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. Iſa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When Articles, too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on. [us.

K. *Henry.* Yet leave our couſin *Catharine* here with
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Iſa. She hath good leave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manent King Henry, Catharine, *and a Lady.*

K. *Henry.* Fair *Catharine*, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your *England.*

K. *Henry.* O fair *Catharine*, if you will love me ſoundly with your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your *Engliſh* tongue. Do you like me, *Kate?*

Cath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vhat is *like me.*

K. *Henry.* An angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are like an Angel.

Cath. *Que dit-il. que je ſuis ſemblable à les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy, vrayment (ſauf voſtre grace) ainſi dit il.*

K. *Henry.* I ſaid ſo, dear *Catharine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes ſont pleines de tromperies.*

K. *Henry.* What ſays ſhe, fair one? that tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits; dat is de Princes.

K. *Henry*. The Princeſs is the better *Engliſh* Woman. I' faith, *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding; I am glad thou canſt ſpeak no better *Engliſh*, for if thou could'ſt, thou would'ſt find me ſuch a plain King, that thou would'ſt think I had ſold my farm to buy my Crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay, I love you; then if you urge me further than to ſay, do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer; i'faith, do; and ſo clap hands and a bargain; how ſay you, lady?

Cath. *Sauf voſtre honneur*, me underſtand well.

K. *Henry*. Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why, you undid me; for the one I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife: Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-a-napes, never off. But, before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe 'till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning; that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak plain ſoldier; if thou canſt love me for this, take me; if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall die, 'tis true; but for thy love, by the lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, *Kate*, take [8] a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: "for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, "that can rhime themſelves into ladies' favours, they "do always reaſon themſelves out again. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhime is but a ballad; a good

8. *a fellow of plain and* uncoined *conſtancy*,] i. e. a conſtancy in the ingot, that hath ſuffered no alloy, as all coined metal has.

leg

leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, *Kate*, is the ſun and the moon; or rather the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would'ſt have ſuch a one, take me; take a ſoldier; take a King: and what ſay'ſt thou then to my love? ſpeak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love de enemy of *France?*

K. *Henry.* No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me you ſhould love the friend of *France*; for I love *France* ſo well, that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine; and *Kate*, when *France* is mine and I am yours, then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell vhat is dat.

K. *Henry.* No, *Kate?* I will tell thee in *French*, (which, I am ſure, will hang upon my tongue like a married wife about her huſband's neck, hardly to be ſhook off) *quand j'ay le poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous aves le poſſeſſion de moi* (let me ſee, what then? St. *Dennis* be my ſpeed!) *donc voſtre eſt France, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſy for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more *French:* I ſhall never move thee in *French*, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf voſtre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, eſt mellieur que l' Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. *Henry.* No, faith, is't not, *Kate*; but thy ſpeaking of my tongue and I thine, moſt truly falſly, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, doſt thou underſtand thus much *Engliſh?* canſt thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. *Henry.* Can any of your neighbours tell, *Kate?* I'll aſk them. Come, I know thou loveſt me; and at night when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſtion this gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love

with your heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, (as I have ſaving faith within me tells me, thou ſhalt) I get thee with ſcambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: ſhall not thou and I, between St. *Dennis* and St. *George*, compound a boy half *French*, half *Engliſh*, that ſhall go to *Conſtantinople* and take the *Turk* by the beard? ſhall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair Flower de-luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. *Henry*. No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe; do but now promiſe, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of ſuch a boy; and for my *Engliſh* moiety, take the word of a King and a batchelor. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deeſſe.*

Cath. Your Majeſtee ave fauſe *French* enough to deceive de moſt ſage damoiſel dat is *en France.*

K. *Henry*. Now, fie upon my falſe *French*; by mine honour, in true *Engliſh* I love thee, *Kate*; by which honour I dare not ſwear thou loveſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor 9 and untempting effect of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them: but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more ſpoil upon my face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, moſt fair *Catharine*, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empreſs, take me by the hand and ſay, *Harry* of *England*, I am thine; which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France*

9 *and* UNTEMPERING *effect.*] Certainly UNTEMPTING.

is

is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, tho' I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſick; for thy voice is muſick, and thy *Engliſh* broken: therefore Queen of all, *Catharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *Engliſh*, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is, as it ſhall pleaſe *le roy mon pere.*

K. *Henry.* Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Cath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. *Henry.* Upon that I kiſs your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Cath. *Laiſſez, mon ſeigneur laiſſez, laiſſez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant la main d'une voſtre indigne ſerviteure; excuſez moy, je vous ſupplie, mon tres-puiſſant Seigneur.*

K. *Henry.* Then I will kiſs your lips, *Kate.*

Cath. *Les dames & damoiſels pour eſtre baiſées devant leur nopces, il n'eſt pas le coutume de France.*

K. *Henry.* Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat is not be de faſhion *pour les* ladies of *France*; I cannot tell, what is *baiſſer* en *Engliſh.*

K. *Henry.* To kiſs.

Lady. Your Majeſty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

K *Henry.* Is it not a faſhion for the maids in *France* to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. *Ouy, vrayement.*

K. *Henry* O *Kate*, nice cuſtoms curt'ſie to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak liſt of a country's faſhion; we are the makers of manners *Kate*; and the liberty, that follows our places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice faſhion of your country in denying me a kiſs: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kiſſing her*] You have witchcraft in your lips, *Kate*; there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in the tongues of the *French* Council; and they ſhould ſooner perſuade *Harry* of *England*, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter the French *King and Queen, with* French *and* Engliſh *Lords.*

Burg. God ſave your Majeſty! my royal couſin, teach you our Princeſs *Engliſh?*

K. *Henry.* I would have her learn, my fair couſin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *Engliſh.*

Burg. Is ſhe apt?

K. *Henry.* Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not ſmooth; ſo that having neither the voice nor [1] the heart of flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeneſs.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you muſt make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſs, he muſt appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet roſ'd over with the virgin crimſon of modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked ſeeing ſelf? it were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to conſign to.

K. *Henry.* Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they ſee not what they do.

K. *Henry.* Then, good my lord, teach your couſin to conſent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to conſent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids, well ſummer'd and warm kept, are like flies at *Bartholomew*-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. *Henry.* This moral ties me over to time, and a hot ſummer; and ſo I ſhall catch the flie your couſin in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

[1] *the heart of* HATRED *about me,*] Certainly, *the heart of* FLATTERY.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. It is ſo; and you may ſome of you thank love for my blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair *French* city, for one fair *French* maid that ſtands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you ſee them perſpectively; the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. *Henry*. Shall *Kate* be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

K. *Henry*. I am content, ſo the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; ſo the maid, that ſtood in the way for my wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

K. *Henry*. Is't ſo, my lords of *England?*

Weſt. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter firſt; and then in ſequel all,
According to their firm propoſed nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Majeſty demands, That the King of *France*, having occaſion to write for matter of grant, ſhall name your Highneſs in this form, and with this addition in *French*: [2] *noſtre tres cher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre, heretier de France*: and thus in *Latin*; *Præcariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Yet this I have not (brother) ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

K. *Henry*. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the reſt,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon, and from her blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me; that theſe contending Kingdoms,
England and *France*, whoſe very ſhores look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet breaſts; that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

2 *noſtre tres cher filz* ——— And thus in *Latin*; PRÆCLARISSIMUS *filius*] What, is *tres cher*, in *French*, *Præclariſſimus* in *Latin!* We ſhould read, PRÆCARISSIMUS.

Lords.

Lords. Amen!

K. *Henry.* Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witneſs all,
That here I kiſs her as my Sovereign Queen. [*Flouriſh.*

Q. *Iſa.* God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one:
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms ſuch a ſpouſal,
That never may ill office, or feli jealouſie,
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paction of theſe kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league:
That *Engliſh* may as *French*, *French Engliſhmen*,
Receive each other. God ſpeak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. *Henry.* Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My lord of *Burgundy*, we'll take your oath
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept, and proſp'rous be! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough, and all-unable, pen,
Our blending author hath purſu'd the ſtory;[3]
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time, but, in that ſmall, moſt greatly liv'd
This Star of *England*. Fortune made his ſword;
By which the world's beſt garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did the King ſucceed:
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had i' th' managing,
That they loſt *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown: and, for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

3 *Our* BENDING *author* —— We ſhould read
BLENDING *author* ——
So he ſays of him juſt afterwards, *mangling by ſtarts.*

THE

THE

FIRST PART

OF

HENRY VI.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.
Duke of Glouceſter, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of* France.
Cardinal Beauford, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and Uncle likewiſe to the King.*
Duke of Exeter.
Duke of Somerſet.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot.
Young Talbot, *his Son.*
Richard Plantagenet, *afterwards Duke of* York.
Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Sir John Faſtolfe.
Woodvile, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Sir William Glanſdale.
Sir William Lucy.
Vernon, *of the* White Roſe, *or* York *Faction.*
Baſſet, *of the* Red Roſe, *or* Lancaſter *Faction.*

Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *and Titular King of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alanſon.
Baſtard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Maſter Gunner of Orleans.
Boy, his Son.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *Daughter to* Reignier, *and afterwards Queen to King* Henry.
Counteſs of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *a Maid pretending to be inſpir'd from Heaven, and ſetting up for the Championeſs of* France.
Fiends, attending her.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and ſeveral Attendants both on the Engliſh *and* French.

The SCENE *is partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

The

The First Part of King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Westminster-*Abbey*.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry *the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of* Bedford, *Regent of* France; *the Duke of* Gloucester, *Protector*; *the Duke of* Exeter, *and the Earl of* Warwick, *the Bishop of* Winchester, *and the Duke of* Somerset.

Bedford.

HUNG be the heav'ns with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing [1] change of times and states,
[2] Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto *Henry*'s death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a King of so much worth.

Glou. *England* ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deserving to command.
His brandish'd sword did blind men with its beams;

1 — *change of* times —] *Times* for *manners*.

2 *Brandish your* CRYSTAL *tresses*—] We have heard of a crystal heaven, but never of crystal comets before. We should read, CRISTED or *crested*, i. e. tresses standing an end, or mounted like a crest.

His

His arms spread wider than a Dragon's wings :
His sparkling eyes, repleat with awful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say ? his deeds exceed all speech :
He never lifted up his hand, but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black ; why mourn we not in blood ?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive :
Upon a wooden coffin we attend :
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What ? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted *French*
Conj'rers and forc'rers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verse have thus contriv'd his end ?

Win. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Unto the *French*, the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :
The church's pray'rs made him so prosperous.

Glou. The church ? where is it ? had not church-men pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd.
None do you like but an effeminate Prince,
Whom, like a School-boy, you may over-awe.

Win Glo'ster, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and realm ;
Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh ;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace :
Let's to the altar : heralds, wait on us ;
Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that *Henry*'s dead !
Posterity await for wretched years,

When

When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck ;
3 Our isle be made a Marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to 'wail the dead !
Henry the Fifth ! thy ghost I invocate ;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
4 Than *Julius Cæsar*, or bright———

SCENE II.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all ;
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture ;
Guienne, *Champaign*, and *Rheims*, and *Orleans*,
Paris, *Guysors*, *Poictiers*, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead *Henry*'s coarse ?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glou. Is *Paris* lost, and *Roan* yielded up ?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost ? what treachery was us'd ?

3 *Our isle be made a* Marish *of salt tears*,] *Thus it is* (says Mr. *Theobald*] *in both the impressions of Mr.* Pope ; *but upon what authority I cannot say. All the old copies read a* NOURISH : *and considering it is said in the line immediately preceding, that babes should suck at their mothers' moist eyes, it seems very probable that our author wrote a* Nourice. i. e. *that the whole island should be one common nurse or nourisher of tears*, &c. Was there ever such nonsense ! But he did not know that *Marish* was an old word for marsh or fen ; and therefore very judiciously thus corrected by Mr. *Pope*.

4 *Than* Julius Cæsar, *or bright*——] I can't guess the occasion of the Hemystic and imperfect sense in this place ; 'tis not impossible it might have been filled up with—*Francis Drake*,—tho' that were a terrible anachronism ; (as bad as *Hector*'s quoting *Aristotle* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*) yet perhaps at the time that brave *English*man was in his glory, to an *English*-hearted audience, and pronounced by some favourite actor, the thing might be popular, tho' not judicious ; and therefore by some critic in favour of the author afterwards struck out. But this is a mere slight conjecture. Mr. *Pope*.

Mess.

Mess. No treachery, but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings:
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *English* nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Crop'd are the Flower de-luces in your Arms,
Of *England*'s Coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for *France*.
Away with these disgraceful, wailing robes;
Wounds I will lend the *French*, instead of eyes,
5 To weep their intermissive miseries.

SCENE III.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the *English* quite,
Except some petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rheims*,
The bastard *Orleans* with him is join'd:
Reignier, Duke of *Anjou*, doth take his part,
The Duke of *Alanson* flies to his side. [*Exit.*

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Glo'ster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

5 *To weep their intermissive miseries.*] i. e. their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from *Henry* the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter a third Meſſenger.

3 *Meſſ.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry*'s hearſe,
I muſt inform you of a diſmal fight
Betwixt the ſtout lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame? is't ſo?

3 *Meſſ.* O, no; wherein lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown.
The circumſtance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of *Auguſt* laſt, this dreadful lord
Retiring from the ſiege of *Orleans*,
Having ſcarce full ſix thouſand in his troop,
By three and twenty thouſand of the *French*
Was round encompaſſed and ſet upon.
No leiſure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to ſet before his archers;
Inſtead whereof, ſharp ſtakes, pluckt out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confuſedly;
To keep the horſemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant *Talbot* above human thought
Enacted wonders with his ſword and lance.
Hundreds he ſent to hell, and none durſt ſtand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew:
The *French* exclaim'd, "The devil was in arms!
All the whole army ſtood agaz'd on him.
His ſoldiers, ſpying his undaunted ſpirit,
A *Talbot! Talbot!* cried out amain,
And ruſh'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the Conqueſt fully been ſeal'd up,
If Sir *John Faſtolfe* had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,
With purpoſe to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having ſtruck one ſtroak.
Hence grew the gen'ral wreck and maſſacre;
Encloſed were they with their enemies.
A baſe *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thruſt *Talbot* with a ſpear into the back;
Whom all *France* with her chief aſſembled ſtrength
Durſt not preſume to look once in the face.

Bed.

Bed. Is *Talbot* slain then? I will slay my self,
For living idly here in pomp and ease;
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And lord *Scales* with him, and lord *Hungerford*;
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His Crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my masters, to my task will I;
Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. *George*'s feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need, for *Orleans* is besieg'd;
The *English* army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny;
Since they so few watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to *Henry* sworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoak.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit* Bedford.

Glou. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and ammunition;
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.
[*Exit* Gloucester.

Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out: for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be thus out of office:
The King from *Eltam* I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Before Orleans *in* France.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, *and* Reignier, *marching with a drum and Soldiers.*

Char. MARS his true moving, ev'n as in the heav'ns,
So in the earth to this day is not known.
Late, did he ſhine upon the *Engliſh* ſide:
Now we are victors, upon us he ſmiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleaſure here we lye near *Orleans:*
Tho' ſtill the famiſh'd *Engliſh*, like pale ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege us one hour in a month.

Alan. They want their porridge, and their fat Bull-beeves;
Either they muſt be dieted like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths;
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raiſe the ſiege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall;
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, ſound alarum: we will ruſh on them:
Now for the honour of the forlorn *French:*
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me;
When he ſees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here Alarm, they are beaten back by the* Engliſh *with great loſs.*

Re-enter Charles, Alanſon, *and* Reignier.

Char. Who ever ſaw the like? what men have I?
Dogs, cowards, daſtards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my enemies.

Reig. Saliſbury is a deſp'rate homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry prey.

Alan.

Alan. Froysard, a countryman of ours, records,
[6] *England* all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred,
During the time *Edward* the Third did reign:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Sampsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to skirmish; one to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose,
They had such courage and audacity!

Char. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, [7] by some odd gimmals or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do:
By my consent we'll e'en let them alone.

Alan. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Dau. Bastard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision, sent to her from heav'n,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege;
And drive the *English* forth the bounds of *France*.
The spirit of deep prophesie she hath,
Exceeding the [8] nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome:*

6 England *all* Olivers *and* Rowlands *bred,*] These were two of the most famous in the list of *Charlemagne*'s twelve Peers; and their exploits are render'd so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of *giving one a* Rowland *for his* Oliver, to signify the matching one incredible lye with another.

7 *by some odd* gimmals *or device*] *Gimmals* are rings of double rounds, from *gemelli*, wheels one within another.
Mr. *Pope.*

8 —— *nine* Sibyls *of old* Rome:] There were no *nine* Sibyls *of* Rome: But he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the *Tarquins*.

What's

What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.
Dau. Go, call her in; but first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

SCENE VI.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?
Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? come, come from behind,
I know thee well, tho' never seen before.
Be not amaz'd: there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter.
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:
Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success.
In compleat glory she reveal'd her self;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou can'st possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated.
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms :
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me ;
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd ; here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with fine Flow'r-de-luces on each side ;
The which, at *Tourain* in St. *Catharine*'s church,
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Dau. Then come o' God's name, for I fear no woman.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and* Joan la Pucelle *overcomes.*

Dau. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon* ;
And fightest with the sword of *Debora*.

Pucel. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Dau. Who-e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me :
Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd ;
Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not Sovereign be,
'Tis the *French* Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above :
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alan. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean ?

Alan. He may mean more than we poor men do know :
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you ? what devise you on ?
Shall we give over *Orleans* or no ?

Pucel. Why, no I say ; distrustful recreants !
Fight till the last gasp, for I'll be your guard.

Dau. What she says, I'll confirm, we'll fight it out.

Pucel.

Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the *English* scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint *Martin*'s summer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.
'Glory is like a circle in the water;
'Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
'Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With *Henry*'s death the *English* circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bore at once.
Dau. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen the mother of great *Constantine*,
Nor yet St. *Philip*'s daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of *Venus*, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee?
Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.
Dau. Presently try; come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I trust, if she proves false. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Tower-*gates*, *in* LONDON.

Enter Gloucester, *with his Serving-men.*

Glou. I AM this day come to survey the *Tower*;
Since *Henry*'s death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates. 'Tis *Gloucester*, that calls.
1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocketh so imperiously?
1 *Man.* It is the noble Duke of *Gloucester*.
2 *Ward.* Who e'er he be, you may not be let in.
1 *Man.* Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?
1 *Ward.* The lord protect him! so we answer him;
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?
There's none Protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghil grooms?

Gloucester's *men rush at the* Tower-*gates, and* Woodvile *the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
Glou. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's *Glo'ster*, that would enter.
Wood. Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of *Winchester* forbids;
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.
Glou. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughty prelate,
Whom *Henry*, our late Sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the gate, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector;
We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower-*gates*, Wincheſter *and his men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Umpire, what means this?
Glou. [9] Piel'd Priest, dost thou command me be shut out?
Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the King or realm.
Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'd'st to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that [1] giv'st whores indulgences to sin;
I'll canvas thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

9 Piel'd *Priest.* ——] Alluding to his shaven crown, a metaphor from a peel'd orange. Mr. *Pope.*

1 —— *giv'st whores indulgences to sin*;] The public stews were formerly under the district of the bishop of *Winchester*. Mr. *Pope.*

Win.

Win. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
[2] This be *Damaſcus*, be thou curſed *Cain*,
To ſlay thy brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not ſlay thee, but I'll drive thee back;
Thy ſcarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll uſe to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do, what thou dar'ſt; I beard thee to thy face.

Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place.
Blue coats to tawny. Prieſt, beware thy beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly.
Under my feet I'll ſtamp thy Cardinal's hat:
In ſpight of Pope or dignities of Church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Glo'ſter, thou'lt anſwer this before the Pope.

Glou. Wincheſter Gooſe! I cry, a rope, a rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them ſtay?
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats; out, ſcarlet hypocrite!

Here Glouceſter's *men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of* London, *and his Officers.*

Mayor. Fy, Lords; that you, being ſupreme magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould break the peace!

Glou. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diſtrain'd the *Tower* to his uſe.

Win. Here's *Glo'ſter* too, a foe to citizens,
One that ſtill motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purſes with large fines,
That ſeeks to overthrow religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the *Tower*,
To crown himſelf King, and ſuppreſs the Prince.

2 *This be* Damaſcus, *be thou curſed* Cain,] *N. B.* About four miles from *Damaſcus* is a high hill, reported to be the ſame on which *Cain* ſlew his brother *Abel*. *Maundrell*'s Travels, *page* 131. Mr. *Pope.*

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation.
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou can'st.

All manner of men assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you in his Highness's name, to repair to your several dwelling places; and not wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger henceforward upon pain of Death.

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and tell our minds at large.

Win. *Glo'ster*, we'll meet to thy dear cost, be sure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewel: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable *Glo'ster*, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it, ere be long. [*Exeunt.*

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.

Offic. Good God! [2] that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I my self fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Orleans *in* France.

Enter the Master-gunner of Orleans, *and his boy.*

M. Gun. SIRRAH, thou know'st how *Orleans* is besieg'd,
And how the *English* have the suburbs won.

2 —— *that nobles should such stomachs bear!*
I my self fight not once in forty year.] The Mayor of *London* was not brought in to be laugh'd at, as is plain by his manner of interfering in the quarrel, where he all along preserves a sufficient dignity. In the line preceding these, he directs his officer, to whom without doubt these two lines should be given. They suit his character, and are very expressive of the pacific temper of the City Guards.

Boy.

Boy. Father, I know, and oft have ſhot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miſs'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Maſter-gunner am I of this town,
Something I muſt do to procure me grace.
The Prince's 'ſpials have informed me,
The *Engliſh*, in the ſuburbs cloſe intrench'd,
Went thro' a ſecret gate of iron bars,
In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city;
And thence diſcover how, with moſt advantage,
They may vex us, with ſhot or with aſſault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainſt it I have plac'd;
And fully ev'n theſe three days have I watch'd,
If I could ſee them. Now, Boy, do thou watch.
For I can ſtay no longer,———
If thou ſpy'ſt any, run and bring me word,
And thou ſhalt find me at the Governor's. [*Exit.*
Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may ſpy them.

SCENE IX.

Enter Saliſbury *and* Talbot *on the turrets, with others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being priſoner?
Or by what means got'ſt thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The Duke of *Bedford* had a priſoner,
Called the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile.*
For him was I exchang'd, and ranſomed.
But with a baſer man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I diſdaining ſcorn'd, and craved death,
Rather than I would be ſo vile eſteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was, as I deſir'd.
But, oh! the treach'rous *Faſtolfe* wounds my heart;
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my pow'r.
Sal. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick spectacle to all.
Here, said they, is the terror of the *French*;
The scare crow, that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great a fear my name amongst them spread,
That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel;
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had;
They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy, *with a Linstock.*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in *Orleans:*
Here thro' this grate I can count every one,
And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortify:
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glansdale*,
Let me have your expres opinions,
Where is best place to make our batt'ry next?

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot, and* Salisbury *falls down.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man.

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost us?
Speak, *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accursed tow'r, accursed fatal hand,

That

That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles *Salisbury* o'ercame:
Henry the Fifth he firſt train'd to the wars.
Whilſt any trump did ſound, or drum ſtruck up,
His ſword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the field.
Yet liv'ſt thou, *Salisbury?* tho' thy ſpeech doth fail,
One eye thou haſt to look to heav'n for grace.
The ſun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heav'n, be thou gracious to none alive,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, haſt thou any life?
Speak unto *Talbot*; nay, look up to him.
O *Salisb'ry*, chear thy ſpirit with this comfort,
Thou ſhalt not die, while——
——He beckons with his hand, and ſmiles on me,
As who ſhould ſay, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet, I will; and, *Nero*-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched ſhall *France* be only in my name.
[*Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.*
What ſtir is this? what tumult's in the heav'ns?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noiſe?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, my lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The *Dauphin* with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,
A holy propheteſs new riſen up,
Is come with a great power to raiſe the ſiege.
[*Here* Salisbury *lifteth himſelf up, and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Salisbury* doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a *Salisbury* to you.
Pucelle or *Puſſel*, *Dauphin* or *Dog fiſh*,
Your hearts I'll ſtamp out with my Horſe's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey brave *Salisbury* into his tent,
And then we'll try what daſtard *Frenchmen* dare.
[*Alarm. Exeunt, bearing* Saliſbury *and Sir* Thomas Gargrave *out.*

SCENE X.

Here an alarm again; and Talbot *pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him; then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving* Englishmen *before her. Then enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our *English* troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here, she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch;
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I, that must disgrace thee. [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Pucel *Talbot*, farewel, thy hour is not yet come,
I must go victual *Orleans* forthwith.

[*A short alarm. Then enter the town with soldiers.*

O'ertake me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit* Pucelle.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists.
So Bees with smoke, and Doves with noisom stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driv'n away.
They call'd us for our fierceness *English* dogs,
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarm.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lions out of *England*'s Coat;
Renounce your soil, give Sheep in Lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so tim'rous from the Wolf,
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,

As

As you fly from your oft ſubdued ſlaves.

[*Alarm. Here another Skirmiſh.*

It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all conſented unto *Salisbury*'s death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into *Orleans*,
In ſpight of us, or aught that we could do,
O, would I were to die with *Salisbury!*
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exit* Talbot.

[*Alarm, Retreat, Flouriſh.*

SCENE XI.

Enter on the Wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alanſon, *and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls,
Reſcu'd is *Orleans* from the *Engliſh* Wolves:
Thus *Joan la Pucelle* hath perform'd her word.

Dau. Divineſt creature, bright *Aſtrea*'s daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs!
Thy promiſes are [3] like *Adonis*' Garden,

That

3 ——— *like* Adonis' *Garden*,] It may not be impertinent to take notice of a diſpute between four critics, of very different orders, upon this very *important* point of the *Gardens of* Adonis. *Milton* had ſaid,

Spot more delicious than thoſe Gardens feign'd,
Or of reviv'd Adonis, *or* ———

which Dr. *Bentley* pronounces ſpurious; *For that the* Κῆποι Ἀδώνιδος, *the* Gardens of *Adonis*, *ſo frequently mentioned by* Greek *writers*, Plato, Plutarch, &c. *were nothing but portable earthen pots, with ſome Lettice or Fennel growing in them. On his yearly feſtival every woman carried one of them for* Adonis' *worſhip*; *becauſe* Venus *had once laid him in a lettice bed. The next day they were thrown away*, &c. To this Dr. *Pierce* replies, *That this account of the* Gardens *of Adonis is right, and yet* Milton *may be defended for what he ſays of them: For why* (ſays he) *did the* Grecians *on* Adonis' *feſtival carry theſe ſmall earthen Gardens about in honour of him? It was becauſe they had a* tradition, *that, when he was alive, he delighted in Gardens, and had a magnificent one: For proof of this we have* Pliny's *words*, xix. 4. Antiquitas nihil priùs mirata eſt quàm Heſperidum HORTOS, ac regum ADONIDIS & Alcinoi. One would now think the queſtion well decided: But Mr. *Theobald* comes, and will needs be

Dr.

That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious propheteſs!
Recover'd is the town of *Orleans*;
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befal our ſtate.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets;
To celebrate the joy, that God hath giv'n us.

Alan. All *France* will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which I will divide my Crown with her;
And all the prieſts and friars in my realm
Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſs praiſe.
A ſtatelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope*'s or *Memphis*' ever was!

Dr. *Bentley*'s ſecond. *A learned and reverend gentleman* (ſays he) *having attempted to impeach Dr.* Bentley *of error, for maintaining that there* NEVER WAS EXISTENT *any magnificent or ſpacious Gardens of* Adonis, *an opinion in which it has been my fortune to ſecond the Doctor, I thought myſelf concerned, in ſome part, to weigh theſe authorities alledged by the objector, &c.* The reader ſees that Mr. *Theobald* miſtakes the very queſtion in diſpute between theſe two truly learned men, which was not whether *Adonis*' Gardens *were ever exiſtent*, but whether there was *a tradition of any celebrated Gardens cultivated by* Adonis. For this would ſufficiently juſtify *Milton*'s mention of them, together with the Gardens of *Alcinous*, confeſſed by the poet himſelf to be fabulous. But hear their own words. *There was no ſuch Garden* (ſays Dr. *Bentley*) *ever exiſtent, or* EVEN FEIGN'D. He adds the latter part, as knowing that that would juſtify the poet; and it is on that aſſertion only that his adverſary Dr. *Pierce* joins iſſue with him. *Why* (ſays he) *did they carry the ſmall earthen Gardens? It was becauſe they had a* TRADITION, *that when he was alive he delighted in Gardens.* Mr. *Theobald* therefore, miſtaking the queſtion, it is no wonder that all he ſays, in his long note at the end of the fourth volume, is nothing to the purpoſe; it being to ſhew that Dr. *Pierce*'s quotations, from *Pliny* and others, do not prove the real *exiſtence* of the Gardens. After theſe, comes the *Oxford Editor*; and he pronounces in favour of Dr. *Bentley* againſt Dr. *Pierce*, in theſe words, *The Gardens of* Adonis *were never repreſented under any local deſcription.* But whether this was ſaid at hazard, or to contradict Dr. *Pierce*, or to rectify Mr. *Theobald*'s miſtake of the queſtion, it is ſo obſcurely expreſſed, that one can hardly determine.

In

In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of *Darius*,
Transported shall be at high festivals,
Before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on St. *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* shall be *France*'s Saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before ORLEANS.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

Ser. SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the wall, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
Cent. Serjeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy, *with scaling ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whose approach the regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy* are friends to us;
This happy night the *Frenchmen* are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.
Bed. Coward of *France!* how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Exeunt.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Pucelle*, whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid? and be so martial?
Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long!
If underneath the standard of the *French*
She carry armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conqu'ring name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
Bur. I to this.
Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now, *Salisbury!* for thee, and for the right
Of *English Henry*, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Cent. [*within.*] Arm, arm: the enemy doth make assault.

[*The* English, *scaling the Walls, cry, St.* George! *A.* Talbot!

SCENE II.

The French *leap o'er the Walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, Bastard*, Alanson, Reignier, *half ready and half unready.*

Alan. How now, my lords? what all unready so?
Bast Unready? I, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds;
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alan. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.
Bast. I think, this *Talbot* is a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heav'ns, sure, favour him.
Alan. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he sped.

Enter

Enter Charles *and* Joan.

Baſt. Tut! holy *Joan* was his defenſive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain;
That now our loſs might be ten times as much?

Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my pow'r alike?
Sleeping, or waking, muſt I ſtill prevail?
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident ſoldiers, had your watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never could have fal'n.

Char. Duke of *Alanſon*, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alan. Had all your quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.

Baſt. Mine was ſecure.

Reign. And ſo was mine, my lord.

Char. And for my ſelf, moſt part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels.
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt break in?

Pucel. Queſtion, my lords, no further of the caſe,
How, or which way; 'tis ſure, they found ſome part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there reſts no other ſhift but this,
To gather our ſoldiers, ſcatter'd and diſperſt,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Within the Walls of Orleans.

Alarm. *Enter a Soldier crying, a* Talbot! *a* Talbot! *They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sol. I'LL be ſo bold to take what they have left:
The cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a ſword,

For

For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [*Retreat.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle center of this cursed town.
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul:
For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him,
There have at least five *Frenchmen* dy'd to night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corps shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the Sack of *Orleans*;
The treach'rous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to *France*.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous *Joan* of *Arc*,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.

Bur. My self, as far as I could well discern
For smoak and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure, I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull:
When, arm in arm, they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the pow'r we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords; which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike *Talbot*, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of *France*?

Tal.

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*, who would ſpeak with him ?
Meſſ. The virtuous lady, Counteſs of *Auvergne*,
With modeſty, admiring thy renown,
By me intreats, great lord, thou would'ſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poor Caſtle where ſhe lies ;
That ſhe may boaſt ſhe hath beheld the man,
Whoſe glory fills the world with loud report.
Bur. Is it ev'n ſo ? nay, then, I ſee, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comick ſport ;
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You can't, my lord, deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.
Tal. Ne'er truſt me then ; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindneſs over-rul'd :
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks ;
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company ?
Bed. No, truly, that is more than manners will :
And I have heard it ſaid, unbidden gueſts
Are often welcomeſt when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, ſince there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courteſy.
Come hither, captain ; you perceive my mind. [*Whiſpers.*
Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Counteſs of Auvergne's *Caſtle.*

Enter the Counteſs, and her Porter.

Count. PORter, remember what I gave in charge ;
And, when you've done ſo, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid : if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus*' death.
1 Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his atchievements of no leſs account :

1 *Great is the* rumour. ——] *Rumour*, for reputation.

Fain

Fain would mine eyes be witnes with mine ears,
[2] To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger, and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship
By message crav'd, so is lord *Talbot* come.
Count. And he is welcome; what! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of *France?*
Is this the *Talbot* so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see, report is fabulous and false,
I thought, I should have seen some *Hercules*;
A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
Should strike such terror in his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.
Count. What means he now? Go ask him, whither he goes.
Mess Stay, my lord *Talbot*; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certifie her, *Talbot*'s here.

Enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Pris'ner? to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord:
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

[2] *To give their* censure.——] *Censure*, for judgment simply.

Tal.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laugheſt thou, wretch? thy mirth ſhall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to ſee your ladyſhip ſo fond,
To think, that you have aught but *Talbot*'s ſhadow
Whereon to practiſe your ſeverity.

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I ſubſtance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but ſhadow of my ſelf:
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part
And leaſt proportion of humanity:
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not ſufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will he here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his horn; drums ſtrike up; a peal of Ordnance. Enter Soldiers.

How ſay you, Madam? are you now perſuaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and ſubverts your towns;
And in a moment makes them deſolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe;
I find, thou art no leſs than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath;
For, I am ſorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not diſmay'd, fair lady; nor miſconſtrue
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction do I crave,

But

But only with your patience that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to London, *in the* Temple *garden.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, *and others.*

Plan. GReat lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth:
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th' error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of *Warwick*, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
3 From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with *Plantagenet*.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young *Somerset*,
And say withal, I think, he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude, that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master *Vernon*, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red;
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt;
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on; who else?

3 *From off this briar pluck a white rose with me*, &c.] This is given as the original of the two badges of the house of *York* and *Lancaster*, whether truly or not, is no great matter. But the proverbial expression of *saying a thing under the Rose*, I am persuaded, came from thence. When the nation had ranged itself into two great factions, under the *white* and *red* Rose, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting against one another, then when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the same quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he *said it under the Rose*; meaning that, as it concern'd the faction, it was religiously to be kept secret.

Lawyer.

Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument, you held, was wrong in you;
[*To* Somerset.
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, *Somreset*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose to a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, *Plantagenet*,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our Roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy Rose a canker, *Somerset?*
Som. Hath not thy Rose a thorn, *Plantagenet?*
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falshood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be seen.
Plan. Now by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy Fashion, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, *Plantagenet.*
Plan. Proud *Pole*, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pole!*
We grace the Yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, *Somerset.*
His grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*,

4 *I scorn thee and thy* Fashion. ——] So the old copies read, and rightly. Mr. *Theobald* altered it to *Faction*, not considering that by *fashion* is meant the badge of the *red-rose*, which *Somerset* said he and his friends should be distinguish'd by. But Mr. *Theobald* asks, *If* Faction *was not the true reading, why should* Suffolk *immediately reply,*

Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet?

Why? because *Plantagenet* had called *Somerset*, with whom *Suffolk* sided, *peevish boy.*

Third

Third ſon to the third *Edward* King of *England*:
[5] Spring creſtleſs Yeomen from ſo deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Chriſtendom.
Was not thy father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
For treaſon headed in our late King's days?
And by his treaſon ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
[6] Corrupted and exempt from ancient gentry?
His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a yeoman:
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treaſon, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker *Pole*, and you your ſelf,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion;
Look to it well, and ſay, you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill,
And know us by theſe colours for thy foes:
For theſe my friends, in ſpight of thee, ſhall wear.
Plan. And by my ſoul, this pale and angry roſe,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farewel, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, *Pole*: farewel, ambitious *Richard*. [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object againſt your houſe,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of *Winchester* and *Glouceſter*:
And if thou be not then created *York*,

5 *Spring* creſtleſs *Yeomen* ——] i. e. thoſe who have no right to arms.
6 *Corrupted and* exempt ——] *Exempt*, for excluded.
7 ——*for this* apprehenſion;] Apprehenſion, *i. e.* opinion.

I will

I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud *Somerset* and *William Pole*,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesie; this brawl to day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master *Vernon*, I am bound to you;
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Lawyer. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.
Come, let us four to dinner; I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Prison.

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a chair, and jailors.*

Mor. KIND keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself.
Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, [8] as drawing to their exigent.
Weak shoulders over-born with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
(Unable to support this lump of clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave;
As witting, I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

8 ——*as drawing to their* exigent.] *Exigent*, for conclusion, period.

Keep.

Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come;
We ſent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.
Mor. Enough; my ſoul then ſhall be ſatisfy'd.
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reign,
(Before whoſe glory I was great in arms,)
This loathſome ſequeſtration have I had;
And, ev'n ſince then, hath *Richard* been obſcur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of deſpairs,
Juſt death, kind umpire of men's miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſs me hence.
I would, his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt!

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Plan. I, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-deſpiſed *Richard*, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his boſom ſpend my lateſt gaſp.
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks;
That I may kindly give one fainting kiſs.
And now declare, ſweet ſtem from *York*'s great ſtock,
Why didſt thou ſay, of late thou wert deſpis'd?
Plan. Firſt, lean thine aged back againſt mine arm,
And in that eaſe I'll tell thee my Diſeaſe.
This day, in argument upon a caſe,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
9 Amongſt which terms he us'd his laviſh tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy ſet bars before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's ſake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for alliance' ſake, declare the cauſe
My father Earl of *Cambridge* loſt his head.

9 *Amongſt which terms he* us'd *his laviſh tongue*,] I rather think *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——— loos'd *his laviſh tongue*.

Mor. This cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me ;
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit ;
And death approach not, ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his cousin *Richard*, *Edward*'s son ;
The first begotten, and the lawful heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that descent.
During whose reign the *Percies* of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was, for that young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage :
For by my mother I derived am
From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third son
To the Third *Edward* ; whereas *Bolingbroke*
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the Fourth of that heroic Line.
But mark ; as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir ;
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
After his father *Bolingbroke* did reign,
Thy father, Earl of *Cambridge*, (then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was ;)
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And re-instal me in the Diadem :
But as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the title rested, were suppress.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your Honour is the last.

Mor. True ; and thou seest, that I no issue have ;
And that my fainting words do warrant death :

Thou

Thou art my heir; the reſt I wiſh thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.

Plan. Thy grave admoniſhments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing leſs than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With ſilence, nephew, be thou politick:
Strong-fixed is the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſettled place.

Plan. O uncle, would ſome part of my young years
Might but redeem the paſſage of your age!

Mort. Thou doſt then wrong me, as that ſlaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou ſorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral.
And ſo farewel; and fair *(a)* befal thy hopes,
And proſp'rous be thy life, in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting ſoul!
In priſon haſt thou ſpent a pilgrimage,
And, like a hermit, over-paſt thy days.
Well; I will lock his counſel in my breaſt;
And what I do imagine, let that reſt.
Keepers, convey him hence; and I my ſelf
Will ſee his burial better than his life.
[1] Here lies the duſky torch of *Mortimer*,
[2] Choak'd with ambition of the meaner ſort.

1 *Here* DIES *the duſky torch*—] The image is of a torch juſt extinguiſhed, and yet ſmoaking. But we ſhould read LIES inſtead of DIES. For when a dead man is repreſented by an extinguiſhed torch, we muſt ſay the *torch lies:* when an extinguiſhed torch is compared to a dead man, we muſt ſay the *torch dies.* The reaſon is plain, becauſe integrity of metaphor requires that the terms proper to the thing *illuſtrating*, not the thing *illuſtrated*, be employed.

2 *Choak'd with ambition of the meaner ſort.*] We are to underſtand the ſpeaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of *Mortimer*, in being always made a tool of by the *Percies* of the north in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in aſſerting his claim to the crown, in ſupport of his own princely ambition.

[*(a) befal.* Mr. *Theobald.*—Vulg. *be all.*]

And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not but with honour to redress.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my *(b)* Ill th' advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PARLIAMENT.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, *and* Richard Plantagenet; Gloucester *offers to put up a Bill:* Winchester *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. COM'ST thou with deep premeditated line?
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd
Humphry of *Glo'ster*, if thou can'st accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my patience;
Or thou should'st find, thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, altho' in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outragious crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.
No, Prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy leud, pestif'rous, and dissentious pranks,
The very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree.

[*(b) Ill.* Mr. *Theobald.*—Vulg. *Will.*]

And

And for thy treach'ry, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou laid'ſt a trap to take my life,
As well at *London bridge*, as at the *Tower*.
Beſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The King thy Sovereign is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.
Win. Glo'ſter, I do defie thee. Lords, vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were covetous, perverſe, ambitious,
As he will have me; how am I ſo poor?
How haps it then, I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe my ſelf? but keep my wonted Calling.
And for diſſention, who preferreth peace
More than I do? except I be provok'd.
No, my good lords, it is not That offends;
It is not That, which hath incens'd the Duke:
It is, becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he;
No one, but he, ſhould be about the King;
And That engenders thunder in his breaſt,
And makes him roar theſe accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know, I am as good ——
Glou. As good?
Thou baſtard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am not I then Protector, ſaucy prieſt?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the Church?
Glou. Yes, as an out-law in a caſtle keeps,
And uſes it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unrev'rend *Glo'ſter!*
Glou. Thou art reverend
Touching thy ſpiritual function, not thy life.
Win. This *Rome* ſhall remedy.
War. Roam thither then.
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, ſee, the Biſhop be not over-born.
Som. Methinks, my lord ſhould be religious;
And know the Office that belongs to ſuch.
War. Methinks his lordſhip ſhould be humbler then,
It fitteth not a prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy ſtate is touch'd ſo near.

War. State, holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. *Plantagenet*, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
'Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Else would I have a fling at *Winchester*.
K. *Henry.* Uncles of *Glo'ster*, and of *Winchester*,
The special watchmen of our *English* weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a scandal is it to our Crown,
That two such noble peers, as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a vip'rous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the Common-wealth.
[*A noise within*; Down with the tawny coats.
K. *Henry.* What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun thro' malice of the Bishop's men.
[*A noise again*, Stones, Stones.

SCENE II.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh, my good lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pity the city *London*, pity us;
The Bishop and the Duke of *Glo'ster*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in ev'ry street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

K. *Henry.* We charge you on allegiance to our selves,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace:
Pray, uncle *Glo'ster*, mitigate this strife.
1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.*

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*

Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish broil;
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just and upright; and for your royal birth
Inferior to none but to his Majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a father of the Common-weal,
To be disgraced by an Inkhorn mate;
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight;
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glou. Stay, stay, I say;
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. *Henry.* O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my lord of *Winchester*, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord Protector, yield: yield, *Winchester*;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your Sovereign, and destroy the Realm.
Ye see, what mischief, and what murther too,
Hath been enacted thro' your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compassion on the King commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of *Winchester*, the Duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glou. Here, *Winchester*, I offer thee my hand.

K. *Henry.* Fie, uncle *Beauford:* I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:

And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet King! the Bishop hath a kindly gird:
For shame, my lord of *Winchester*, relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of *Glo'ster*, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand, I give.

Glou. Ay, but I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

K. *Henry.* O loving uncle, gentle Duke of *Glo'ster*,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters, trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.* And I'll see what physick the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

War. Accept this scrowl, most gracious Sovereign,
Which in the right of *Richard Plantagenet*
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glou. Well urg'd, my lord of *Warwick*; For, sweet Prince,
An if your Grace mark ev'ry circumstance,
You have great reason to do *Richard* right:
Especially, for those occasions
At *Eltam*-place I told your Majesty.

K. *Henry.* And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his blood.

War. Let *Richard* be restored to his blood,
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

K. *Henry.* If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of *York*;

From

From whence you spring by lineal Descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And faithful service, 'till the point of death.

K. *Henry.* Stoop, then, and set your knee against my foot;
And in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant Sword of *York.*
Rise, *Richard,* like a true *Plantagenet,*
And rise created Princely Duke of *York.*

Rich. And so thrive *Richard,* as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Majesty!

All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York!*

Som. Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of *York.* [*Aside.*

Glou. Now will it best avail your Majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in *France:*
The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. *Henry.* When *Glo'ster* says the word, King *Henry* goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glou. Your ships already are in readiness. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France,*
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love;
And will at last break out into a flame.
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away;
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy,
Which in the time of *Henry,* nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of ev'ry sucking babe;
That *Henry,* born at *Monmouth,* should win all;
And *Henry,* born at *Windsor,* should lose all:
Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Roan *in* France.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *disguis'd, and four Soldiers with Sacks upon their backs.*

Pucel. THese are the city-gates, the gates of *Roan*,
Thro' which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary, how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall;)
And that we find the slothful Watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends;
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.

Sol. Our Sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over *Roan*;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. *Qui va là?*

Pucel. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France.*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, *Roan*, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alanson.

Dau. St. *Dennis* bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan*.

Bast. Here enter'd *Pucelle*, and her practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tow'r,
Which, once discern'd, shews, that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakness) which she enter'd.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.*

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the *Talbotites*.

Bast.

Baſt. See, noble *Charles*, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret ſtands.
Dau. Now ſhines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.
Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter and cry, The *Dauphin!* preſently,
And then do execution on the Watch.
[*An Alarm*; Talbot *in an Excurſion.*
Tal. France, thou ſhalt rue this treaſon with thy tears.
If *Talbot* but ſurvive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned ſorcereſs,
Hath wrought this helliſh miſchief unawares;
[1] That hardly we eſcap'd the pride of *France*. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

An alarm: Excurſions. Bedford *brought in, ſick, in a chair. Enter* Talbot *and* Burgundy, *without*; *within*, Joan la Pucelle, *Dauphin*, *Baſtard*, *and* Reignier, *on the walls.*

Pucel. Good-morrow, gallants, want ye corn for bread?
I think, the Duke of *Burgundy* will faſt,
Before he'll buy again at ſuch a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taſte?
Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs curtizan!
I truſt, ere long to choak thee with thine own;
And make thee curſe the harveſt of that corn.
Dau. Your grace may ſtarve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. Oh let not words, but deeds, revenge this treaſon!
Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,

1 *That-hardly we eſcap'd the* pride *of* France.] *Pride* ſignifies the *haughty power*. The ſame ſpeaker ſays afterwards, Act 4. Scene 6.

And from the pride *of* Gallia *reſcu'd thee.*

One would think this plain enough. But what won't a puzzling critic obſcure! Mr. *Theobald* ſays, Pride of France *is an abſurd and unmeaning expreſſion*, and therefore alters it to *Prize of France*; and in this is followed by the *Oxford Editor*.

And

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of *France*, and hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardise a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with his shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot? yet, *Puccle*, hold thy Peace;
If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*They whisper together in counsel.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

Pucel. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee, *Alanson*, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alan. Seignior, no.

Tal. Seignior, hang:—— base muleteers of *France!*
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Pucel. Captains, away; let's get us from the walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord: we came, Sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbot*'s greatest fame!
Vow, *Burgundy*, by honour of thy House,
Prick'd on by publick wrongs sustain'd in *France*,
Either to get the town again, or die.
And I, as sure as *English Henry* lives,
And as his father here was Conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great *Cœurdelion*'s heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford:* come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place;
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not so dishonour me:

Here

Here I will ſit before the walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.

Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let us now perſuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon*, in his litter ſick,
Came to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes.
Methinks, I ſhould revive the ſoldiers' hearts;
Becauſe I ever found them as myſelf.

Tal. Undaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt!
Then be it ſo: heav'ns keep old *Bedford* ſafe!
And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And ſet upon our boaſting enemy. [*Exit.*

An alarm: excurſions: Enter Sir John Faſtolfe, *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Faſtolfe*, in ſuch haſte?

Faſt. Whither away? to ſave myſelf by flight.
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord *Talbot?*

Faſt. Ay, all the *Talbots* in the world to ſave my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excurſions, Pucelle, Alanſon, *and Dauphin fly.*

Bed. Now, quiet ſoul, depart when heav'n ſhall pleaſe;
For I have ſeen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They, that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
[*Dies; and is carried off in his chair.*

SCENE VI.

Within the Walls of Roan.

An Alarm: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and the reſt.*

Tal. LOST and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, *Burgundy*;
Yet, heav'ns have glory for this victory!

Burg.

Burg. Warlike and martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Inshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as Valour's monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is *Pucelle* now?
I think, her old Familiar is asleep.
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and [2] *Charles* his glikes?
What, all a-mort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief;
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now we will take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to *Paris* to the King;
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lyes.
Burg. What wills lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgundy*.
Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd;
But see his exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, Alanson, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Dismay not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is so recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while;
And, like a Peacock, sweep along his tail:
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

2 —— Charles *his* glikes?] Glikes or scoffs. Mr. *Pope*. *Alans.*

Alan. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joan* devise:
By fair persuasions mixt with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do That,
France were no place for *Henry*'s warriors;
Nor shall that Nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alan. For ever should they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not have title of an Earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drum beats afar off.*
Hark, by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto *Paris*-ward.
[*Here beat an* English *march.*
There goes the *Talbot* with his colours spread,
And all the troops of *English* after him. [French *March.*
Now, in the rereward, comes the Duke and his:
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy *marching.*

Dau. A parley with the Duke of *Burgundy.*——

Burg. Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy?*

Pucel. The princely *Charles* of *France*, thy countryman.

Burg. What say'st thou, *Charles?* for I am marching hence.

Dau. Speak, *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France!*
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile *France*;
And see the cities, and the towns defac'd

By

By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother [3] on her lovely babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes;
See, see the pining malady of *France*,
Behold the wounds, the most unnat'ral wounds,
Which thou thy self hast giv'n her woful breast.
Oh, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt; and hurt not those that help:
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of common gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all *French* and *France* exclaim on thee;
Doubting thy birth, and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When *Talbot* hath set footing once in *France*,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of Ill;
Who then but *English Henry* will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof;
Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy foe?
And was not he in *England* prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid;
In spight of *Burgundy*, and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen;
And join'st with them, will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I'm vanquished. These haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen;

3 ——— *on her* LOWLY *babe.*] It is plain *Shakespear* wrote, LOVELY *babe*, it answering to *fertile France* above, which this domestic image is brought to illustrate.

And,

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
My forces and my pow'r of men are yours.
So farewel, *Talbot*, I'll no longer truſt thee.

Pucel. [4] Done, like a *Frenchman* : turn, and turn again !——

Dau. Welcome, brave Duke ! thy friendſhip makes us freſh.

Baſt. And doth beget new courage in our breaſts.

Alan. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a Coronet of gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers ;
And ſeek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Exeter, *&c. To them* Talbot, *with his Soldiers.*

Tal. MY gracious Prince, and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my Sovereign.
In ſign whereof, this arm (that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreſſes,
Twelve cities, and ſev'n walled towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred priſoners of eſteem ;)
Lets fall the ſword before your Highneſs' feet :
And with ſubmiſſive loyalty of heart
Aſcribes the glory of his Conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. *Henry.* Is this the fam'd lord *Talbot*, uncle *Glo'ſter*,
That hath ſo long been reſident in *France ?*

Glou. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſty, my Liege.

K. *Henry.* Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious lord.
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)

[4] *Done, like a* Frenchman : *turn, and turn again !—*] This ſeems to be an offering of the poet to his royal miſtreſs's reſentment, for *Henry* the Fourth's laſt great turn in religion, in the year 1593.

I do

I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted your reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your face:
Therefore stand up, and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
And in our Coronation take your place. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Vernon *and* Basset.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of *York*;
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the Duke of *Somerset*.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as *York*.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take you that.
[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, whoso draws a sword i'th' presence 't's death;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

5 *That, whoso draws a* sword, 'tis present death;] *Shakespear* wrote,

——— *draws a* sword i'th' presence 't's *death*;

i. e. in the Court, or in the Presence-Chamber.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, *and Governor of* Paris.

Glou. LORD Biſhop, ſet the Crown upon his head.

Win. God ſave King *Henry*, of that name the Sixth!

Glou. Now, Governor of *Paris*, take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteem none friends, but ſuch as are his friends;
And none your foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his ſtate.
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God!

Enter Faſtolfe.

Faſt. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haſte unto your Coronation;
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of *Burgundy*.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee!
I vow'd, baſe Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter from thy craven leg,
Which I have done; becauſe unworthily
Thou waſt inſtalled in that high degree.
Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the reſt:
This daſtard, at the battle of *Poictiers*,
When but in all I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,
And that the *French* were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty 'ſquire, did run away.
In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men:
My ſelf and divers gentlemen beſide
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiſs;
Or whether that ſuch cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?

Glou.

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.
Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage;
Such as were grown to Credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this most honourable Order;
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.
K. *Henry.* Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a Knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. [*Exit.* Fast.
And now, my lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of *Burgundy*.
Glou. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his stile?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King.* [*Reading.*
Hath he forgot, he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon especial cause,* [Reads.
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, *the rightful King of* France.
O monstrous treachery! can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
K. *Henry.* What! doth my uncle *Burgundy* revolt?
Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.
K. *Henry.* Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Why then, lord *Talbot* there ſhall talk with him,
And give him chaſtiſement for this abuſe.
My lord, how ſay you, are you not content?
Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I am prevented,
I ſhould have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. *Henry*. Then gather ſtrength, and march unto him ſtrait:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treaſon,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord, in heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold confuſion of your foes. [*Exit* Talbot.

SCENE II.

Enter Vernon *and* Baſſet.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious Sovereign.
Baſ. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too.
York. This is my ſervant; hear him, noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine; ſweet *Henry*, favour him.
K. *Henry*. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to ſpeak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.
Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
K. *Henry*. What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
Firſt let me know, and then I'll anſwer you.
Baſ. Croſſing the ſea from *England* into *France*,
This fellow here, with envious, carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the roſe I wear;
Saying, the ſanguine colour of the leaves
Did repreſent my maſter's bluſhing cheeks;
When ſtubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain queſtion in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,

And

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord;
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet, know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, *Somerset*, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. *Henry.* Good lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men!
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both of *York* and *Somerset*,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, *Somerset*.

Ver. Nay, let it rest, where it began at first.

Buf. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glou. Confirm it so? confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate;
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the King, and us?
And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves:
Let me persuade you, take a better course. [friends.

Exe. It grieves his Highness: good my lords, be

K. *Henry.* Come hither you, that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords; remember where we are;
In *France*, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If

If they perceive diſſention in our looks,
And that within ourſelves we diſagree,
How will their grudging ſtomachs be provok'd
To wilful Diſobedience, and Rebel?
Beſide, what infamy will there ariſe,
When foreign Princes ſhall be certify'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henry*'s Peers and chief Nobility
Deſtroy'd themſelves, and loſt the realm of *France?*
O, think upon the Conqueſt of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful ſtrife:
I ſee no reaſon, if I wear this roſe,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpicious
I more encline to *Somerſet*, than *York*.
Both are my kinſmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
Becauſe, forſooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſuade,
Than I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love.
Couſin of *York*, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of *France:*
And, good my lord of *Somerſet*, unite
Your troops of horſemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true ſubjects, ſons of your progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digeſt
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Our ſelf, my lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite, will return to *Calais*;
From thence to *England*; where I hope ere long
To be preſented, by your victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that trait'rous rout.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, *and* Vernon.

War. My lord of *York*, I promiſe you, the King
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of *Somerset*.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet Prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I (*a*) wis, he did.——But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didst thou, *Richard*, to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decypher'd there
More ranc'rous spight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of Nobility,
This shoul'ring of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their favourites;
But that he doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Before the Walls of Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot *with trumpets, and drum.*

Tal. GO to the gates of *Bourdeaux*, trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the Wall. [*Sounds.*

Enter General, aloft.

English John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to *Harry* King of *England*;
And thus he would.——Open your city-gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth

[(*a*) *Wis.* Mr. *Theobald.*—— Vulg. *wish.*]

Shall

Shall lay your ſtately and air-braving tow'rs,
If you forſake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody ſcourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canſt not enter, but by death:
For, I proteſt, we are well fortify'd;
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are ſquadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canſt thou turn thee for redreſs:
But death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil;
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thouſand *French* have ta'en the ſacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no chriſtian ſoul but *Engliſh Talbot*.
Lo! there thou ſtand'ſt, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible, unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt glory of thy praiſe,
That I thy enemy due thee withal;
For ere the glaſs, that now begins to run,
Finiſh the proceſs of this ſandy hour,
Theſe eyes, that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy muſick to thy tim'rous ſoul;
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exit from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not: I hear the enemy:
Out, ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings.
O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale?
A little herd of *England*'s tim'rous Deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* curs.
If we be *Engliſh* Deer, be then in blood;
Not raſcal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody, mad, and deſp'rate Stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of ſteel,

And make the cowards ſtand aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear Deer of us, my friends.
God and St. *George*, *Talbot*, and *England*'s right,
Proſper our Colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of France.

Enter a Meſſenger, that meets York. *Enter* York, *with trumpet, and many ſoldiers.*

York. ARE not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Meſſ. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his pow'r,
To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
By your eſpyals were diſcovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux.*

York. A plague upon that villain *Somerſet*,
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were levied for this ſiege!
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in *France.*

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our *Engliſh* ſtrength
Never ſo needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble *Talbot*;
Who now is girdled with a waſte of iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke; to *Bourdeaux*, *York!*
Elſe farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England*'s honour.

York. O God! that *Somerſet*, who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets, were in *Talbot*'s place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman,

By

By forfeiting a traitor and a coward :
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiſs traitors ſleep.

Lucy. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſs'd lord!

York. He dies, we loſe ; I break my warlike word :
We mourn, *France* ſmiles ; we loſe, they daily get :
All long of this vile traitor *Somerſet.*

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot*'s ſoul,
And on his ſon young *John!* whom, two hours ſince,
I met in travel towards his warlike father ;
This ſev'n years did not *Talbot* ſee his ſon,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas ! what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave !
Away ! vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſundred friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewel ; no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe ; I cannot aid the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poictiers*, and *Tours* are won away,
Long all of *Somerſet*, and his delay. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of ſedition
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs
The Conqueſts of our ſcarce-cold Conqueror ;
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth ! ——— While they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of France.

Enter Somerſet, *with his army.*

Som. IT is too late : I cannot ſend them now :
This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
Too raſhly plotted. All our gen'ral force
Might with a ſally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſs of former honour,
By this unheedful, deſp'rate, wild adventure :
York ſet him on to fight, and die in ſhame,
That, *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucy*, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither were you sent?

Luc. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord *Talbot:*
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerset*,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue;
You, his false hopes, the trust of *England*'s honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours, that should lend him aid;
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the *Bastard*, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alanson, *Reignier*, compass him about;
And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, *York* should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as fast upon your Grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you with-hold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have sent, and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded *Talbot:*
Never to *England* shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen strait:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot*, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

A Field of Battle near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, *and his Son.*

Tal. O Young *John Talbot*, I did ſend for thee
[1] To tutor thee in ſtratagems of war;
That *Talbot*'s name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding ſtars!
Now art thou come unto a feaſt of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe;
And I'll direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight. Come, dally not; be gone.

John. Is my name *Talbot?* and am I your ſon?
And ſhall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Diſhonour not her honourable name,
To make a baſtard, and a ſlave of me.
The world will ſay, he is not *Talbot*'s blood,
That baſely fled, when noble *Talbot* ſtood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be ſlain.

John. He that flies ſo, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to die.

John. Then let me ſtay, and, father, do you fly:
Your loſs is great, ſo your regard ſhould be;
My worth unknown, no loſs is known in me.
Upon my death the *French* can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtain the honour you have won:
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will ſwear:
But if I bow, they'll ſay, it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If the firſt hour I ſhrink, and run away.

[1] *To tutor thee in* ſtratagems *of war*;] *Stratagem*, for art ſimply.

Here, on my knee, [2] I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lye in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can your self your self in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon:
Come, side by side, together live and die;
And soul with soul from *France* to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm: Excursions, wherein Talbot's *son is hemm'd about, and* Talbot *rescues him.*

Tal. St. *George*, and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of *France*'s sword.
Where is *John Talbot?* pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.
John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
'Till with thy warlike sword, despight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire

[2] —— *I beg* mortality,] *Mortality*, for death.

Of

Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful ſpleen and warlike rage,
Beat down *Alanſon*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* reſcu'd thee.
The ireful baſtard *Orleans*, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy firſt Fight, I ſoon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly ſhed
Some of his baſtard blood; and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus; Contaminated, baſe,
And miſ-begotten blood I ſpill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from *Talbot*, my brave boy——
Here, purpoſing the baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, *John?* how doſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art ſeal'd the ſon of Chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one ſmall boat.
If I to day die not with *Frenchmen*'s rage,
To morrow I ſhall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain; and if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhortning of my life one day.
In thee thy mother dies, our houſhold's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and *England*'s fame:
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The ſword of *Orleans* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
(a) Out on that vantage bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſave a paltry life, and ſlay bright fame!
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
The coward horſe, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peaſant boys of *France*,
To be ſhame's ſcorn, and ſubject of miſchance.

[*(a) out on that vantage.* Mr. *Theobald.* ——Vulg. *on that advantage.*]

Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not *Talbot*'s son!
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot*'s foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Sire of *Crete*,
Thou *Icarus!* thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter old Talbot, *led.*

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone.
O! where's young *Talbot?* where is valiant *John?*
Triumphant Death, smear'd with captivity!
Young *Talbot*'s valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me;
And, like a hungry Lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
Tendring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start,
Into the clustring battle of the *French:*
And, in that sea of blood, my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus!* my blossom in his pride!

Enter John Talbot, *borne.*

Serv. O my dear lord! lo! where your son is borne.

Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither sky,
In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath.
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy foe.

Poor

Poor boy! he ſmiles, methinks, as who ſhould ſay,
" Had death been *French*, then death had died to day."
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My ſpirit can no longer bear theſe harms.
Soldiers, adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young *John Talbot*'s Grave.
[*Dies.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, Burgundy, *Baſtard and* Pucelle.

Char. HAD *York* and *Somerſet* brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.

Baſt. How the young whelp of *Talbot*'s raging brood
Did fleſh his puny ſword in *Frenchmen*'s blood!

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I ſaid:
" Thou maiden youth, be vanquiſh'd by a maid."
But with a proud, majeſtical, high ſcorn
He anſwer'd thus: " Young *Talbot* was not born
" To be the pillage of [1] a giglot wench."
So, ruſhing in the Bowels of the *French*,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtleſs, he would have made a noble Knight:
See, where he lies inherſed in the arms
Of the moſt bloody nurſer of his harms.

Baſt. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones aſunder;
Whoſe life was *England*'s glory, *Gallia*'s wonder.

Char. Oh, no: forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what ſubmiſſive meſſage art thou ſent?

[1] ——— *a giglot wench.*] A drab, ſtrumpet. Mr. *Pope.*

Lucy.

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere *French* word,
We *English* warriors wot not, what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
Valiant lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury?*
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of *Waxford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*;
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfeld*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffield*,
The thrice victorious lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the noble Order of St. *George*,
Worthy St. *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marshal to our King *Henry* the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of *France*.

Pucel Here is a silly, stately, stile, indeed:
The *Turk*, that two and fifty Kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.
Him that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slain, the *Frenchmen*'s only scourge,
Your kingdom's terrour and black *Nemesis?*
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of *France!*
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial, as beseems their worth.

Pucel. I think, this Upstart is old *Talbot*'s ghost;
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit:
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink and putrifie the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their ashes. Dauphin, shall be rear'd
A Phœnix, that shall make all *France* afear'd.

Char.

Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt;
And now to *Paris*, in this conq'ring vein;
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot*'s slain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to England.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* HAVE you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of *Armagnac?*

Glou. I have, my lord; and their intent is this;
They humbly ſue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly Peace concluded of,
Between the realms of *England* and of *France.*

K. *Henry.* How doth your Grace affect this motion?

Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian blood,
And ſtabliſh quietneſs on ev'ry ſide.

K. *Henry.* Ay, marry, uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That ſuch immanity and bloody ſtrife
Should reign among profeſſors of one Faith.

Glou. Beſide, my lord, the ſooner to effect
And ſurer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near kin to *Charles*,
A man of great authority in *France*,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and ſumptuous dowry.

K. *Henry.* Marriage? alas! my years are yet too young:
And fitter is my ſtudy and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th' Ambaſſadors; and, as you pleaſe,
So let them have their anſwers ev'ry one.
I ſhall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my Country's weal.

Enter Winchester, *and three Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. What, is my lord of *Winchester* inſtall'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive That will be verify'd,

Henry

Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesie:
" If once he come to be a Cardinal,
" He'll make his Cap coequal with the Crown."

K. *Henry*. My lords Ambassadors, your sev'ral suits
Have been consider'd and debated on;
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly Peace,
Which by my lord of *Winchester* we mean
Shall be transported presently to *France*.

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large;
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend She shall be *England*'s Queen.

K. *Henry*. In argument and proof of which Contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* King *and Train*.

Win. Stay, my lord *Legate*, you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his Holiness,
For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now *Winchester* will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest Peer.
Humphry of *Glo'ster*, thou shalt well perceive,
That nor in birth, or for authority,
The Bishop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

Changes to France.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alanson, *Bastard*, Reignier, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. THESE news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout *Parisians* do revolt,

And

And turn again unto the warlike *French*.

Alan. Then march to *Paris*, royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your Pow'rs in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongſt them, if they turn to us,
Elſe Ruin combat with their Palaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Succeſs unto our valiant General,
And happineſs to his accomplices!

Dau. What tidings ſend our ſcouts? I pr'ythee, ſpeak.

Scout. The *Engliſh* army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle preſently.

Dau. Somewhat too ſudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will preſently provide for them.

Burg. I truſt, the ghoſt of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all baſe paſſions fear is moſt accurſt.
Command the Conqueſt, *Charles*, it ſhall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret and all the world repine.

Dau. Then on, my lords; and *France* be fortunate.
[*Exeunt*.

Alarm: Excurſions. *Enter* Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help, [2] ye charming Spells and Periapts;
And, ye choice Spirits, that admoniſh me,
And give me ſigns of future accidents; [*Thunder*.
You ſpeedy helpers, that are ſubſtitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This ſpeedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar ſpirits, that are cull'd
[3] Out of the pow'rful regions under earth,

2 —— *ye charming Spells and* Periapts;] Charms ſow'd up, from περιάπτω to ſow. Ezek. xiii. 18. *Wo to them that ſow pillows to all arm-holes, to hunt ſouls*. Mr. *Pope*.

3 *Out of the pow'rful* regions *under earth*.] I believe *Shakeſpear* wrote *legions*.

Help

Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.

[*They walk and speak not.*

Oh, hold me not with silence over long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you.
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their heads.*

No hope to have redress? my body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then, take my soul; my body, soul and all;
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil.

[*They depart.*

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* must vail her lofty plumed crest,
And let her head fall into *England*'s lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And Hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, *France*, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Excursions. Pucelle *and* York *fight hand to hand.* Pucelle *is taken.* *The* French *fly.*

York. Damsel of *France*, I think, I have you fast.
Unchain your spirits now with spelling Charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's Grace!
See, how the ugly witch does bend her brows,
As if, with *Circe*, she would change my shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape, but his, can please your dainty eye.

Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on *Charles* and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York Fell, banning hag! inchantress, hold thy tongue.

Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a-while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter Suffolk, *with Lady* Margaret *in his hand.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
Oh, fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands:
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say; that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret, my name; and daughter to a King;
The King of *Naples*; whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, Nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the Swan her downy cignets save,
Keeping them pris'ners underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again, as *Suffolk*'s friend. [*She is going.*
Oh, stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says, no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I wooe her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, *De la Pole*, disable not thy self:
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pris'ner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely Majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a tryal of her love? [*Aside.*

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aside.*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf.

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou haſt a wife;
Then how can *Margaret* be thy paramour? [*Aſide.*
Mar. 'Twere beſt to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; ſure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would, that thou would anſwer me.
Suf. I'll win this lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why, for my King: Tuſh, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is ſome carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfy'd,
And Peace eſtabliſhed between theſe realms.
But there remains a ſcruple in that too:
For though her father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Maine*, yet he is poor;
And our Nobility will ſcorn the match. [*Aſide.*
Mar. Hear ye me, Captain? are ye not at leiſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdain they ne'er ſo much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a ſecret to reveal.
Mar. What tho' I be inthrall'd, he ſeems a Knight,
And will not any way diſhonour me. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps, I ſhall be reſcu'd by the *French*;
And then I need not crave his courteſie. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh, women have been captivate ere now.
[*Aſide.*
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle Princeſs, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?
Mar. To be a Queen in Bondage, is more vile
Than is a ſlave in baſe ſervility;
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy *England*'s Royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry*'s Queen,
To put a golden Scepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious Crown upon thy head,

If

If thou wilt condescend to be my——
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry*'s wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam; I unworthy am
To wooe so fair a dame to be his wife;
And have no portion in the choice my self.
How say you, Madam, are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captains and our colours forth.
And, Madam, at your father's castle-walls,
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

SCENE V.

Sound. Enter Reignier *on the walls.*

Suf. See, *Reignier*, see thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?
Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or fain.
Reig. Upon thy princely Warrant I descend;
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy Coming.
Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.
Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories;
Command in *Anjou*, what your Honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy in so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion of a King:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to wooe her little worth,
To be the Princely bride of such a lord;

Upon

Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppreſſion of the ſtroke of war,
My daughter ſhall be *Henry*'s, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſom, I deliver her;
And thoſe two Counties, I will undertake,
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in *Henry*'s Royal name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for ſign of plighted faith.
Suf *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee kingly thanks,
Becauſe this is in traffick of a King.
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own Attorney in this caſe. [*Aſide.*
I'll over then to *England* with this News,
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewel, *Reignier*; ſet this diamond ſafe
In golden Palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.
Mar. Farewel, my lord: good wiſhes, praiſe and pray'rs
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [*She is going.*
Suf. Farewel, ſweet Madam, hark you, *Margaret*;
No princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin and his ſervant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly directed.
But, Madam, I muſt trouble you again,
No loving token to his Majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thy ſelf—— I will not ſo preſume,
4 To ſend ſuch peeviſh tokens to a King.
Suf. O, wert thou for my ſelf!——but, *Suffolk*, ſtay;
Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treaſons, lurk.
Sollicit *Henry* with her wond'rous praiſe,
Bethink thee on her virtues that ſurmount,

4 *To ſend ſuch* peeviſh *tokens.*——] *Peeviſh*, for childiſh.

Her-

Her nat'ral graces that extinguiſh art;
Repeat their ſemblance often on the ſeas;
That, when thou com'ſt to kneel at *Henry*'s feet,
Thou may'ſt bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter York, Warwick, *a ſhepherd and* Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that ſorcereſs, condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah *Joan!* This kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I ſought ev'ry Country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſs, cruel, death!
Ah, *Joan*, ſweet daughter, I will die with thee.

Pucel. [5] Decrepit miſer! baſe ignoble wretch!
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—my lords, an pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo;
I did beget her, all the pariſh knows:
Her mother, living yet, can teſtify,
She was the firſt-fruit of my batch'lorſhip.

War. Graceleſs, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and ſo her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, *Joan*, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle:
God knows, thou art a collop of my fleſh,
And for thy ſake have I ſhed many a tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.

Pucel. Peaſant, avaunt! You have ſuborn'd this man
Of purpoſe to obſcure my noble Birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the prieſt,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my bleſſing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not ſtoop? Now curſed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk,
Thy mother gave thee when thou ſuck'dſt her breaſt,
Had been a little ratſbane for thy ſake:
Or elſe, when thou did'ſt keep my lambs a-field,

5 *Decrepit* miſer!——] *i. e.* wretch.

I wiſh

I wish some rav'nous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vitious qualities.
Pucel. First, let me tell you, whom you have condemn'd;
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of Kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth:
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived *Joan* of *Arc* hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rig'rously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav'n.
York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.
War. And heark ye, Sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, *Joan*, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heav'n forefend! the holy maid with child!
War. The greatest miracle that ere you wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine, what would be her refuge.

War.

War. Well, go to; we will have no baſtards live;
Eſpecially, ſince *Charles* muſt father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his;
It was *Alanſon*, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alanſon! that notorious *Machiavel!*
It dies, an if it had a thouſand lives.

Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier*, King of *Naples*, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's moſt intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl; I think, ſhe knows not well,
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.

War. It's ſign, ſhe hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forſooth, ſhe is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Uſe no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curſe.
May never glorious ſun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkneſs and the gloomy ſhade of death
Environ you, 'till miſchief and deſpair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourſelves!
[*Exit guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou foul accurſed miniſter of hell!

SCENE VII.

Enter Cardinal of Wincheſter.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know, my lords, the ſtates of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe of theſe outrageous broils,
Have earneſtly implor'd a general Peace
[6] Betwixt our nation and th' reſpiring *French*;
And

6 *Betwixt our nation and th'* ASPIRING *French*;] But would an Ambaſſador, who came to perſuade peace with *France*, uſe it as an argument, that *France* was *aſpiring*. *Shakeſpear* without doubt wrote,

——*th'*

And see at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approaching to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many Peers,
So many Captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate Peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the Towns,
By treason, falshood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
Oh, *Warwick, Warwick!* I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of *France*.

War. Be patient, *York*; if we conclude a Peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, *Bastard, and* Reignier.

Char. Since, lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful Truce shall be proclaim'd in *France*;
We come to be informed by your selves,
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, *Winchester*; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful Enemies.

Win. Charles and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meer compassion and of lenity,
To ease your Country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful Peace;
You shall become true liegemen to his Crown.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute and submit thy self,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him;
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alan. Must he be then a shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority

—— *th'* RESPIRING French.
i. e. who had but just got into breath again, after having been almost hunted down by the *English*.

Retain

Retain but privilege of a private man ?
This proffer is abſurd and reaſonleſs.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am poſſeſt
Of more than half the *Gallian* Territories,
And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.
Shall I, for lucre of the reſt un-vanquiſh'd,
Detract ſo much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole ?
No, lord Ambaſſador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.

York. Inſulting *Charles*, haſt thou by ſecret means
Us'd interceſſion to obtain a League ;
And now the matter grows to compromiſe,
Stand'ſt thou aloof upon compariſon ?
Either accept the title thou uſurp'ſt,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obſtinacy
To cavil in the courſe of this Contract :
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We ſhall not find like opportunity.

Alan. To ſay the truth, it is your policy,
To ſave your Subjects from ſuch maſſacre,
And ruthleſs ſlaughters, as are daily ſeen
By our proceeding in hoſtility.
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you break it, when your pleaſure ſerves.

[*Aſide, to the Dauphin.*

War. How ſay'ſt thou, *Charles?* ſhall our Condition ſtand ?

Char. It ſhall :
Only reſerv'd, you claim no intereſt
In any of our towns of garriſon.

York. Then ſwear allegiance to his Majeſty.
As thou art Knight, never to diſobey,
Nor be rebellious to the Crown of *England:*
Thou, nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England.*
So now diſmiſs your army, when you pleaſe :

Hang

Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn Peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to England.

Enter Suffolk, *in Conference with King* Henry; Glocester, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* YOUR wondrous rare description, noble Earl,
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart.
And, like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suff. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour *Henry* as her lord.

K. *Henry.* And otherwise will *Henry* ne'er presume:
Therefore, my lord Protector, give consent,
That *Marg'ret* may be *England*'s Royal Queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your Highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we then dispense with that Contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that at a triumph having vow'd

To

To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the Liſts
By reaſon of his adverſary's odds.
A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glou. Why, what, I pray, is *Marg'ret* more than that ?
Her father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jeruſalem* ;
And of ſuch great Authority in *France*,
That his Alliance will confirm our Peace ;
And keep the *Frenchmen* in allegiance.
Glou. And ſo the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Becauſe he is near kinſman unto *Charles*.
Exe. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant lib'ral Dow'r,
While *Reignier* ſooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A Dow'r, my lords ! diſgrace not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe and poor,
To chuſe for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen ;
And not to ſeek a Queen, to make him rich.
So worthleſs peaſants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for Oxen, Sheep or Horſe.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by Attorneyſhip :
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd ;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth Bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial Peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a King ?
Her peerleſs feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King :
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
(More than in woman commonly is ſeen,)

Answer our hope in Issue of a King:
For *Henry*, son unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors;
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Marg'ret* shall be Queen, and none but she.

K. *Henry*. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of *Suffolk*; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping; post, my lord, to *France*;
Agree to any Covenants: and procure,
That lady *Marg'ret* do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to *England*; and be crown'd
King *Henry*'s faithful and anointed Queen.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for 'till you do return,
I am perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good Uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know, it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glou. Ay; grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exit* Gloucester.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*;
We hope to find the like event in love;
But prosper better than the *Trojan* did:
Marg'ret shall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth Volume.